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Sermons and Addresses

OF

HIS EMINENCE

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

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Sermons and Addresses

WELCOME TO THE MOST REVEREND CO-ADJUTOR BY THE LAITY OF BOSTON

PREFATORY NOTE

The Most Reverend William H. O'Connell, D. D., Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, and recent Papal Envoy to the Emperor of Japan, received a magnificent welcome from the Catholic laity of the archdiocese and the citizens of Boston, regardless of creed, in Symphony Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, April 18, 1906.

Further on, we give these speeches substantially as delivered.

The Hon. Joseph O'Neil, the presiding officer, was at his best, and made singularly happy characterization in introducing every one of the speakers.

Hearty applause followed this letter from President Roosevelt previous to the introduction of Mr. Lyman, who represented the President: —

My dear Mr. O'Neil, — May I through you extend to Archbishop O'Connell, and to the guests from the great empire of Nippon who are to be present at the banquet given to Archbishop O'Connell, my hearty good wishes and congratulations?

Wishing to you and them and to all present at the banquet a most pleasant occasion, believe me

Sincerely yours, Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. W. F. Kenney, the efficient secretary of the general committee, read the following letter from Archbishop Williams, which was enthusiastically applauded, as indeed was every one of the many references made to the venerable Head of the New England Province in the various speeches.

Mr. William F. Kenney, Secretary. — Dear Sir: Please present thanks to the executive committee for the invitation to the Archbishop O'Connell banquet.

It is pleasing to me to see due honor paid to our coadjutor, but my age and the state of my health prevent me from being present at this festival.

Yours sincerely,

✠ John J. Williams, Archbishop.

Other letters of congratulation and regret were received from Senators Crane and Hale, Governor Cobb of Maine and Major-General Fred L. Grant, Governor's Island, New York.

Archbishop O'Connell's speech was as follows: —

"I take my place among you, with you, as one of you.

"Within these walls, which so often have echoed the eternal symphonies of sound, we meet to-night in the harmony of sentiments.

"Above the great chorus, the diapason resonant and dominating every personal note, sounds the welcome you offer, not to me personally, but to the office that is mine.

"The belief that that office is a sacred one; that its influence must and will be used only for the public good and the good of souls, for the Church's welfare and the

nation's weal, is the belief which inspires this feast of brotherhood, of faith, and hope, and love, the Christian graces in whose name we are gathered. At their approach Apollo and the Muses, whose temple we have invaded, retire and leave these precincts for the hour to the sacred presence of their Christian sisters ruling in their stead.

"The men of Massachusetts gather here to offer welcome to the humblest of her sons, who, after years of wandering, comes back to claim the blessings of his birthright, her citizenship.

"And the Catholics of the diocese give their greeting to the Coadjutor.

"To both I give my hand and my gratitude.

"This state and this city have just reason to be proud of those sons who, by conspicuous service, have brought her fair laurels in the forum and in the field; those who have preserved the majesty of her laws and have fought for her fair name.

"Yet among the names which are enrolled upon her scroll of honor none elicit more maternal affection than Boston's Bishops, from Cheverus to Williams. They have stood like the watchers upon the battlements, not with the sabre and the musket, but with the sacred cross in their hands, and always upon their lips one only word — the word of peace.

"Above the turmoil of clashing interests and the wrangling of races and the babel of many tongues their voices have sounded, not loud, but penetrating, voicing the eternal law of order and of concord. No one but God can ever know the services they have rendered to this state and this country.

"That is the past. And if the past owes them grati-

tude, the future still more needs that same word and that same influence.

"Behold the thousands from other shores who stand knocking at the door, pilgrims worn with journeying, who seek a home and a haven here. They come from every clime and country, and if they come with hands ready for honest toil and hearts anxious to throb with the nation's pulse, who shall close the doors to them?

"Surely at least they will give love for liberty and help to share the burden of the land which gives them bounty. Surely they will learn to love her soil and respect her laws and institutions. They will labor, not alone for their own profit, but for her glory.

"Who shall teach them all this? Those who teach them now, the shepherds of their flock. They have taught for twenty centuries the lesson of unity in faith to all the children of the earth. They will teach in America the unity of hope and charity to all her children's children. They will teach them how to blend their affection for their native land with the love of their new mother, America, and they will sanctify their patriotism by a holy benediction.

"Who better than they who know no nationalism of creed, but whose faith is Catholic, can unite into a common brotherhood those who have come long ago and those who have come to-day, differing in all else except that they are all men?

"To this blending of varied materials, to this fusing of the sons of many races into a great and common citizenship, I come to give my service.

"The word of peace must still be spoken, and as far as my voice reaches and as long as that voice lasts it will speak that word. It may not always be heard, nor

always be heeded, but what will remain for me to do for America, for Massachusetts, for Boston, quietly and unobtrusively as those who have preceded me — that I pledge to them to-night. That is the harmony which this meeting will inaugurate in this hall, the very name of which is an augury for the future.

"No son of Massachusetts will refuse to any other of her children the simple right to stand for his honest convictions. These may differ as the viewpoint differs. But outside the field of honest belief there are countless realms of common agreement: the relief of the suffering, the protection of the weak, the promotion of civil order and law, — here is a vast camp for common effort. In our union of hearts and sympathies the difference of belief will not be the less, but the spirit behind it will be better, larger, nobler, and the results to the community and ourselves infinitely more fruitful and beneficent.

"When I look over this assembly and see before me the men whom spiritually I am to lead, I look out upon the future with confidence. From the humble beginnings of a century ago the Church's cabin has grown into a majestic palace. But they who have builded it are growing weak with service, and there is still much to finish and complete. We look up to the towering walls of the great edifice to be guarded and preserved by our hands and realize how much still remains to be accomplished.

"Not in the massive pile of a cathedral, not in the gilding of walls or the beauty of storied windows lies the chief claim which the Church makes for a name and an honored place in a new land; but most of all, and first of all, in the integrity, the uprightness, the nobility of her sons. She can in the future, as she has in the past,

dispense with material splendor, but the fidelity of her children to her precepts, their public honesty and personal devotion to the best interests of God and humanity — these she must have if she is to live in the fullness of her life.

"Unless with the growth of wealth and position goes a corresponding growth of noble sentiment, of high-minded citizenship, of sympathy for others, the prosperity which we enjoy, unknown to a generation ago, will bring little to ourselves but the growing selfishness of luxury, and naught to the Church but obloquy, suspicion, and dishonor.

"We have every right to desire what is best around us, socially and commercially. These are not the exclusive privileges of any class here. But to attain that desire we must have the perception of what is really best, not in name, but in substance; not in pretension, but in fact; and we know that the best is but the simplest. Having realized that, we must not seek to bound into it noisily, but patiently to walk step by step into our rightful position among good men, for that is the best thing socially; and into honest avocations, for that is the best thing commercially; and the true refinement and noble instincts of a virtuous character will do more than the highest recommendations of any social leader.

"Generations of the true faith ought to work for true nobility, and in a country where everything is modern, the antiquity of our maternal ancestor, the Catholic Church, bespeaks some right to respectability. I am convinced that whatever the past may have been, no gentleman of the future will deny the dignity of a sincere Catholic. The world generally in the end recognizes true merit, let the failures say what they will. I be-

lieve that if in the future we fail, the fault will be our own.

"He who from the chair of Peter looks out over the whole Church follows us with anxious eyes, praying that we cling loyally to the faith of our fathers and prove its value to America.

"The future of the Church, her influence for good and her title to consideration, is intrusted to our keeping. Let us all, you and me, do our duty. God will take care of the rest.

"The great man who to-day presides over the destinies of this country, Theodore Roosevelt, is by his sense of justice battling down whatever there is left of pettiness and provincialism. We know that he weighs not profession, but merit. He is the type of the true American, a man of justice and equity to all, whose motto is, 'A fair field and no favor.'

"It was natural to expect that the President of the 'Square Deal' should put the man with the 'Muck Rake' in his proper place, and every public man, civil and ecclesiastical, in position of authority is grateful for his last utterance, so fraught with sound philosophy and good theology.

"At a banquet given in Tokio to the immortal Togo, the great admiral answered to his toast. He who had routed a fleet was timid in the banquet hall. But he spoke words worthy of a great hero: 'I have done nothing,' he said, 'but serve my emperor and my country.' Japan gratefully acknowledges much that she owes to America. Here is a lesson which America can learn from Japan. Let us face the future courageously, and so live that when the fight of life is over we can say, 'I have served the Emperor of emperors and my country.'

"In this spirit I come to take my place among you all — not apart from you, but with you, as one of you, as one who, like you, needs encouragement, sympathy, and friendship. Without these life would be poor indeed.

"Let us to-night pledge to one another respect, help, affection. Strong in this triple bond, I can dare all things and bear all things, so that when one day my name shall be written in the list of the Bishops of Boston, it may not be found entirely unworthy of a place among them."

ADDRESS TO CLERGY ON ASSUMING COADJUTORSHIP OF ARCHDIOCESE

THIS hour in which we meet officially for the first time is a solemn one. This sacred edifice wherein stands the throne of authority is a fitting place for a scene so fraught with immense significance. Neither the hour nor the temple has room for aught but sublime feeling and noble thoughts.

We stand in the awful presence of Him who reads all hearts and "searcheth the reins." He knows our thoughts ere our lips have given them utterance, and no words can veil from Him the sentiments which inspire them.

Filled with the momentous emotion with which that knowledge awes me, I beg you, Priests of Boston, to hear me.

Nearly three years have passed since the Venerable Prelate of this See, himself the first to recognize the need of help, turned to Rome whence alone that aid could come. When every one had spoken and had heard, after the long delay which the weightiness of the question demanded, after a thoroughness of research which the gravity of the matter required, with the perfect observance of every detail of law, Rome has made her irrevocable decision. No one of us, no matter what his position, can say that the action was precipitate. No Catholic will say that the Supreme Pastor of the Universal Church failed in his full duty. As the result of

an act of his supreme right I stand before you with his mandate in my hands. If this meeting means anything, it can only mean that we come here to perform the solemn duty incumbent upon each one of us; to prove by act what as Catholics we believe; that ecclesiastical power and authority are derived, not from the pleasure of the people or the favor of governments; not from the votes of the clergy or the suffrage of Bishops, but solely from the Apostolic See of Rome.

In this sense our presence here is doubly fitting, for it is a public profession of our Catholic faith in the eternal supremacy of the See of Peter apart from which our priesthood has no significance or value. I come from Peter's presence into yours. True to the Faith we preach and to the holy traditions of this See of Boston, the best exemplar of which still rules it, you offer to whomever Peter sends your loyalty and reverence, and Boston has once more proven her inflexible spiritual allegiance to Rome and the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church. This is the great and the high meaning of this hour, and with it the hour goes into history, recorded, dead. The future lies before us. There lies life in duty.

What is our duty? No one could tell us better than we know. The Church's laws are clearly written and her sanction of those laws is no secret. The humblest soldier in her immense army as well as her great generals has each his allotted place, and the relations of each to each of that vast militia are regulated and protected to the last detail. Upon the day when we enlisted we gave our solemn vow to God to respect these relations. The words are still most fresh and clear in our memory now and their force yields only to death. Each of us knows well his duty. Not to learn that have we come here.

We are here to offer to each other what is infinitely more than that which laws compel, and without which duty may perhaps be done, but it will be cold as a statue and as lifeless as a corpse. This is no basilica of old where the minister of justice holds his court and unfeelingly applies the statute and the code. This is the temple of Christ who died for love of man and whose whole law was a law of charity and fraternal love.

The Church, as a perfect society, has for her wondrous organism, human and divine, wise and powerful laws, but she uses them only to protect herself and her own against those who have forgotten the law of charity, and when the stubborn human will opposes that which is divine.

The greatest of all the Church's laws is the law of Christ: love one another. He Himself repeats it to us now. The first page of our new relations stands open here before His altar. Upon it is clearly written our bilateral contract. On one side I write my name indelibly and without reserve, excepting no one, embracing all. Is there one here who will not do the same? If there be not, the book which shall record the years to come is well begun. That much of the future — and it is very much — is safe. The first page is written well.

And now before we open another page of that book by whose record we shall be judged, I beg you to make the remainder one which our successors will read with edified interest.

I come as Coadjutor, — that means not merely a helper, but a co-worker with him who governs; sharing in a measure his honors and responsibilities, — a measure which however small will still be great enough for me.

In the performance of so high a duty in the work which

stands before me even now, I need not only your hearts, but your minds in full coöperation. In a word I desire not only that you wish me well, but what I dare to think is even more important; that you know me well.

Greater and better to me than all honors is the fact, that they who during all the years of my priestly life have lived nearest to me day after day and have known me best and just as I am, have never for a moment wavered in a devotion which has been inflexible. That is why I ask you to know me well, I am sure of the results.

I have lived too long in intimate touch with men in high places not to have learned that what they dread most is not the results of what they themselves did, for no man can refuse to accept the consequences of his own action, but the results of what has been said and done by others in their name, not only by enemies acting from malicious intent, but sometimes by those who called themselves friends intending good only.

Therefore I claim now the right respected by all honest men; to be judged only by my own acts, not for what others do. In a word, I ask you to be men enough to think for yourselves, and to use your own honest judgment. I shall always reject every other. That rule works as well for you as for myself.

No man should dare to stand where I do who is not courageous. The position and its responsibilities demand that fearlessness which guarantees liberty of opinion and independence of action. And if I were conscious of any fear of facing my full duty, I would not now stand before you. He who faces the inevitable accompaniments of a high place may often shrink with a sensitiveness amounting to sheer agony from the cup held out to him filled

with the bitterness of misunderstandings and misconceptions; but unless he has the firmness and the fortitude to take it, and if necessary, to drain it to the dregs, his place is not here where I stand now. I humbly thank God that fear of facing the duties and burdens which come with responsibility I have yet to feel. I realize keenly what they are — all of them; the chill of the solitary heights is not unknown to me. That I have felt, as well as the best and truest friendships man has ever known, and I have turned from neither the one nor the other, but accepted each as it came.

Every man high placed shudders at the publicity into which his most insignificant actions are forcibly thrust, but he who fears the glare should rest comfortably in the shade, or at least learn to realize that every public man must inevitably be the mark for many critics and to know for his own comfort that the most merciless critic is he who has oftenest failed. He must be content to do what he has to do deliberately and to the best of his powers — even that will often fail — and then stand ready to bear praise or blame with equanimity, knowing that each day brings only a day's work to be done and that he is only in any case an unprofitable servant.

Rome to whom the law is sacredly inviolable has taught me well the great formula of human justice *Audi alteram partem*. From my Irish mother I inherit the simple faith which firmly believes that he who harms the sacred character of the priest incurs the wrath of God. The Roman law and the Irish faith are the best and dearest of all my possessions. No one can rob me of either. He who is called upon to govern any part of Christ's flock can have no better equipment than these.

I have at least the advantage of old acquaintance. I

am no stranger. I was born in Massachusetts and in this Diocese. I have every human right upon this soil. I have partaken of the bounty of this great State and this great Diocese. I have given many years of my best effort and strength to both, and I love both ardently and sincerely, each according to its relations, spiritual and civil. I have every reason, natural and supernatural, to wish to serve both to the best of my power, as Bishop and as citizen. The two duties are not only compatible, they are inseparable.

Now I am going to speak last of all of that which will be forever first in my mind and heart: my duty paramount, that which I owe to my chief in this See, the Archbishop of Boston.

It is all summed up in one word: devotion. Words are frequently difficult. Now they are well-nigh impossible. I am here to serve him as he wishes, no more than that if so he will — certainly not less. We stand to each other as father and son. But as often happens, even when such relations are of blood and bone, the resemblance is scarcely visible. The strong and unique personality of the Father of this Diocese will never have a counterpart, as it has never had a peer. The first Archbishop of Boston will be for all of us here present its only great Archbishop. No attempt to imitate his personality could have any other result than to travesty the great original. That at least I shall have the good sense not to attempt. I shall be content to enshrine in my memory the image of that royal figure, and then endeavor only to be, not what he is but my best self. If imitation is the sincerest flattery, it is only flattery after all — and that he always despised — I know better than to offer it.

The Church acts in the living present and looks to-

ward the future. If we face only the past we shall die with the past; the Church must live, and he who rules will be held responsible for her life. Not one great Bishop of the past returning would persist in viewing present conditions as if naught had changed. That which made them great was precisely their ability to grasp the significance of the hour and control it. I believe as strongly as I believe that there is a God, that that God has placed me where I am. That faith compels the solid conviction that even when the time comes — may it be long — when the greatest man that has ever ruled this See is taken from it, He who is Omnipotent will still be with it. In that perfect faith I place my trust — less faith than that were pusillanimous. He who shares that faith will ask for no weak copy of a great original, but will accept me for what I am; that at least will be genuine. I offer that simply, and that is all I have to give to you, dear Archbishop, and to you, beloved priests.

No one could have greater reason, as I believe no one could have a greater desire, to be all that is possible, in duty and devotion, to my Superior, His Grace, than I. But until to-day no one but myself has known the greatest reason of all. I have kept my secret for a quarter of a century. To-day I am proud to reveal it on the very spot where it happened.

Here in this very Cathedral twenty-five years ago, I assisted at the funeral of a Lowell boy, John Smith. The lifeless body of that brilliant and devoted priest lay close by where I stand. The Archbishop arose above the remains of his child in God and tenderly told the story of that all too brief career. His words that day are still fresh in my memory — they meant too much to me ever to be forgotten. At the close of that eloquent

eulogy he turned toward the dead priest and said with a grand simplicity of words which is his own: "His great love for Rome where he passed his student years enkindled a like flame in all who knew him, and I who knew him best, love Rome more for having known him."

Then and there for the first time I determined to study in Rome. That determination has affected the whole course of my life. No need to tell you how — the world knows it. Rome has been so much to me since that day, that I would be the basest ingrate if I could ever forget her. That blessed influence which has been the greatest factor in my whole life I owe to the greatest power in all the world, the ardent words of a good man. These words came from the lips of Archbishop Williams. Everything that has come to me since then I can trace back to his influence: the years of student and Rector in Rome, the knowledge of her great men, my ordination, my consecration, the dignity of Papal Envoy, my present promotion in this great See, one of the greatest in the world, the beneficent patronage of the immortal Leo, and to-day what I treasure dear as life itself — I dare to say it because he has written it — the special affection and protection of the greatest hearted Pontiff the Church has ever known, our present Holy Father, Pius the Tenth.

Here is a debt to Rome I can never hope to cancel, however long I may live, but the first instalment of that debt I owe in my duty to him who gave me to Rome twenty-five years ago, an untrained, inexperienced youth. To-day Rome gives me back to him, with an experience certainly varied enough, a traveler in many lands who has sought to carry something of value from each, a journeyman in nearly all the varied occupations

of the Church's great workshop, endeavoring to acquire skill in each, and at least having failed nowhere. Rome at least knows what she has given back, and upon her judgment I shall confidently rely, whatever my own opinion of my own poor value may be.

The debt to him therefore is my first and most urgent one now. My whole life cannot repay the other. And in the liquidation of that first great debt, I cannot act alone. I must have your coöperation; for though my debt is larger than that which any one of you here owes, yours is still unpaid and can only now be fully canceled in one way.

There is now only one thing required of us — of all of us equally and alike: to make the declining years of one who has earned peace and rest, years of tranquillity and happiness. Peace can only come from established order preserved. Tranquillity can be the result only of concord.

He who from this day breaks the sacredness of order and harmony in this Diocese will have small claim to the respect of any one of us who rule it and labor in it. And whoever from this day jeopardizes for an hour the perfect concord which alone can insure this aged prelate already bending under the weight of a half century and more of mortal fatigue and weariness, has nothing human left in his heart.

You have given me a welcome worthy of yourselves and this Diocese. From my heart filled with gratitude I thank you for it. The past is dead. The future is at the door. For strength to meet it let us turn now to Him who has already given the order to march, to Him who will lead us on and stand near us ever, to Him who now waits to strengthen our weak hearts with His holiest benediction.

Procedamus in pace. Amen.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, BOSTON COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 7, 1906

It seems rather strange to be answering an address of welcome now that several months have passed since my advent among you. But the reason of this is not owing to any tardiness on your part, but to inability on mine to accept long ago your proferred public greeting.

I shall not attempt to-night to answer your very cordial and loyal sentiments expressed so happily by your president, by Father Gannon, and by your spokesman, Mr. Dwyer. I shall pass at once without preamble to the gist of what I have to say to you. I shall take for my text the motto which guides me in my present position as Coadjutor. "Work and prepare."

I think no explanation will be necessary to prove the appropriateness of this motto to myself. I believe that with a little explanation you will easily see that it is equally applicable to yourselves.

If I have rejoiced, not for myself, but for the Church, at the unmistakable welcome which all conditions of men have given me, I rejoice doubly that the voice of the young came to me above the general chorus. The voice of youth is the voice of hope, and while hope is with us we shall live and progress. The voice of age is sober, cautious. There is in it some of the melancholy of sad experience which dampens ardor and chills fervor. "We have lived," it says; "we know!" If that influence were to prevail, the world would soon stand still. We

need caution, but not enough to kill action. The call of youth to youth is full of hope, and in that is life. Courageous action needs more enthusiasm and less of suppression. And the Church needs courageous action as well as wise counsel. The Church is not like the Pyramids, stately, immobile, grand amid the barrenness of desert sands. She is Peter's Bark — a ship which sails from port to port, bearing the wealth of old havens to enrich the newest-opened harbor. Her truth is changeless, but she has, nevertheless, a new lesson for each new condition. That is why she is young; that is why the young as well as the old love her. For, while the young reverence the old, they love most the young. They understand them better; they sympathize more with their yearnings, their struggles, their endeavors. That is natural. I believe that is the reason why I have read such true welcome in the faces of the young societies like yours. You believe that I understand you, sympathize with you, think with you, feel with you; and you are right; I do. Age will come soon enough. Meanwhile let us thank God that we are young, full of energy to work, and with enthusiasm yet unchilled impelling us to use our energies hopefully, rationally.

Excessive caution kills; excessive zeal blunders. Let us stand between the two, in the *juste milieu* of wise action and active wisdom. For us who are young hard work is a solemn duty. Work, work, work! That is the privilege of the young and the strong; to strive not for to-day only, but for the future; that is our duty to God and to the Church; to do our best for the realization of the great hopes which God has put into our hearts; not to stifle aspirations, but to seek them, and then help to fulfill them in our own lives. We must face the future

resolutely, but at the same time reverence the past and respect the present. That is the conservatism which builds solidly, not the radicalism which constructs air-castles and paper houses.

The excavations constantly being made in Rome, in the Forum and in the old temples, reveal the whole secret of Rome's power and stability. Rome never destroyed; she built over. The huge blocks of stone which mark the Via Sacra, the great avenue of her triumphs, were simply laid upon the pavements of earlier streets. The Vandal destroyed; the Roman never. We must be Romans; destroy nothing, but build upon what exists. That, you know, is what the Church does always. That is what you must do in your own environment. You find about you in your civic life some things which hurt, which are unfriendly. Build upon them. Be a Roman, not a Vandal. The foundations of this Commonwealth were laid solidly. There were some stones and gravel there which may not be soft to our memories; they are buried now; build over them. Do not unearth them to hurl them at others. That would be folly. Use them; cover them up and make them support your fabric. You find the relics of an old-time antipathy sometimes a stumbling-block to progress. Bury it and build over it. Ignore the purpose which others had in placing it in your path. Step over it, or upon it, and go on. Even stumbling-blocks have their good side. They make men open their eyes and walk straight. When the path is too clear men are apt to grow too secure. Religiously, too much security is a misfortune. Men become indifferent unless opposed. That must be true also in commerce, in trade, in civil life.

We are constantly being told of our increase in

numbers, of our legitimate rights to claim place and emolument and position. I believe that is true, but until I see men overcoming obstacles which are undoubtedly in the way, by incessant toil, by absolute honesty, by vigorous intelligence, by winning favor from opposition, I fear I must conclude that not all the blame is on one side; that somehow something is lacking yet. Will it come? Will time bring a betterment? That depends. It need not necessarily come with increased numbers. With what then? With our own efforts in the right direction. What is that direction? It is precisely the one pointed out to you in this society.

I will tell you how. I understand that a thousand men of this Organization go to Confession and Holy Communion every month. What a magnificent record! Well, I believe that that is a force for progress in the right direction which is absolutely irresistible. That is a flying wedge before which nothing can stand. That is a power which is silently doing more to clear away obstacles and bring you to your rightful place, than all political boasting, all offensive accusation, all vulgar pushing for place which is simply not only zero, but a big minus quantity.

Respect the present. The man who is constantly whining at existing conditions becomes a positive bore. Do not sit down and bemoan your lot and make it only the harder by envy of others. Accept conditions which today at least you cannot change. And then set about changing them. How? By changing yourself. That is what one thousand men among you are doing here. That to me is the most hopeful sign for future advancement in every walk of life in this community of men; — that every month one thousand men, no matter how busy they are, no matter how far from home they are, no

matter how driven for time they are, go apart from the noise and the confusion and the false allurements which surround them, enter the silence of their own souls, dig up the errors and the mistakes and the weaknesses, put them in full view of their own conscience, unburden themselves of them all in the Sacrament of Penance, and then go forth to receive strength in Holy Communion — that is noble, that is simply sublime. That is preparing for the future while others are prating about it, who do not really mean it. That is making strong men who will be needed and who must be felt. That is making clean hearts, pure minds, honest consciences, noble lives, strong purposes. That is the kind of men to be trusted in any position — the man with a conscience which is never allowed to grow dimmed; that is the man who must be heard from when the people have grown sick and tired (as they surely must) of false promises and false boasts from men who speak much and do nothing.

I care not whatever else your association does — or if it does nothing else — so long as it does that — keep one thousand men clean and clear and strong before God and men. It is then doing the best work possible for the future of the Church, the welfare of the State, and the surest progress of yourselves and of all our people.

If that number could be increased here in this city from one to twenty thousand, the power of the resultant force manifested in the streets, in the shops, in the offices, in the whole field of civil and commercial life would be such as to compel recognition, and by the force of example create a magnificent public Catholic sentiment, a sentiment of high spirituality in daily life which would soon sweep away whatever there is left of antipathy or inherited suspicion.

From a thousand men with the sound and true hearts created by monthly Communion a welcome means the greatest honor you could do me. You need no new blessing from me. God has truly blessed you. From such men I would more willingly ask a prayer than offer my own benediction. God keep you always as you are; a pledge of a good present, a true hope for the future.

ADDRESS AT CATHOLIC MASS MEETING, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1906

We are assembled in this Hall of Liberty to-night to enter our solemn protest as Catholics, Christians, and citizens against the tyranny which seeks to destroy the true liberty of religion and the freedom of those who represent it, and against a despotism which tramples upon the rights of humanity. The faction which usurps the Government of France to-day has defiantly and wantonly insulted the August Pontiff of our holy Religion. Were that its only crime, we might have borne our grief, deep as it certainly is, in the silence of our Catholic hearts, and we should have endeavored by our redoubled affection and devotion to lessen somewhat the sorrow inflicted by an ungrateful child upon the Father of Christendom, and our churches, not this hall, would have echoed the protest of our prayers. But the blow which was aimed at the Church's Head has struck the most sacred common rights of humanity, and in the name of human rights we resent with all the vigor of lovers of freedom and justice the perfidy which has characterized the recent legislation enacted in a country calling itself a republic.

It is not my purpose to recall in detail the various phases of this unjust legislation. That another will do. Indeed, even to indicate briefly the long story of ever-growing oppression, by which the French Government for twenty long years, stealthily when it could and bitterly always, has stolen away the rights of the Church, would require volumes — volumes which some day soon will be

written for the world, and which will make clearly manifest, on the one hand the long-suffering patience, the uncomplaining endurance of two holy Pontiffs, the self-sacrifice and true patriotism of prelates, priests, and faithful in France; and on the other the vile perfidy, the cruel rapacity, the implacable hatred of the ruling faction of that unfortunate country. These men who know not what the word "liberty" means are masquerading in its name.

Their hypocrisy for a long season concealed the real malice of their intent. The Press, that engine of power to frame public opinion, was made subservient to their plot, but to-day the mask is torn away. The hypocrisy is visible, and honest men all over the world understand at last the full meaning of the conspiracy against human rights adroitly concealed under the apparently harmless and innocent phrase of "separation of Church and State."

That phrase has deceived thousands, nay millions, of fair-minded American citizens, which was what was intended. No despot in the twentieth century would dare openly to proclaim to the world a policy of persecution such as this framed and executed by the clique which manipulates to-day the legislature of France. Such a scheme, if openly avowed, would have long since aroused the civilized world. So the same evil genius of infidelity and atheism devised the tyranny and then clothed it with a specious title.

But the Pontiff who rules the Church to-day is as fearless and straightforward as he is meek and peace-loving. His love for France, his desire for peace made him accept many provisions and conditions far from pleasing or satisfactory; he acted like a loving father towards a spoiled child. But when at length he had yielded

all there was to yield; when finally each concession was followed only by more insult and insatiable demands, the moment came when it was clear that what was wanted and demanded was the renunciation of all rights, human and divine; then, true to his sacred trust, no further threats or menaces, nor the horror of persecution itself could shake his fearlessness and intrepidity.

Upon this lover of peace and this model of gentleness and meekness these faithless men would now fling the blame before the world, but the world is not so easily deceived. Even now, without waiting for posterity to decide, honest, fair-minded men recognize the contrast between the inflammatory ravings of the French Cabinet and the calm, benign, yet firm *non possumus* of Pius X.

It was pretended, I repeat, that all the Government wished was separation. If in reality this had been their plan, its accomplishment, attended by due formality, saving the rights of either side, would have been easy. Mutual good will and good faith was all that was necessary. That was precisely what was lacking on the part of the French Government. Without cause or pretext she broke her promised pledge and violated thereby every canon of international law, and she stands consequently a culprit before the nations, guilty of a barbarous violation of those principles which alone make relations between powers possible. We solemnly protest against this crime of open international perfidy, which even pagan nations have ever detested. Until France has atoned for this crime no government can respect her word, or expect her to keep her pledges. Added to this perfidy is the note of cowardice. Had the Pope the physical means to defend his rights in the case, she would never have dared such an open affront and public breach of faith.

The sentiment of honor so glibly appealed to by atheists evidently means, "Keep your word when you must; break it when you can." Such honor is dishonor in the eyes of all true men. From men with such a code robbery and confiscation are to be expected. What right of property is sacred in such eyes? The right of force remains the only right, and the sequel to this vicious axiom was quickly realized. The priest cannot use violence, so he becomes an easy victim to this barbarous code, and so we see immediately following international perfidy the most high-handed acts of eviction and confiscation. The right of might is a brutal one to flaunt in the twentieth century before a civilized nation, but that was the only right by which the legitimate owners of ecclesiastical property were summarily ejected.

It is hard to realize that these are facts; it is difficult to believe that in our day such things happen, but such are the facts which are now taking place. If this action is justifiable, if the State, without cause or a compensation of any kind, may despoil its citizens of what rightly belongs to them, then I ask, What citizen is secure? What property is safe? And upon what foundations does civil law rest?

We have heard of such things happening in countries which we call barbarous, but this is France, and France is a republic. Are these the fruits of democracy? And do not the citizens of this Republic owe it to themselves to disclaim such unjust and uncivilized despotism? No rights of the Crown are here adduced as an excuse or a palliation. Is popular rule after all more tyrannous than that of a despot? America, this true republic, blushes to behold a sister's shame, and we, citizens of this true democracy, denounce this counterfeit government of a peo-

ple not by a people, but by a faction unworthy to hold the reigns of government in a republic.

Again it might be expected that men who set in defiance all principles of truth and common rights would sooner or later set themselves violently against that Organization whose avowed duty it is to propagate and inculcate truth and right. Men who are morally lawless soon grow to hate all moral law and those who stand for it. The very presence of religion, therefore, with its curbs and restraints in the moral order, incurs their most violent hatred, and nothing but its complete extermination ever satisfies them. If this is true of those who never had faith, it is doubly and sadly true of those who, having once known its influence upon conscience, seek only to stifle conscience by its utter rejection.

The very men who devised and executed this law aimed at no half measures. Complete extinction of Christianity is their avowed and professed object, and such men pretend to talk of the liberty of the Church. Yes, one only liberty; the liberty to die, or rather to be strangled. And once again the cloak of hypocrisy is thrown about their action. They dare not close the churches, so they empty them by making it impossible according to the Church's Constitutions to worship freely in them. And when they offer conditions beyond the Church's power to accept, again the attempt is made to fool the world and throw the blame upon the Church for not walking after they have securely bound her hand and foot.

For years not a word could be preached from the pulpits of France which was not reported and often distorted. The priests were impeded in their ministry and the prelates in the exercise of their office. Was it not natural to expect that the results of such obstruction would in time

beget the decay of faith, which indeed, alas, in many cases is only too truly realized? But the process was too long, and so to hurry it the Church is now not only obstructed, but practically and effectually banished.

Hitherto the voice of the preacher was muffled; now by these laws it is stifled altogether. The Catholic priest all over the world is always conservative. It is extremely rare, indeed, that he uses the liberty considered by the ministers of other creeds as perfectly legitimate. The French clergy would be amazed at the freedom with which Protestant clergymen of this country criticize from the pulpit legislators and even chief executives of the State. But what they did not say they were supposed to think, and even a thought against the omnipotence of the State appears to be a crime in France. Is this liberty?

The clergy of France are citizens of France, and as citizens had the rights of citizens to protect themselves by every legal means. Even these were denied them, and without trial, witnesses, court, or judgment the whole ecclesiastical body was branded as enemies of the nation. Is this liberty?

If this accusation was false and unjust of the clergy who lived and worked among the people, its falsity and injustice is doubly manifest when imputed to the members of religious orders who lived entirely separated from the world, and had neither the desire nor the means of influencing public opinion politically. Yet thousands of nuns and thousands of monks living lives of complete separation from the world have been cruelly and heartlessly turned out into the streets of France; and, were it not for the charity of strangers, these harmless and holy men and women would have been left to starve and die for no other offense than the silent protest which exalted virtue

offers to vice and licentiousness. Is this crime, or is this liberty?

This systematic and complete extinction of the Church has been carried to the bitter end. Even those among the best youth of France who aspired to the sacred ministry were met by the State's veto. The supply must be cut off at the very source. Not only were the faithful people of France to be denied the liberty of worship, but the very possibility of worship has been taken from them by the closing of the seminaries, and the youth of France are left free to dedicate themselves if they will to moral degradation, but not to the service of God. Again I ask, Is this liberty?

When communication with the Head of the Church is prohibited by law, when the bishops of the Church are despoiled of all authority, when the priests of the Church are prevented from exercising their ministry, when the levites are turned away from the doors of the seminary, when the Church doors, though open, are barred by impossible conditions, when the funds belonging to the Church and necessary for its maintenance are stolen from it and the robbery legalized, then in common justice, I ask of every fair-minded citizen of America, Is this liberty of worship, or is it the most high-handed tyranny against conscience of which a nation is capable?

If after all this there is to be a religion in France, it is clear what that religion will be. Its doctrines will be dogmas defined by men who believe not even in God. In the name of justice I ask, Are these civilized laws, or is it not in all honesty open and flagrant religious persecution? Is Christianity the only thing to be prohibited in France? Are its citizens to be allowed the widest range of liberty in all that degrades and de-civilizes, but for-

bidden only to seek that influence which alone can restrain license? Are there too many good men and women in France that those whose only crime is virtue must be banished?

In far Japan the priests of France, under the rule of a non-Christian nation, enjoy the liberty denied them in their own land, which their fathers fought for and their brothers stand ready to defend. And the wonder of the people of Japan to-day is how France can be so cruel to her own unoffending sons. It may be humiliating for France to learn a lesson from the Japanese, but that lesson she must learn, or bear the shame which brands her as yet uncivilized.

We who are gathered here appeal to the sense of justice and fairmindedness of the whole American people to take their stand in this bitter warfare against the rights of citizenship. Not Catholics alone, nor the rights of the Catholic Church are involved, but the rights of Christianity and the rights of man. Let America, this true republic, by the force of a just public sentiment sound a solemn warning, the echoes of which will reach not only France, but all the nations; a warning that where the rights of God and humanity are ruthlessly violated the final victory must come, not to might, but to the eternal right.

PATRIOTIC BUT NOT POLITICAL

PREFATORY NOTE

During the past few months there have been many notable evidences of the numerical strength of associated Catholic manhood in Boston, alike in societies which aim purely at the spiritual good of their members and in those which add to the indispensable condition of a practical Catholic life, some definite intellectual or social object. We have noted before, alike from the life around us, and from similar movements throughout the country, the sure virility of the Catholic Church in America. Our separate brethren have noted it, too; but, as usual, they have misunderstood it.

We Catholics take no alarm at the wide-spread, federated Young Men's Christian Association, or the Christian Endeavor Societies; nor have we ever accused them of political intriguing; but noting the American Federation of Catholic Societies, one of our Protestant contemporaries at once sounds a warning.

"The indications are that a 'clerical' party may become a feature in legislatures in the United States in process of time. At present the influence is an outside pressure upon legislators, but it cannot be doubted that in time groups will be formed in legislative bodies to unite and work together."

We believe that our contemporary wants to know the truth about Catholic Federation; so we commend to its earnest study the address of the Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., Archbishop Coadjutor of Boston, at the annual Federation meeting last Sunday, April 21.

There is no word of that address to which any man with faith in God and love for his country can take exception. Can men do better than to stand like a wall against the enemies of God, who are also the enemies of good government, of civic integrity, of the pure home and the honorable family?

The American Catholic Federation unites men of Irish, German, French, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, and any other blood represented in our citizenship, that they may give the best of the distinguishing traits of their race-lines to America and become the best Americans. It is the enemy of racial segregation, and all the petty national antipathies which flourish where the recurrent boundary lines are numerous, and the strong but impalpable wall of varying languages is raised. As all these races own the Catholic Church as their spiritual mother, she becomes the great unifier, the strong but gentle eradicator of narrowness and jealousy, the supreme teacher of the human brotherhood which transcends all nationalism. This is the mission of Federation, eloquently set forth by Archbishop O'Connell; and well has it begun to fulfill it, with its already accomplished union of the great Irish-American and German-American societies of the land, and the incoming of the French societies in New England.

Federation will be the best protection of the country against the vices of wealth and the violence to which evil leaders try to stimulate poor wage-earners. Shall any patriot wish to undermine the wall that protects the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness guaranteed him by our Constitution? That is the purpose of Federation. It means no "clerical" party in Nation, State, or city. It is an aggregation of men "tied to no political party, nor

acting as one political party, but resting its power upon chastened and righteous public sentiment for the common good and God's eternal glory."

Surely it is to the benefit of all our citizenship that the men of the largest religious denomination and the most rapidly growing, alike from natural increase and from accretions from other lands, should unite to put conscience into politics, and that their spiritual leaders should bid them God speed in the work. Archbishop O'Connell has often given high patriotic counsel. He has said his best and strongest word thus far for his country in his encouragement of Catholic Federation.

THE PILOT.

FEDERATION AN IMPREGNABLE WALL AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF GOD[1]

From the beginning I have felt the most intense interest in the birth and progress of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. I am happy to be here to-day to give an added proof of that interest which has grown with the development of the Federation, and I trust that my presence and my words will give it an impetus that will insure the success of this movement in Massachusetts.

Every student of public affairs, of the rise and progress of great movements, realizes that the power which finally stirs public sentiment to action is dual in its character: first, a principle, true, sound, and sane; secondly, the numbers behind that principle. History reveals sadly enough that the mere truth of a principle is no guarantee that it will prevail over all human obstacles. At least its success is often delayed by the opposition of majorities on the other side, but if to the force of truth there be the added power of numbers, then success, even if delayed, must finally come. For we must remember that public opinion is not merely the judgment of cultivated and refined minds willing to weigh matters in all fairness. It is formed and depends very often for its efficacy upon very inferior material, to which quantity rather than quality appeals.

Fortunately, however, in the domain of nature a small

[1] At the annual convention of the Suffolk County Branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, Saint Rose Hall, Boston, Sunday, April 21, 1907.

quantity of gold outweighs in value much more than many times its bulk in lead; and so in the scales of public opinion, the bulk of numbers behind a lofty and great principle may be much less than that required to carry a vicious argument. As Catholics, we are sure of our principle: but the mere security of our standpoint is not enough to guarantee the object for which Federation stands. We must stand for the truth and make our voices heard in its behalf.

God has always cared for the triumph of right, and again and again the history of the Church proves His divine intervention by which He has brought success out of apparent failure. But God expects us, nevertheless, to act and work for ourselves. Only then do we deserve His coöperation. He wants His children to put forth their own efforts and to act not only with reliance upon divine guidance, but with the most prudent foresight and the most energetic interest in a cause which is not only His but ours. In safeguarding the Church's rights in the world we must have not only Divine Faith, but keen, sensitive human wisdom. To the righteousness of our cause we must, therefore, add the weight of public opinion. That is precisely the end for which the Federation is working. A body which can be ignored in public life may hope for little success.

Federation is going to bring about a public appreciation of what the Church stands for in a way that can never again be ignored. How? On the first page of your Constitution I find the summing up of the whole method and principle. They are the words of the immortal Leo XIII. They ought to be engraved upon every banner of the Federation and written indelibly upon the minds of every one of its members.

"May the faithful unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good and may their union rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God."

I learned long ago the wonderful force of that great Pontiff's diction. I have studied every sentence of his wonderful encyclicals. There is something of the sublime simplicity of Holy Writ as well as its tremendous strength in every phrase that has come from his pen, and when he has enunciated a principle it displays at once the vision and the precision of a mind almost superhuman.

In the case in point in these words which I have just quoted all this is exemplified. It sums up in one sentence the whole story of Federation: its aims and purposes, mediate and immediate; its underlying principle; its methods; its means, and its directions. Not a word can be taken away, nor one added, so complete and perfect is the enunciation of this vital principle.

"May the faithful," he says, "unite." Here is the idea of centralization and concentration of activities. He was perfectly conscious of the millions of individuals devoting their lives and labors for the expansion of God's Kingdom, for the triumph of truth, and the defeat of erroneous principles and wicked and malicious manœuvres. All these he blessed and recognized. But he was too wise a historian, too profound a philosopher, too keen an observer of humanity not to realize the almost inevitable failure of merely individual effort. Hence he says, "Unite," stand together, make ranks and files, put your great army under discipline, teach them to march in order, and in solidarity. "Unite," he says, not only in prayer and in faith, but in your human efforts to ad-

vance the great cause of truth and the right. "Unite," he says, "your efforts more efficaciously." Therefore, he points out that a lack of unity means a lack of efficiency.

Here, indeed, is wisdom. Look back over the history of the Church, its objects and interests in our own land, and you will realize how many opportunities of success have been lost for the lack of this harmonious accord, notwithstanding heroic efforts by individuals with divided forces. "Unite," again he says, "for the common good." Here is enunciated the approximate result of unity.

Here is what must commend it not only to the Church, but to the nation itself, for what is the common good of humanity? Is it not peace, prosperity, and the pursuit of happiness? These are the objects of all civil government. Federation, therefore, means the promotion of the welfare of this nation, and the very fact that you are a factor in this movement means that you are a more patriotic and public-spirited citizen. The common good means the peace, prosperity, and happiness of humanity. In working for the common good, therefore, the Federation is to strive for the peace, prosperity, and the happiness of America.

Peace is the first and most necessary requisite for a nation's life, and what is peace but the tranquillity of order? And what is order but obedience to just law? And what is law but the revelation of God's will in human government? Peace, therefore, must be sought first and last and always in the observance of the mandates of the Eternal Legislator. Men may dream of peace conferences; they may gather in marble palaces and listen to the eloquence of orators: and it will be all to no avail unless the world be brought to realize that

men are brothers only because God is their common Father. It is in the recognition of the great principles of Christianity enunciated by the Son of God and treasured in the doctrines and traditions of Holy Church that men must look for the cessation of the antipathies of nations and the rivalry of empires. Time was when Christ's Vicar was the great pacificator of the world. To make again that voice respected as of old and heard above the clamoring of nations and the din of battles, stilling the warring sentiments of opponents as the voice of Christ stilled the troubled waters, — that is one aim of the Federation in its labors for the "common good."

Prosperity — what is prosperity? Upon the definition depend tremendous consequences. Is it the possession of wealth at any cost? Is it the power to live in idle luxury? Is it the gain achieved by the crushing of the hopes and lives of others? If so, who will have the hardihood to condemn the evils of Socialism and anarchy? And yet it would seem that though men hesitate to put it in so many words, some, at least, of them by their actions have accepted this definition. Its wider acceptance will certainly bring about the ruin of this nation, and, therefore, the destruction of the "common good."

Federation raises its voice against such a fatal consequence of the rejection of such principles; clearly and fearlessly it denounces dishonest business practices, unhealthful conditions of labor, and pernicious and ruinous financial methods. It teaches duty to the rich; it courageously places responsibility where it belongs, and stands immutably for justice. On the one hand it rebukes the heartlessness of avarice, and on the other it counsels moderation, honesty, and patience; it rests the might of its influence not on mere theory, cheap enough

and common enough to-day, but on the eternal principles of law. And I do not hesitate to say that the day will come, and is fast coming, when the Federation will be the most potent barrier in all this broad country to the awful social evils which already threaten its prosperity.

"The pursuit of happiness" — what is happiness? Here, again, all depends upon how men accept the term. Is it feasting and rioting? Is it the lust of the eye and the pride of life? If so, what is to become of civilization? Who will deny again that at least by their actions some of the population of this great country have accepted this conception of happiness? The shameless records of the divorce courts prove it. The degeneracy, the moral pollution of our great cities give evidence of it. The diminished birth rates, the crowded insane asylums, hospitals, and poor-houses are all witnesses of it. And it is growing and growing with each succeeding year. Who can deny that paganism is showing its frightful head in a thousand forms all over the land? Who can deny that from the house-tops thousands of voices are calling to the worship of base pleasures with the same formula which destroyed Egypt and Persia, and Greece, and Rome: Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

When fashionable preachers have made of God a myth, a blind force, when by their preaching they only succeed in obscuring the certainty of a future life, who is to blame for the logical sequence in infidelity and belief only in the pleasures of the passing hour?

Federation with its million voices raised in protest against Baal, crying out to the doubting millions, "God lives, and true happiness is found only in Him," must

at last be heard. Clean living, honest dealing, voting without bribery, and the docile observance of law — in that alone is happiness, the happiness which conscience alone can bring.

This is the watchword of Federation and, please God, we shall shout it one day so loud as to drown forever the shrill cry which is to-day leading millions to destruction. Thus in laboring for the common good, which consists in peace, prosperity, and true happiness, is Federation making this land its debtor, with a debt which one day the nation will be glad to acknowledge.

Let us go back now again to the wonderful sentence of the Encyclical, which continuing says: "And may the union rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God." Federation, therefore, is likened to a wall which shall be stormed in vain; a wall all the more beautiful as well as powerful because the stones of which it is built are the children of many races — a splendid mosaic of precious stones, the solidity of the German, the brilliancy and genius of the French, the versatility of the Irish, the tenacity of the Pole, the ardor and poetry of sentiment of the Italian, the keenness of the Hungarian, and so on with the strength and beauty of other races, all combining their historic traits and mingled in the alembic of their American citizenship, shall stand as an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of God's enemies.

Enemies of God! — Are there men so rash as to make battle against Omnipotence? Is it not insanity to brave the powers of the Infinite? Yes, surely it is insanity, but do we need proofs that such insanity exists after hearing the cry of Viviani who boasts that in France they have put out the lights of heaven? There is no

doubting that such men are really insane, but insane men are not merely harmless fools. They are dangerous maniacs — maniacs driven by their insane illusions to use "fierce violence" against God, Christ, and His Church. And against this violence, fierce and dangerous as it is, not only to us, but to all that is sacred and best to the human race, who shall forbid us to build a wall of protection? A wall impregnable because founded upon the solid foundations of the Church which cannot fail; a wall behind which some day I firmly believe all sane men who value whatever is best in human life in this world and the next will be glad to take refuge.

These are the words of the immortal Leo. Study them until you realize all the fullness and the greatness of their wisdom. Go back to your homes, to your parishes, to your local organizations fired with a new zeal to make this gospel of Federation better known and better understood. The Federation is a power for the nation's good and God's glory. Leo has prayed for it, Pius now prays for it, and the prayers of Christ's Vicars shall be heard not only in the courts of heaven, but throughout the Christian world, and men with willing hearts and docile minds will at last unite for the common good; tied to no political party nor acting as one political party, but resting its power upon chastened and righteous public sentiment for the common good and God's eternal glory.

STRENGTH AND LIFE[1]

THE wisdom of ages and men long buried in the past is the torch which serves to brighten the path of present duty. Every great man, every man who has toiled, not for himself, but for the ages, for eternity, has lighted his lamp at that flame, and, dying, has bequeathed the light of his life to all men who follow. To such posterity is debtor. How little any of us should know but for the treasury of the ages from which we freely draw. How little the greatest among us could accomplish did he rely upon his own self-made knowledge. What a pigmy that man soon becomes who refuses to grow by the study of his elders. Great veneration for the dead past is the only safe stepping-stone to security in reaching an honorable and lasting future. Only little men are irreverent. The conceit which ignores is as shallow as it is insolent. It crumbles as it was reared, in a day, and its ruins excite, not sympathy, but scorn. A profound knowledge of history is necessary for those who govern or build society, and the study of the great men of the past is the best food for the men of the future. The world even has its dogma of the veneration of saints. Every successful merchant, every great lawyer, every brilliant orator of the last generation has established his devotion and has his shrine. Yes, the veneration of the great of the past is a normal sentiment. And you, sir knights, in hallowing the great name of Columbus,

[1] Address to the Knights of Columbus, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, October 12, 1906.

proclaim not only his greatness but your own high sentiments. Of these the one most distinctive of true knighthood is reverence — a quality of mind and heart which may God preserve in you amid a world growing, it would seem, to be sadly lacking in its possession.

There is something awe-inspiring in the aspect of one whose whitened locks and bowed figure, whose feeble accents and slow step, tell us that the evening of life is passing and that soon the night will come. There is in his very feebleness a great mystery that touches us. We look at him and read the whole story of human life in the deep furrows set by care, and the bowed shoulders which have bent under so many burdens. So, too, the autumn of the year brings sadness even in its beauty of decay. The chill winds, the fading of the flowers, the falling leaves that strew the wind-swept groves, all proclaim the dying of the year. There is a pathos in the decay of nature which even winter has not. And why? Because in man and in nature, in the whitened locks and sere leaf, we behold the inevitable law of all things earthly; the law of birth, growth, the climax, and then the slow hastening to the silent end. This contemplation of the ebb and flow, this witnessing of the evanescence of all mortal life, brings its lesson to him who contemplates it. In all things material mortality is inherent. Men, flowers, kingdoms, associations, armies, nations, all are subject to the same absolute law.

To-night I look out upon your body, young and hearty and strong in all the vigor of youth, not only as individuals, but in the splendid cohesiveness of your organization. I see in your faces the light of energy, and I read in the story of your united association all the power of manhood in its prime. Your organization is still young;

as life goes, you are young. Not one of you but wishes it long duration, permanency, and continued efficacy. Not one of you perhaps but has seen many another like it pass, even in a few brief years, through all the periods of birth, growth, and decay. Many of you, maybe, more than once, since the birth of your organization, have feared the same sudden course for it, too. Will it last? Will it endure? That is the question which all really interested in its welfare ask with anxiety. It is not enough that it now stands out among similar societies as numerically strong, nor that it is spreading its branches far and wide. That is good, but it is no more security against decay than the florid condition of a healthy youth is security against the feebleness of age. Just now, when its vigor and its far-reaching strength are most evident and gratifying, is the very time to look beyond to-day and to provide for its future as well as for its present strength. That is a subject well worth investigating. We must think and provide, not only for the growth, but for the permanency of this organization. That is what we shall consider to-night.

I have said that the law of growth and decay is universal for all things merely human. The conserving element which alone can modify this law must be spiritual. Just as the human body retains the vigor of life and action so long as the soul inhabits it, and instantly succumbs to the law of disintegration and decay the very moment the soul deserts it, so is it true of the mortal body or organization. If its aims and its objects be merely material; if the spirit which vivifies it be of the world, then it is certain that whatever be its momentary strength, its wealth in numbers and resources, however promising its hopes and flattering its prospects, the day

must come when time will sound the trumpet of death. The enthusiasm of its founders will begin to slacken in the hearts of its lukewarm members. The law of change soon leaves its imprint upon its purposes through dissension, and gradually the vivifying principle which sustained it, diluted in its expanding breath, becomes weaker, and then the decadence begins. Only one kingdom in all the world escapes this general law, and that is the kingdom of God, the Church. As she lives by the spirit of God, which changes not, so the ages pass over her and leave her still ever youthful. Those organizations alone participate in that perennial youth which are governed, animated, and vivified by the same spirit which preserves her from any danger of decay.

As the fruitful mother of many children, she gives of her endless bounty to all who live within her house; not only to her immediate offspring, as are the religious orders, but even to those of far less affinity, the thousands of societies and associations bound to her and subject to her; organizations like yours, founded with far less spiritual ends and with fewer spiritual obligations. The spirit of God preserves not only her but hers.

How many kingdoms have come and gone since Benedict gave his rule of life to the monks of the West? Yet the great Benedictine Order still rears its noble monasteries upon the hilltops, and generation after generation of learned monks walk through their silent cloisters, still guided by that same rule which reared Monte Casino. How many nations have risen to the apex of might and fallen to a lowly place since the Poverello of Assisi espoused his bride, Lady Poverty, and sent his sons over all the world to teach men the folly of all wealth except the riches of heaven? Yet the Franciscans still flourish

to-day as if naught had changed. How evidently all history proclaims the eternal vitality of everything blessed and protected by Holy Mother Church. And how equally obviously it proclaims that those organizations which rest upon other foundations sooner or later disappear and are forgotten. It must, therefore, be clear to all who reason and read that for the enduring force of association there must be an enduring principle of life; and that proposition, philosophically sound, is proved by the facts of history. With this, therefore, as a truth incontestable, it is easy to draw conclusions and to forecast results in regard to your organization and every other like unto it.

The criterion, therefore, which is the basis of our hope that the organization of the Knights of Columbus, erected by its founders for the realization of noble purposes, the growth of which has been so rapid and encouraging, is all contained in this: Have its original purposes grown with the growth of numbers? Is its animating principle the spirit of Life Eternal? If so there is nothing to fear. What is the spirit of Life Eternal? What is this mysterious force of activity which, penetrating to every member, thrills it into action and saves it from decay? What is this mysterious sap drawn by the roots from the very substance of the soil in which they are sunk, and which, overcoming the natural law of gravitation by the higher and sublimer law of attraction, moistens the fibre of the tree with its potent unction, and which rests not till it has brought life and nourishment to the very end of the longest branch, and, pushing ever onward, makes its subtle course through the thinnest stem to the very tip of the tiniest leaf? When the sun sets the sap ceases to flow, and at its rising this mysterious force begins once more its work.

The tree is the Church. The sap is the active principle of charity stirred into life by the presence of the Son of God. The branches are the religious orders, and the tiny leaves are the thousands of the multiplied organizations like yours, the tender offspring of the sturdy life of the whole tree, and above all of the infinite potency of God's sun; the sun of that God who has defined Himself in one consoling word — Love. "Deus caritas est." It is charity, therefore, which is the only source of perennial life. Even as when the sun goes down below the horizon, the soil refuses to give up its nourishing forces to the tree, but remains cold and sterile, so, too, when the warmth of God's love ceases to warm the springs of human activity, the life of an organization sinks to its end and its sap of life soon dries up, leaving only a residue which soon becomes absorbed and vanishes.

The great author of life, the Son of God, by whom all things were made, has revealed the secret of permanency and eternal vitality. All you who would know the only method of conserving the vital spark which keeps alive not only men but associations and organizations like yours, hearken to the wonderful words which can alone solve the great mystery — words which, like most of the divine truths which Jesus Christ uttered, seem to contradict the dictates of human wisdom, but which in reality are revelations of Him who alone knows all things because He created them. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The law of the spirit of God again and again contradicts the spirit of the world. The law of natural economy would seem to inculcate increase by saving. The egoism of the world inculcates growth by selfishness. Upon this law self-guided humanity has ever built and

ever failed. The law of the spirit opposes itself to such futile wisdom and cries out to man: Lose that you may gain life. Care not for yourself but for others, if you would increase your own vitality and preserve it. This same law, exemplified so perfectly in the life of Him who came to teach all truth, is the power of permanency and perennial activity of that organization of which He is the head and founder. It is because she unceasingly gives herself for the good and the happiness and the consolation of others that she perpetuates herself to all ages. And you, sir knights, must learn from this text the best method of prolonging and strengthening the force of your organization. For since, as I have said, the kingdom of God on earth is the only kingdom that has survived the ages; since the Church is the only organization that has defied the ravages of time, you must look to her as a model upon which to build a lasting edifice, and, by imitating her supernatural wisdom, give stability to the life of your brotherhood.

"Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Here is the law of eternal life — the giving of one's self for others for Christ's sake. Here is the divine law of charity which must be your guiding star, illumining the path of your knighthood and leading it by the noble way of unselfishness, which lifts it above the powers of death. Give yourself for others; live for others; sacrifice yourselves for others. Think less of your organization than of the good it may perform. Turn your eyes not inward upon your own petty needs, but outward upon the great work which stands before you to accomplish. As surely as the words of God are true, just so surely will the life, the activity, the welfare, and the prosperity of the Knights of Columbus grow and flourish and endure.

Have you banded together merely to enjoy yourselves? Have you taken in vain the great name of Columbus, who left all that was dear to him to risk life itself upon the wide expanse of unknown seas, not for himself, but to bring the light of Christian faith and hope to others? No, it cannot be so. The Church could never bless a society formed for selfish aims. Were mere social enjoyment, worldly pleasure, material gain, political ambition, or any other selfish aim the object of this society, its name would have no meaning. The Church would give it no recognition. You would not be here in a body in this hallowed place, nor would a bishop of the Church be now addressing you. It is because we know and realize that your aims are ideal, not material, that you desire to assist in the great work which the Church is doing among mankind, that you have her recognition. And it is with the hope that my words may rouse in you a fuller realization of Christian principle, of Catholic ideals; it is that the blessing which you are to receive to-night may fall on fruitful ground that I am here to address you in the name of Him who to men like you twenty centuries ago first spoke the secrets of life eternal, teaching men how by charity alone is life preserved. "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Is there a demand for such work as associations like yours can accomplish? How can you doubt it? Have you lived thus long not to know that the hope of the community, of the nation, of the Church, lies in the unselfish activity for good of men like you? Are you so deaf as not to hear on all sides the cry for help that is filling our streets and our cities? It is a cry which all must hear, for its wail is too strong to be silenced even by the turmoil of the mart, but which few, alas! heed, except

those who have dedicated their lives to God's service in the priesthood and in the religious life, and their hands are all too few to bring the needed aid. It is the cry of children neglected by those who should care for them; the cry for sympathy arising from the multitude of those who suffer injustice; the cry in the courts for the protection of the law against the brutal force of might; the cry of the sick and ailing who have no friends to bring them a remedy for their ills; the cry of the fallen who are spurned by the world for seeking to rise again. Is it possible that men with hearts hear all this and steel themselves against it? Or has the very commonness of suffering and need served only to make it appear hopeless and beyond the reach of aid? Why is it that so often the priest appeals in vain for workers in the cause of charity, for interest in the conferences of St. Vincent of Paul, for helpers in every good work which constitutes the very life and salvation of a parish? To the appeal always comes the same answer, I am too busy, I have no time, I am too tired. All these are but thin veils which cannot cover the real reason, which is that charity has grown cold, that selfishness has grown stronger, that while there is no time or leisure for the great work which must be done unless the mission of the Church is to prove a failure, there is always time and leisure for self-amusement, for self-interest, for self-advancement.

If to-day, sir knights, you desire to multiply your strength, not only in numbers, but in your claims for noble recognition, you must resolve to reduce to its lowest factor all that is selfish, and elevate to its highest point all that tends to bring out from every member of your body corporate the elements of true knighthood — fidel-

ity to God's law, fidelity to His Church and her laws, the love of God which preserves from sin, and the love of your neighbor, which will bring you wherever there is human need.

Already you have done much. The very act of bringing together into a common fraternity thousands of young men is an accomplishment which demands recognition. At a crisis, when it was feared by many that a certain laxity of purpose was beginning to manifest itself, the organization vindicated itself and gave a new impulse to its course in the right direction by a magnificent act of generosity to the cause of Christian education. At once it became evident to all America that the capabilities of the order were great. It was the first great unselfish act of your body corporate, and the spark of noble charity quickened a higher life among all the members. It stands as a proof of what you can do as instruments in the hands of God for the furthering of noble ends and the realization of glorious aims for the progress and prosperity of Holy Church. Doubtless you now realize that that act of unselfishness has already brought its reward in the higher standing of your organization, in greater confidence where formerly there was doubt, and even in the increase of your numerical strength. "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

The act of momentary sacrifice has increased your wealth, moral and even material, and it is only by repeated actions of this kind, of losing that you may gain, that the invincible law by which the spirit of life is governed will be fully realized in you. That great example of the whole organization has been felt in every local council throughout the land, and similar acts of knightly generosity on a smaller scale materially, though morally

not less effective, have given witness of the influence of that good example. Here in Massachusetts we know the help you have given to the blessed and noble work of caring for the children of the poor and unfortunate — a work which in its character of protecting the weak must appeal to every knightly soul; a work which is of incalculable benefit to the state and of great assistance to the Church; a work which will surely bring myriads of blessings in its train to you individually and to your order; blessings which, coming from the Giver of all good things, are always the richer when given in recompense for aught that is done for the sake of His little ones.

I doubt not there will be among your number a short-sighted few, unable to look beyond a narrow field and unwilling to make great efforts for the accomplishment of large projects, who will seek to reduce the order to the petty limits of a social club, or, at best, confine its purposes to a merely mutual life insurance company. They will no doubt endeavor to eliminate every altruistic plan on the basis that it is not practical. Not practical — that is the word so often misused to stifle every aspiration for the ideal. That is the very doctrine which takes the soul out of all that is best and noblest in human life. It is the cankerworm of modern methods which is eating into the very vitals of Christianity itself, gnawing at the roots of every plant destined by God to bring forth beautiful blossoms, fragrant with the odor of fraternal love. Not practical, because not selfish; not practical, because ideal. Do they forget that in such heartless analysis every holy sentiment is reduced to ashes? It is this deification of the practical that is turning human hearts to stone. It is this destruction of the ideal which has become a blight in human life, which, as it progresses outward

from the individual, attacks the family, associations, friendships, society, and even religion itself; withering the very heart of man, and drying up in its progress friendship, love, patriotism, and devotion; for all these, subjected to the alchemy of selfishness, must appear unpractical, unprofitable, and therefore useless.

We have but to look around us in our daily walk through the streets of a busy city to see the marks which this devotion to the so-called practical leaves on every side. Read it in the hardened face of the tight-fisted merchant whose thought never reaches beyond himself! Read it in the disintegration of families where it has obtained a shrine! Read it in the rottenness and corruption which flood whole nations where the ideals of citizenship are fast disappearing! Read it in the riotous tumult of the poor to whom its gospel has been preached! Read it in the empty churches where its doctrines have resounded, and then answer me. Are you who call yourselves knights to relinquish the quest of the Holy Grail, the cup which held the Blood of Him who gave the world the great law of its life eternal, "Lose that you may find," to go in search of the vile vessel whose contents minister only to self-gratification and self-profit? Remember again the solemn warning, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." The charity which gives itself for the good of others must be at the very foundation of your order, and upon that solid rock will be safely reared the beautiful temple of your lives. Stone upon stone it will rise until it reaches heaven itself. The hearts animated by that ideal will throb with a strong impulse of human and divine love; the love of fellow-man, which constitutes friendship; the love in holy matrimony, which preserves its sanctity; the love of human society, which

creates strong and honest citizens; the love of country, which breeds high-minded patriots; the love of God, which brings forth heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven. These are all ideals which your practical man may be incapable of realizing, but without which man ceases to be man, ceases to possess that which most ennobles man, and is left with nothing worth possessing. The true sense of the word "practical" is, using sound judgment. To be practical in that sense is a duty.

In this higher sense, in this nobler valuation of all which constitutes our best life, it would be easy to prove that in the end the so-called practical man is the most unpractical of all. When you can prove that those who possess most are happiest, then you may conclude that selfishness is practical. But as long as the greatest joys of life come from the moral satisfaction begotten of the service we render to others by deeds of kindness which lift us out of ourselves into the atmosphere of universal brotherhood in Christ, the world of Christian ideals, just so long will it be true that in all that constitutes the best of life, the unselfish man is the richest in his capacity for enjoyment, multiplied again and again by the number of those to whom he brings help and happiness. That the tendency of the world around us, especially in the commercial life of a country like ours, is toward self, is recognized by all. It is undoubted, I think, that where the business instinct is uncurbed, the colder and keener faculties of the mind prevail; and the only force that is curbing and bridling this merciless instinct is the idealism of religion. To the dictates of a heartless spirit of barter, whose motto is "Get all that you can that you may live," religion warns, "When you have gotten all that you can you shall die." Which is right? No need

for me to answer here. And, indeed, if the motto of commercialism were true, the eternal getting could only give a life absolutely unworth having. Those who have tried it have at last fully realized it, and often too late repudiate the selfish philosophy which brought them only dross, and robbed them of all that makes life worthy — the love and gratitude of fellow-man, the respect of those around them, and their own self-respect.

One thing is certain, that the natural tendencies of man uncorrected by the life of the supernatural are not outward, but inward. It is only religion, only the knowledge of the duties we owe to God by service to those around us that keeps the circle of beneficent action from growing ever narrower, until finally its little radius only reaches the sphere of our own petty, imaginary needs. It is only religion, by its cultivation of idealism, which keeps alive the fires of the soul, warming all the better instincts and higher purposes. Where faith grows weaker charity begins to cool; and when charity is cold then comes death, — the death of the man, the organization, the society. Where there is lack of interest among men for all those good works and noble deeds for the welfare of others, spiritual as well as temporal, there is little faith and little real religion. And if we go farther we shall find that the cause of all this withering up of high ideals, generous coöperation, active faith, is due to the clogging up of the channels by which God's grace and supernatural help is conveyed to man.

Jesus Christ declared Himself to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and it is only by union with Him that the life of the spirit is quickened in us. And that union, the closest and warmest permitted to mortal man with his God, is obtained in the Sacrament of His love.

The Blessed Sacrament is the secret source of all the supernatural vitality in the world. Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the life of the whole Church, the surest key to Life Eternal. From the tabernacle radiates the influence which creates out of weakness miracles of strength. Holy Communion is the food without which all that is best in us languishes, and the frequent participation in the Sacrament of the Altar stimulates all the best energies of which the soul is capable. What seems impossible becomes not only possible, but easy.

If, therefore, you desire the perpetuation of the life of your organization, you must first of all learn the lesson of unselfishness. You must turn outward and not inward your activities. You must live according to the higher ideals of Christian faith and strive after the imperishable goods of eternal life. This you will be absolutely unable to do without an active faith and an ardent charity. And your faith and your charity can be kept alive only by the practice of your religion, and especially by the nourishment which comes only from the bread of life in Holy Communion.

Do not tell me that you are not a sodality or a religious confraternity. I know well what you are, and I know well the aims of your organization. But I repeat with absolute conviction that unless with the growth of numbers you grow also in the spirit of your Holy Faith, these aims can never be achieved. As you cannot be too careful in the admission of candidates, to require as an absolute condition that they be practical Catholics, that they be faithful to the laws of the Church in attendance upon Holy Mass, in their frequentation of the Sacraments, in their reverence for the Church and those who represent and govern it; so, if you will persevere in

strength and in numbers, you must insist upon it that the very life of your organization participate of the life of the children of God. Whenever the indications of an ebbing vitality show themselves, you may be sure that the cause is not in the aim of the association, nor in the effort for high work, nor in the expanding sentiment of charity, but in precisely the opposite direction — in the lowering of standards, in the letting down of bars, in the ebbing of the tide of religious sentiment.

To-night, here in this holy temple dedicated to the Holy Cross upon which your Saviour died, renew your pledges to stand close and fast to the standard of the cross. Renew in your hearts the lofty sentiments of devotion to your Holy Faith. Kneeling before the tabernacle, in which is enshrined the Sacrament of Christ's love, offer to Him your hearts' affections. Draw near to Him that you may feel in your souls the influence of His life and His words. Draw near to Him that your weakening spirits may be fortified by the tide of His Precious Blood. Draw near to Him that the force of His eternal vitality communicated to your hearts and souls may run through every member and bring back to a new life, by the resurrection of the purposes of this society, whatever part is languishing or lukewarm. He is your King Eternal.

Offer at the foot of His throne the purest and highest sentiments of true knighthood — a clean heart, a strong fidelity, a high determination to live in obedience to His law; and as the saving Host, which conceals while it reveals His Divine Presence, is raised above your bowed heads, beg of Him to bless not only you, but your whole organization; and then rise like true knights of old and go forth from this temple of the Holy Cross refreshed in

spirit, renewed in purpose, to face the future courageously, to continue with undaunted energy the combat in God's name, for God and for His holy Church.

When Columbus, whose great name you bear, turned his bark seaward in quest of unknown lands, the wise ones of the world laughed him to scorn. His faith in the God whose spirit was leading him on never wavered, and every evening he gathered his crew on the deck of his little caravel, and as they watched the stars appear, by which they kept their course, they knelt and sang in unison a prayer to Mary, the star of the sea, confident that if even the stars of heaven should fail them in the mists of the ocean, she would still bring them to a safe haven. You, who bear his name, imitate his glorious example, in faith in God, in confidence in Mary your Mother. And then, unretarded and unmoved by the thousand obstacles which beset the part of all men and organizations in the struggle for good, your course will each day be safer and surer, and your perseverance in a good cause will win for you the admiration of men and the benediction of Heaven.

ON ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS[1]

It is difficult for me to come to you with the request that you offer your prayers for the repose of the soul of your saintly father in God, Archbishop Williams. I know how you loved him, and how the news of his death saddens you. He thought of you and worked for you up to the very last.

This is not the moment to speak much of his life. Indeed that is well known to you. But with all our hearts we must offer our supplications to God for his eternal welfare.

God has called him home after a long and faithful life of absolute service. God be his eternal reward. And when you pray for him who has passed to the reward of service do not, I beg of you, forget him upon whose unworthy and weak shoulders a great burden has now fallen.

[1] September 1, 1907.

EULOGY OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS[1]

THE walls of this Cathedral Church echo to-day with the requiem for him who raised them into a noble pile for God's glory. But his lips are silent forever. The majestic figure of Boston's great high priest is to-day with us; not, alas! seated upon his throne of power, but motionless and lifeless it lies before the altar clothed in the majesty of death. Boston's first Archbishop is no more. For days the anxiety of those who loved him grew as the fear grew that the end of a singularly long and useful life was nearing its close. Quietly, peacefully, as his life had been, the end at last came. The hand which had toiled at his task with unrelenting patience, even up to a few hours before death, relaxed. Only a few brief hours of perfect repose in the consciousness of duty completely done so long as there was strength to do anything, and then with the perfect simplicity of his absolute confidence in God's mercy he calmly faced his final hour.

And to-day we gather near him whose face we shall soon see no more, and before this altar, reared by his zeal, and at which he so often stood, we offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his great and noble soul, and we try to recall something of the greatness and holiness of his consecrated life.

Would that some one else might speak to you the solemn lesson of his life and deeds. Those who knew him longest and loved him dearly, when requested,

[1] Delivered at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, September 4, 1907.

begged to be released from a task which they would willingly and lovingly fulfill did not their hearts fail them in approaching it. And if I attempt to-day so difficult a strain it is only because the priests of the diocese have begged me to voice in some way my own and their last tribute to our beloved and lamented Archbishop. The tension of the last few weeks has constantly mounted to this final climax, and if I am to attempt this sorrowful office it must be done briefly.

I offer this trying ordeal at the same time as a poor and halting act of filial devotion to my father in God who has entered the sleep of the just, and to his priests who now are also mine.

Most Eminent Prince, bear with me if my words come so far short of him whom you so well knew and loved. And you, his fellow Bishops, have patience with the poverty of my speech. Not one of you here but can supply its deficiencies. Your presence here and your prayers, united in the requiem offered, you well know is to him the tribute of affection which he holds highest.

Many of you, Most Reverend Fathers, knew him longer than I have known him, and until lately you had the privilege of the knowledge which only intimacy can give. But during the year that has passed, the book of his heart and mind was completely opened to me, and during his brief illness his inner soul was revealed to me with such absolute frankness and unreserve that I can unhesitatingly say that if there were those who knew him longer, no one now knows him better than myself. As hour by hour he watched the shadows gather and knew that soon he would be silent forever, his natural and habitual reserve and reticence were replaced with a tenderness of manner and a freedom and familiarity of speech of which hitherto no one

would have dreamed him capable. And it was during those last hours with his mind perfectly lucid, facing, as he knew, his last end, in that closeness of companionship, while death was waiting at the door, that he dropped, like a mantle which had covered him, his usual manner and revealed himself to me in very truth in all the affectionate nobility of his soul. In that brief week I saw more than years could reveal, and in the open revelation of his character I witnessed at shortest range the most secret springs that energized and motivated his whole life.

It was then that much which has hitherto appeared complex in results stood forth in the most perfect simplicity of origin and cause. It was not his custom to give reasons for his action. That he did to God. And so the motives which prompted him often remained unseen. The varied and multiplied results of his field of action, the innumerable fruits and manifestations of his long life, the countless enterprises which he brought to a successful issue, the many-sided interests which he controlled, his high spiritual intuition and his shrewd knowledge of men, his singular dignity of manner and his modesty almost amounting to shyness, his method of long-studied deliberation, and his occasional impetuosity of action, his well-known reticence, which at times could break into an unexpected openness and frankness of speech, made it difficult at times to resolve into unity such a variety of traits. And yet, like the work of God Himself, his character in the final analysis was reducible to the very simplest.

The force which dominated his life was one idea, which with him was ever present, constantly abiding, and never dormant — he lived in the presence of God. Upon that single thought his whole life was reared. And out of the

unity of that force was developed the trinity of virtues which animated every action which he performed, namely, Justice, Charity, Sincerity. This triple force was visible in everything about him, and out of this tremendous powerhouse radiated all the complex energies which, reaching to the very ends of the last of his responsibilities, vitalized them with active and faithful result as lasting as it was thorough. It was no spasmodic force impatient for quick success; it was calm, even, and resolute, willing to wait with the patience of God Himself; for results, if not the best as he wished them, were, nevertheless, he was confident, those at least which God permitted. That was sufficient for him, and once he had done his best nothing could disturb him. He knew that God ruled His Church and that sublime faith sustained him perseveringly. To Him he attributed whatever of good came through his instrumentality, and to himself he humbly attributed the imperfection of results. When matters proved too much for his strength or beyond his control, he sincerely and confidently relied more on the wisdom and power of God than on any potency of his own. It was this attitude, at once sensible and supernatural, that gained for him that imperturbable calmness when another would have chafed with futility. God knows all; God sees all. That for him was strength and consolation.

The dominant virtue of this triple ground-work of his character was his strong and immutable sense of justice. To each his due was the keynote of his whole make-up. So strong was this sentiment of his soul that his very body breathed it out. He stood straight and walked erect. Rectitude was enthroned upon his brow. Neither fear nor favor could ever sway him from the

perfectly straight line of most scrupulous equity, as he understood the relations of things. The rights of the humblest and lowliest were absolutely safe in his hands, and he would forfeit a friend, dear as friendship was to his loyal heart, rather than by a hair's breadth waver in his absolute respect of the sacred rights even of those who in justice had little claim to consideration. Indeed, so delicate was this sentiment with him, that, lest impartiality should suffer, they were surest of favor who deserved the least. To him law was life. In solemn respect for what the law decreed he was Roman to the core. What is enjoined? What forbidden? What allowed? These questions were asked and answered before he permitted himself a single act which concerned another's interest. When his action thus judicially was once placed, he neither fretted nor worried about the consequences. And I say without hesitation that no one who ever had dealings with him doubted the perfect honesty of his judgment and the absolute disinterestedness of his purpose, even though they differed with him in opinion.

It was this which gave majesty to his régime. "Not my wish nor your wish, but what is right" was the sacred motto, which as years went on made his seat of judgment a tower of strength. In his official life he owned neither friend nor enemy, but he made of his very enemies by his perfect uprightness stanch adherents.

To each his due was his law. The law of the Church and the law of the State were each in its own sphere a manifestation of the law of God. They were sacred to him not merely in the bulk, but he reverenced their very smallest detail. He manfully enjoyed freedom when the law set no prohibition to his action. He loved freedom as he loved law. In his ecclesiastical station

when his opinion was asked he gave it without the smallest regard for what a petty man would consider either policy or shrewdness; and if his opinion or decision were reversed by those above him, without argument or contention he yielded instantly and irrevocably; not in mere outward submission only, but in mind and heart. The law had spoken; to him that was final. This innate veneration and unhesitating compliance with the ordinance of a superior authority was so natural to him that he could never understand a different attitude in those under him. He himself was a model of respect for authority, and the lack of it in another was like a heinous crime. This reverence extended not merely to the impersonal law, but was extended to him who represented the law, whoever he might be. I well remember when ten years ago I enjoyed with him the privilege of an audience with the great Leo, and the impression of the childlike humility and veneration of the Archbishop, already past his seventy-fifth year, manifested in the most touching manner toward the supreme Pastor of the Church, will remain with me forever. The youngest and humblest cleric in his own diocese could never exceed the childlike reverence of this aged man toward his spiritual chief. He was a nobleman in every fibre of his being, with that true aristocracy which is always evidenced by profound reverence for superiors and scrupulously delicate consideration for equals and inferiors.

The laws which governed his civil life, also, were to him, I have already said, another manifestation of God's overruling providence, and his conscience was so delicate about their observance by himself and all under him that even in what might appear trivial details he enforced a rigid observance. The people of this Commonwealth

will never know what a rock of strength the sacredness of its authority had in his counsel and his command. He loved his birthplace with an affection that was sacred. The prosperity and peace of this State was the constant object of his prayers; and for the harmonizing of clashing interests he would willingly have given his very life. He well realized that the only strength of a community must come from the observance of just laws honestly made and faithfully obeyed. He had no patience with any child of the Faith who failed in this solemn duty. With the extreme sense of justice and delicate reverence for the majesty of law and the dignity of its representatives, he demanded from those whom he ruled something of the sentiment which he spontaneously and ungrudgingly offered to those who in turn ruled him. If it be true that no man can be trusted to govern who has not learned to obey, surely his perfect obedience entitled him to the lofty seat which he held among the rulers of God's people.

The second notable trait of his character was charity. If less manifest to the general eye than his justice, it was in reality even more active in his inner life. It was a strange phenomenon that his justice was so conspicuous, while his charity he constantly endeavored to conceal. It was this peculiar combination which made him often so little understood except by those privileged few who saw the intimate working of his kind heart, but which bound to him with an affection stronger than death those who really knew him. His official acts, deciding between interest and interest, he wanted the world to know. In that the glory of his office was concerned. His charity he hid almost bashfully, for he sought no glory for himself. Nay, he seemed almost

to resent gratitude. The world knew him as stately almost to coldness, but those who knew him only thus never really knew him at all. He feared, it would seem, that the traits which most kindled affection and attachment might ever be discovered. Few who knew him casually or officially would ever even suspect the tenderness of his Celtic heart. But, though this revelation was reserved to the very few, every one knew how he was stung often to open rebuke by one uncharitable word uttered in his presence against another.

He had in his charity a merciful tolerance that was like God's. To those who could walk alone he proffered no help lest it might hurt their own sense of self-respect, but to the tottering and the fallen, he, like Christ Himself, gave affectionate assistance with scarcely even a gentle reproof. In this he was generous almost to a fault. He once said that he would rather fail in that direction than err in the opposite one. And in this he must have remembered the words of the Prophet foreshowing the charity of Christ when He said, "The bruised reed He shall not break and the smoking flax He shall not quench."

In his long reign he suffered much that no one will ever know from the inconsiderateness of others. Little as he appeared to feel it, he shrunk from it with the sensitiveness of a woman, but no one ever heard even a murmur of complaint. Much of his reticence was due to the fear that any slightest word of his might work an injury to another. Even where the fault was obvious, whatever he thought, he either never spoke, or else spoke only to palliate the offense. And I honestly believe that in this trait he was equal to many of the greatest Saints of God. Since charity is above all other virtues, his heroic practice

of this virtue will give him a place near to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who loved and exalted charity even above faith itself, and in whose eternal kingdom this virtue reigns supreme.

Finally, the third mainspring of his life was sincerity. His justice, by that I mean his interpretation of the law, might be disputed, for he was after all human and therefore fallible, but his sincerity, that is, the absolute singleness and simplicity of his motives, could never be questioned. He never laid claim to indisputable wisdom ; indeed, it never even surprised him that another should think differently from himself. But I am convinced that he would have died rather than be guilty of the smallest duplicity. His opinion he never forced upon any one who had the right to think otherwise, but what he said he meant without cavil or without quibbling. He was so direct both in mental vision and speech that he was almost obtuse to reading between lines or hinting between words. In his makeup there was the most complete negation of anything and everything that even most remotely savored of sham or labored for effect. What was, was, and no artificiality could cover up for him the reality of things. And if anything in the world could arouse him to a momentary feeling of resentment it was certainly deception. No weakness of humanity seemed ever to surprise him, except the cloaking of it. For that he had only abhorrence. Saintly in his own life, he had the compassion of the Saints for human weakness, if only it was frankly avowed. And this quality, while it kept aloof from him impostors, drew into an affectionate intimacy of sympathy the weakest and frailest of God's creatures.

He always honestly believed the literal words spoken to him. Indeed it is almost incredible that one so ex-

perienced could be so credulous. But woe to him who had once deceived him. That was to him a crime which in his singularly straightforward judgment was inexcusable. He believed the best of every man and expected frequent blunders even from the best. As he was absolutely sincere with men, so was he sincerity itself in religion. His devotion was neither affected nor exaggerated. As he lived always in the presence of God, he put on no new mien nor attitude in his acts of worship. There was an added solemnity and concentration of attention — that was all. For the rest he remained his simple self which a life of austerity and retirement had moulded into a very model of priest and pontiff.

Whether he stood at the altar in the raiment of his exalted office, or knelt in the solitude of his own chapel, he seemed like Moses face to face with God. That absorbed his whole being and for the moment all the rest of the universe was forgotten. The awe then which his dignity inspired was only the reflection of the simplicity and the sincerity of his perfect faith. And now that faith has given place, we reverently trust, to perfect vision, and the light of his countenance even now hallows the sacred altar where once he adored his God hidden in the veil of the Blessed Sacrament, and his sincere soul knows at last all truth as it is.

These were the great cardinal virtues of a great life. Why speak even of the great works which were but the blossoms of so noble a tree? God gave him great bodily strength and long years, and he accomplished results equal to his strength and years. Of late his wonderful energy began to show diminution, but at eighty-five he still was working and still planning. One only day, when exhaustion made it impossible to work, nay, even to rise,

he rested. At first even then the habit of years, the strong will, appeared almost to triumph. But death was closing fast; it had entered the door. He saw its awful face and accepted the inevitable. With the same calm and resignation which had characterized his whole life he bowed his salutation to the grim visitor. With touching piety, amid the silent tears of all his household, he received from my unworthy hands the final Sacraments of Holy Church, to whose service his whole life was consecrated. When all that religion could offer him had been done for him, with a tone of affectionate gratitude, which I shall ever hear, he gave me his blessing and with me he blessed his diocese and all those who are laboring in it and his faithful people, whom (like Christ) he loved unto the end. After that, still pefectly conscious, he was silent, but we knew that his soul was communing with God, whose glorious face he was soon to see. He lay there peacefully until, like the going out of a candle, without agony or a single tremor, death claimed him. No, not death, but Life Eternal. We are all confident of that, and yet Holy Mother Church begs you to pray for him. In her name let us now over what remains of this saintly and consecrated pontiff join our fervent appeal to God that his soul may rest in peace and that he may enjoy forever the brightness of perpetual light. And I dare add at this solemn moment one ardent request — in your charity when you think of the great and good Archbishop, now at rest in God, do not forget him upon whom his great burden has fallen and who still must struggle, even if weakly, to reach through storm and tempest, mayhap, at last, an entrance to the haven of rest into which he now has passed.

PASTORAL LETTER[1]

WILLIAM, by the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Boston, to the Reverend Clergy and People of the Diocese. Health and Benediction.

In approaching our solemn duty which is as well a blessed privilege of offering to our beloved faithful these first words of pastoral counsel as food for pious thought during the holy Advent season it was not necessary to seek a subject. One was ready at hand important and even urgent. It is the subject of a recent encyclical of our Most Holy Father, Pope Pius X, in which he deals with Modernism.

His message to the Universal Church we must communicate to you in loving duty to him by whom we were sent to rule this church of Boston, and to whom, under God, we must account for your fidelity, as also for our own.

A message from the Sovereign Pontiff is ever of vital interest. It emphasizes anew the fact that the Church is a force on which the whole religious world depends. For the Catholic such a message is as a voice from heaven. In this time of unrest after the victories of a predecessor who so successfully compelled the world's admiration and reverence for the Church, whose head he was, the present Supreme Pontiff faces new enemies. Leo's successor must meet and moderate the ardor of those who would, if without the fold, ask more than the Church could give, or, if within, would give more than the Church

[1] Feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, November 30, 1907.

could grant and still be the Church which Jesus Christ established. Better than those within or without the Church he knows, in the light of long experience, the true relations between the Church and the world it would sanctify and save. More clearly than others does he realize that the enemy of men's souls strives ever to preserve the world's balance of good and evil by blinding those who rejoice in seeming conquests, forgetting hidden disasters that often are their price. More quickly than others can he detect the menacing dangers disguised in attractive array. It is such a danger that the Pontiff sees in Modernism. It is of such a danger and of its far reaching evils that we, inspired by his zeal, would warn our beloved faithful. Our words are but the echo of the Holy Father's voice.

We speak because it is our duty to interpret to you in keeping with your needs the Pontiff's message; as it is as well your duty lovingly to listen to his counsel. We speak too, because we must fear the possibility that the errors which he exposes may, unless the faithful be warned, bring their blight even among the souls committed to our care; for any danger to Faith is of world-wide influence. The Church's enemies are ever eager to make error attractive; the bond of sympathy is ever strong between the Church's erring children. The Pontiff's message, then, is meant for all. Reverently must it be heard and remembered when the note of threatened danger is detected.

Would that all might read and ponder the text of the Papal letter, for not only does it make plain the disastrous extremes to which a spirit of error can lead, but it reveals as well the insight of an illumined mind into the wiles of the covert enemy, the fidelity of an Apostle to

the faith-deposit committed to his keeping, the tenderness of a father's solicitude for his endangered children. For those who cannot read the encyclical we here summarize the teachings of the Modernist and dwell rather upon their spirit than their words; for their spirit may unconsciously affect the minds of many who would never be consciously guilty of the extremes to which their teachings lead.

And first mark the name of this latest of false systems, — Modernism. Be not deceived by its sound. It stands for neither the material and intellectual achievements nor the true progress of which our modern age may legitimately boast. These that Church could not condemn which had no small share in their making; for their paths her loyal sons have helped to cleave. Indeed, far from describing something new, it stands for a spirit as old, it least, as Christianity itself, — the spirit of rationalism in religion. They who have mistaken the sound for the sense have been led to believe that the Pope antagonizes the age in which he lives. But even this mistake is nothing new. Names have often before lent strength to the Church's enemies. "Reformer," "Puritan," "Liberal," "Old Catholic," have been but weighty names to cloak insidious error in a guise that appealed to the superficial.

What then is Modernism? It is a spirit, a tendency, rather than a system. It is the spirit of a school of perverse or misguided men, who, arrogantly assuming a right not theirs, would reconcile the Catholic Church with what they imagine the modern age demands; who would reconcile at any cost Catholic Philosophy with the principles of a realistic and rationalistic age; who would bend the inflexible truths of God to the spirit of an age

that threatens to become Godless; who would compromise Catholic spiritual and moral ideals to a "matter-of-fact" age which demands tangible proof for even what transcends the power of the senses. This they would do on the pretext of concord between faith and science; but the concord they attempt to create would destroy equally the sound conclusions of right reason and that revelation which is above reason. They would, forsooth, make the Church and its dogmas acceptable to the modern age by presenting them in a form attractive to the modern mind. For the modern age, say they, is an age of action and achievement. Productive results are its criterion of success. He is esteemed greatest who can show most for his efforts. What is thus true of the material order is truer still of the intellectual. Culture yields to utility. The polite education of our fathers gives way to technical training. The exact sciences set the standard to which all demonstrations must conform. Scientists must claim no more than what they can palpably prove to be true. Historians must assert no more than they can verify by patent facts. Only that which is seen to be so with the eyes of experience and reason can be admitted as worthy at all of belief. It is a hard and doubting spirit.

This is the spirit of the modern age, yet neither Pope nor Church has any conflict with it, provided it is exercised within its proper sphere. But conflict they must have with one who would assert that matters of a world beyond their touch or vision shall so be tested. The Modernist would meet an age in which faith is ridiculed in reason's name, and offer to that age divine revelation shorn of all that unaided reason could not itself discover and thus rob it of all that makes it revelation.

This, then, is the spirit of the Modernist. Let us now

see to what deplorable extremes of error this spirit is capable of leading. Modernism, as we have said, is rather a spirit than a system. Systems are never spontaneous. They grow and develop under the influence of a spirit, as plant and flower grow from parent seed. Modernism grew in the dark and no one had completely described this noxious plant until Pius spoke. It was astute and tactful. The votaries of Modernism, too cowardly to be frank, covered their designs by subtle suggestions and vague allusions. They offered their doctrines piecemeal. One taught this detail, another that. A common sympathy, however, bound them all together so that their common teaching finally came to be perceived. But Pius with singular insight and clear delineation, in striking contrast to the obscurity of Modernist writers, has given it complete expression, with a perception like to a mother's instinctive reading of the character of her children's enemy. He exposes to themselves and to the world the fruits of the Modernist spirit. He shows how their principles affect the Modernist, as a philosopher, a theologian, a historian, a critic, an apologist, and a reformer, for as every one of these he is an active source of danger.

As a philosopher, the Modernist is agnostic. His response to every query, to which reason alone does not give an answer, is, "I do not know." For him, reason does not demand belief in a God apart from the world, revealed by external phenomena. Thus is the way prepared for Pantheism and Atheism. Yet the Modernist is not an Atheist. He believes in God, but in a God not transcending nature, but immanent in nature and revealed by introspection into the consciousness of man. He explains it in this way: Man's essentially spiritual

nature feels the vaguely defined need of a something higher and better than nature seems to give. This something that answers to the heart's intuitive need is God.

From this natural germ springs the Modernist scheme of doctrine. For them Dogma is but the response to the need men feel of accounting to themselves for their souls' phenomena. The mind reflects on the native idea of God. Men compare their experiences in so reflecting. Revelation, then, for the Modernist means not God's communication of the definite truth to men but the dawning and subsequent development of the religious sentiment in humanity. Creeds for him are but the words and terms devised by the intellect to give an account of religious sentiments. They are not positive, definite, permanent truths, but change as man's insight into the religious consciousness develops.

Again Tradition is but the generalization of ever-varying religious experiences of men thoughout the ages; Scripture but the story of a number of remarkable human experiences; inspiration but the imperative need which the sacred writers felt to communicate their individual experiences to others. The Church is but the common conscience of the mass of men united by the bond that binds together those believers whose experience has been common. The Sacraments are but the expression in sensible form of the sentiments that help men to be good. And finally, worst blasphemy of all, Christ is shorn of His Divinity and proclaimed by the Modernist as but the man who had fathomed most deeply the knowledge of the Immanent God.

Passing on to the Modernist as a historian and critic, the Encyclical shows that the Modernist principle is to admit no doubtful fact as possible until its proof is

patent; to admit nothing, to them doubtful, as real until its need be shown. The divine element is thus eliminated from the history of Christ's Church and her Sacraments. The guiding hand of God in shaping the Church's destinies is ignored.

It is as an apologist, however, that the Modernist is most dangerous. He affirms, indeed, the need which humanity feels for the Catholic religion, but the only religion the consistent Modernist would offer is the travesty of Christianity which we have just outlined. He would offer to his age the Church's doctrines and practices, and if the age finds them incapable of minute rationalistic analysis, he would condone their rejection by the intellect and only ask momentary acceptance by the will. A conditional acceptance only he would ask, for authoritative teaching is deemed restraint of liberty of thought. If the age halts at the language in which these truths of revelation have been framed he would not insist on acceptance of terms or even of what terms stand for. If the age finds that these truths do not round out its sum of productive knowledge, he would not insist on their assumed barrenness. In a word he would adduce no evidences of religion but such as are acceptable to a faithless age.

Finally, as a reformer, the Modernist would tear down all in the Church that stands for teaching authority and restore all things not in Christ, but in the conceit of his own philosophy. Neither Pope nor Bishop has true authority, but they derive their shadow of power from the consent of those over whom they are placed. By this final blow they destroy all spiritual allegiance and reduce the Church of Christ to mere anarchy.

This, then, summarily described, is the ruin the logical

Modernist would offer to the modern age as the religion of Jesus Christ. And why? because his pretext is, that the old truths need restatement, that modern thought desires to be freed from coercion of teaching authority, because the age in which we live should be met on its own basis. It is, indeed, praiseworthy to make our holy religion attractive to the modern age, to compel the age's admiration, and, if possible, acceptance of that religion by every means that science and reason can suggest.

Science can never conflict with revelation, though it is inadequate to a perfect understanding of revealed truths, which by their very nature are the basis of supernatural faith. To reject revelation merely because the weak intellect of man does not adequately apprehend it, would be to sacrifice the very reason which makes religion worth the having. Yet this is what the consistent Modernist would do. He would sacrifice the eternal truths to the spirit of a passing age, as if this spirit were changeless. He seems unmindful of the fact that the Church's mission always is to moderate the extravagances of the time-spirit, and preserve the eternal verities and teach them to every changing period. In one age she contends against the superstitions that abuse of faith engenders. In another against the skepticism that urges reason to unreasoning extremes. But in every age she meets the time-spirit with the same eternal truths, and when the age and its spirit passes into history she remains to tell the story of their passing, holding still aloft her own unchanging doctrines to guide the ages to come. So must it be to-day. The Church that was the glory of Antiquity, of the Middle Age, and of the Renaissance shall in years to come be written as the glory of the age we now call modern. This will be possible only by holding to the

eternal truths that have ever been the source of her saving and civilizing influence. As the Modernist errs in over-valuing the temper of the age, so does he err in his appraisal of the men whom he would win. Reason and liberty he conceives to be their only guiding principles. Faith and authority he imagines have no weight with them. Yet never since the declining days of the Roman Empire has there been so much unreasoning credulity in stultifying Occultism and Oriental vagaries among the western peoples as now flourish in this boasted age of reason. Those who loudest decry the yoke of faith as degrading are often themselves childish votaries before some fantastic mystic shrine or among those who pitiably grope for religious comfort in the darkness of some superstitious sect.

For there is a superstitious Reason as well as a superstitious Faith. And just as the latter is most to be found in an age when faith is strongest, so does the former abound in an age when reason is most extolled. Both sin by excess, but neither is the true fruit of that reasonable Faith which is the highest faculty of man's intellect. The victims of the superstition of Reason to-day are legion and among them are many who accept, as they think in the name of reason, more of what is really unreasonable than they possibly could in embracing the Catholic Religion which can never be unreasonable, since the revelation on which it is based is given by the God who gives and guides our reason.

Inconsistent in their repudiation of Faith in the name of reason, men of to-day are no less inconsistent in rejecting teaching-authority in the name of freedom of thought. Those who loudest decry the degradation of belief on the dictum of authority are often the most autocratic in as-

serting the infallibility of their own theories and insisting on their acceptance. They would force their mere opinion upon others as a law, and with a tyranny which is unknown in the Church, they would hurl anathemas at those who cannot think as they do. Thus it is that the intellectual fads of to-day are like idols, which when shattered to-morrow leave their votaries chagrined that they were deceived by one whose reason they thought they were reverencing, but whom, in fact, they believed only because he said something was so. In reality, therefore, not reason, but authority, inspired their belief.

As it is with the leaders of thought so it is with the multitudes who follow. Thousands, who would resent the thought of submitting to the teachings of that Church which can show her credentials of mission from Jesus Christ Himself, are ready to follow blindly a leader whose watchword is science. The charlatan of yesterday becomes the religious oracle of to-day, if he but base his vain pretensions on something that appeals to intellectual pride.

The Modernist mistakes his age, then, and the men who give it character if he thinks that reason and science are their only guiding principles. It is the age's boastfulness that deceives him, that induces him to sacrifice the essentials of the creed of Christ to a passing shadow, spirituality to materialism, the order of grace to the order of nature. He would strike at the roots of the tree by denying a supernatural revelation; he would cut off every out-reaching branch by denying the competency of its divinely appointed teaching authority.

Such is the pernicious system of Modernism which the Holy Father exposes in the name of God whose majesty it travesties; in the name of Christ whom it would rob

of His divinity; in the name of Catholicity which it would devitalize; in the name of religion whose very essence it threatens. The religious world has thanked him for his timely exposure of this system in which is recognized the synthesis of all heresies. The believing world has thanked him for his paternal warning against the dangers involved in the acceptance of apparently harmless doctrines which logically lead, however, to most ruinous consequences. We, too, as children of this diocese join in the universal acclaim of gratitude. Our Holy Father's words shall help us to recognize the pitfalls which threatened to beset our way.

Though the Modernist system has few if any open advocates in America, the danger of being weakened in faith by the Modernist spirit is not to be lightly considered. The books of one of the recognized exponents of Modernism are published here and have been widely circulated. The non-Catholic universities of this country are pervaded by a philosophy akin to that which is at the root of Modernist errors. Scientific and historic literature is impregnated with it. This is not without an indirect influence on secular education in general, and there is a literature, current and widespread among us, which shows a manifest eagerness to glorify any movement set afoot by erratic scholars, which aims to weaken in the popular mind the strength of historic and traditional Christianity. Hence our student youth may unconsciously move in an atmosphere which is favorable to the growth of the spirit of the Modernist. The Holy Father's warning must keep him ever on his guard.

But it is not in the intellectual sphere that the greatest danger lies. The American people are not given to religious speculation as those more idealistic, but in

practical life their characteristics are precisely those by which the Modernist was influenced in framing his scheme of doctrine and apologetics. If the modern age in general is active, productive, utilitarian, this is true in America to a superlative degree. Animating this activity is the desire for material gain and progress. Divine Truth has little or no influence with many of those who are immersed in these activities, though they may be by no means openly irreligious men. But religion and morality are interpreted by them in the light of practical exigencies. Thus, in social life the false respectability of divorce and of the limited family, not to speak of the other evils, has compelled a rewriting of our fathers' code of morality. In the commercial life, individual greed for gain has weakened the sense of justice. Right for some has ceased to be a moral faculty and obtains only where there is might. The definition of business honesty has become blurred. In civic life the sense that government is a sacred trust seems in some to be blunted. Thus the atmosphere in which we live is, in many respects, one of materialism. Catholic principles could never have produced it, nor can they flourish in it. This atmosphere may be just as stifling to the Catholic Faith as is the intellectual atmosphere in which Modernism grew and developed. There is only this difference, — the Modernist, conscious of the atmosphere in which he moved, endangered the Catholic Faith by seeking to bend it to the spirit of his age, while Catholics about us, ignoring the evil influences affecting them, unconsciously compromise their faith, not so much by failure to profess its principles, as by practically ignoring its precepts, in sinful deference to the manner of acting of those among whom they live.

Error, besides being boastful, is audacious in taking

itself for granted. There is always danger, then, that its embodiment in the characters with whom the Catholic deals in social, commercial, and political life may so influence him that he would concede more than a Catholic should to the immoral and unjust conduct of others, or even commit the same faults because they are so common. The perniciousness of this danger cannot be over-estimated. The temptation to imitate others, even though one feels that it violates the Catholic conscience, is affecting that conscience with defiling corrosion.

Every concession that is so made weakens the faith of the individual and reflects on the Church whose Faith he professes; for the world appraises his religion, not by what he says he believes, but by what he does and what he is. Every Catholic owes it to his Faith, to his Church and to himself to hold fast rigidly to every Catholic principle, to persevere in every Catholic practice and to reverence and venerate those who hold the place of Christ.

Nothing that the world about him may think or say or do excuses his transgression of one precept of the moral law he learned in childhood. Right is right and wrong is wrong. Pernicious social, commercial and political usages can never change this law. The word of God proclaimed and interpreted by the authority of His Church is the only standard the loyal Catholic can recognize.

Influenced by the democratic spirit of the age, Modernism would make the common sentiment the standard of belief. This opens the door to ecclesiastical anarchy, for without a central authority there can be but rival sects. The very beginnings of such disloyalty must be checked. The teaching of the divinely guided Church should be sacred against irreverent criticism by the con-

scientious Catholic; still less should it be made the subject of disquieting discussions which are too often prompted by desire to practice a laxer morality than the Church's law admits.

As the school of Catholic belief and perfection can never be found in the opinions of weaklings who are influenced by the unbelief about them, neither can it be found in the sporadic views of some opinionated ecclesiastic. Priest and people alike must find the only rule of faith in the teaching body which Jesus Christ established to guard the deposit of Faith; the Pope and, under him, the Bishops to whom is committed the government of the Church of God. Their teaching and theirs alone is the true form of faith and morals. In them alone is found true Apostolic authority, for they are the only legitimate successors of the Apostles, to whom Christ gave His mandate: "Go forth and teach all nations, and behold, I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

We know, beloved priests and people, your devoted attachment to those who, under Christ and His Vicar, are your spiritual guides. We know and deeply appreciate the filial reverence of your loyal hearts towards the Apostolic See of Rome, the mother and mistress of all the churches.

In the coming year the century-mark of this great Archdiocese will be reached. During those hundred years your fathers made many a valiant fight for your holy Faith against difficulties which are now almost forgotten. The blood of those courageous confessors runs in your veins. Take heed lest in easier days you lose the splendid vigor which characterized them in more difficult times.

Take warning now and let not the blessings of God be turned into curses. The strong Faith that still is in you is the inheritance bequeathed to you by sturdy ancestors. Let not the spirit of the time so weaken it that your children may receive only a diluted portion of what you inherited. Much of the spiritual life that is in you is the impulse of that vital force which the strong Catholicity of the mothers who bore you communicated through your blood to your very souls. How much of this impulse will you in turn transmit to your children?

The atmosphere of the age is impregnated with unbelief. The very prosperity of the age is producing moral weakness. One force alone can withstand the inroads which almost unconsciously irreligion and a pagan philosophy of life, floating in the very atmosphere in which we live, are endeavoring to make into the Catholic camp, and that is the force of Christian faith. Reverently must you thank your Creator that this gift is yours, and be ready as your fathers were to sacrifice every other proffered privilege to preserve it intact to your children. Keep your minds free from error by acts of sublime faith in God, by harkening docilely to the voice of His Holy Church, by the study of your holy religion, and by a sacred reverence for those who teach it. Keep your hearts free from sin by obedience to God's holy law, by the purity of unspotted lives, by the honesty of unsoiled hands; and that you may have strength for all this, do not fail frequently to nourish your souls with the sustenance which can come alone from the precious Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament of His Eucharist.

The year is drawing to a close, and within the eleven months which have passed many of the fairest flowers of holy hope in our souls have been withered by the scorch-

ing blasts of worldly care and of days passed without the cooling refreshment of the dew which falls from heaven. The verdure of the spiritual life mayhap has lost its color and has been covered deep with the dust of the roadside, over which the busy wheels of life have passed without ceasing. The garden of our soul has become a very wilderness and through the void of that wilderness to-day sounds a mighty voice, — the same voice which twenty centuries ago startled the Hebrew nation — the voice of Christ's Forerunner crying out to the people of God, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths: every valley shall be filled, and every mountain shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the Salvation of God."

WILLIAM,
Archbishop of Boston.

Given at Boston,
Feast of St. Andrew Apostle,
November 30, 1907.

ADDRESS AT UNITED IRISH LEAGUE MEETING[1]

Let me say at the very start that nothing short of the great cause of a Catholic nation, the call of my Irish blood, and the request of men worthy of every consideration would be sufficient motive to bring me here to-night. You all are well aware of the lively and practical interest manifested by my venerated predecessor in whatever concerned the welfare of Ireland. Indeed, no Catholic bishop, whatever his nationality, can be indifferent to the wrongs which Ireland has suffered chiefly for the Catholic Faith. I am fulfilling, therefore, a duty by manifesting by my presence my sympathy for any movement, constitutional and legal, having as its object the prosperity, not merely material, but moral, of the Irish people.

I wish it clearly understood that I have no intention here, neither by my presence nor by my words, to discriminate against nor to discourage any movement, which, in their Catholic consciences, the Irish people, either at home or abroad, deem efficient in redeeming Erin from her centuries of cruel bondage. Nor do I wish my presence here to-night to be interpreted as an unconditional and absolute approval of the methods of those men who have been sent to represent the cause of Ireland in Parliament. I wish simply to place myself in the only logical position which I can occupy; namely, that of standing for what is right in its aim and in its methods.

There is no reason why good men interested in this

[1] Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, October 27, 1907.

great cause should not, each in his own way, endeavor to terminate forever the long story of injustice perpetrated by England upon her weaker sister. No one may claim a monopoly in a matter where the grievances have been so widespread and many-sided. Nor need any thinking man be surprised that a people so systematically and heartlessly crushed in their legitimate aspirations by generations of rulers, and not unfrequently at least inefficiently represented by those whose first duty it was to make her cause heard, listened to, and righted, should occasionally yield to discouragement and for a moment express their disappointment and chagrin — yes, even resentment — against the men who have failed in her cause. Where there have been such flagrant grievances, such long suffering, such noble self-sacrifice, it were almost more than human that even a suspicion of inactivity, or mercenary conduct, or half-hearted action on the part of the Irish members of Parliament should not arouse antipathy, to say the least, on the part of the people against such men, if there be such.

I dare not with the present knowledge that I have say that those who have represented Ireland in Parliament have not done their full duty. I know there are those who charge some of them with inefficiency, but, however that may be, it must be clear to every man of our times that, under existing conditions, whatever means may be employed to solve this great difficulty of right and just government for Ireland, Parliamentary representation is just now a necessity. If those who have represented her have failed in their duty, let them be eliminated. If the methods employed by them have been ineffectual let them be corrected. For my part, I should be the last to blindly ask support and maintenance for

workmen who are unfaithful to their charge. If these men are to blame, then let them bear the blame, and remember, I am blaming no one, for I have already said that I am not sufficiently informed on all sides of the question to form a judgment. But all I do say to-night is this; that it seems to me, that with the right men, possessing a high sense of duty, mindful of their obligations towards the people they represent, a united body of intelligent, conscientious, patriotic Irishmen in Parliament, neither bullying nor toadying, but persistently and fearlessly presenting the cause of Ireland to the world by their presence and their speech in Parliament, cannot fail to do great work for the final righting of Ireland's bitter wrongs.

THE CHURCH—THE STRONG SAFEGUARD OF THE REPUBLIC[1]

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the things which drew the hearts of men towards our Blessed Lord, was the gentle human sympathy which pervaded His whole life and manifested itself in all His dealings with men. At times, indeed, He showed Himself to be "the Lion of the tribe of Juda." Again and again He withstood the great ones of the world to their very faces. He lashed the vendors from the temple gates, and more mercilessly still He lashed with the scorn of derision and contempt the haughty Pharisee and the proud hypocrites who lorded it over the people. When the honor of the Father's house demanded cleansing and defense He rose in righteous anger and His very countenance struck terror into the hearts of those who beheld Him.

But such moments were rare, and in this terrifying mood He showed Himself only to the impostor and the hypocrite, the very sight of whom moved Him to lofty scorn. But to the people He was never thus. They knew Him only as a compassionate friend and a gentle benefactor. Upon them His face beamed with sympathy and love. When they suffered He was sad, and He bore their importunities and even their fickleness with an unruffled patience. At times as He looked over the land, whose soil His sacred feet were sanctifying, a deep and tender melancholy took possession of His soul, seeing, as He did,

[1] Preached at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Sunday, August 9, 1908, at the annual national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

the aridness which it seemed no heavenly dew could soften. In such a mood His sadness was as deep and touching as when before the mighty ones of Judea His bearing was awe-inspiring.

To-day's gospel pictures Him in one of those touching moments. Seated upon the hills which overlooked the Sacred City He gazed upon it long and wistfully. For Christ loved not only mankind in general but He loved His own people as brother loves brother. With all their faults, and He knew them all profoundly, they were His people, His Mother's people, and they were dear to Him as the blood which ran in His veins, and this city, Jerusalem, God's own city, wherein was the temple built by God's command and the ark, the table of God's law, how precious they were to Him.

Over the whole world His vision ranged, and before His vision rose the proud citadels of other lands, castles and palaces, powerful and rich and fair to behold. Other temples, too, raised their splendid walls, their white marble turrets glittering in the sunlight and their gilded domes glinting like mirrors of gold. But within them was the abomination of desolation and the worship of false gods and foolish idols. Once more He looked down upon the Holy City. In that Holy of Holies the name of the true God was spoken. Upon those altars sacrifice was offered daily to Jehovah, to His own Father. There, alone, in all the world, was God known and worshiped, and yet as He looked He drooped His head, His face betrayed the awful sadness of His soul, the tears sprang to His eyes and coursed down His sacred cheeks, and Jesus wept.

When at another time, standing near the grave of His beloved friend Lazarus, the great sorrow that filled His

soul showed itself in tears, those who stood by Him said one to another: "See how He loved him." His tears were the marks of His love. And now as He sits solitary on the mount His love for Jerusalem is attested by the same witnesses. Christ was a true patriot. The love of His Fatherland with Him was deep and true and strong. For it doubtless He would have died, indeed He did die for it, and the cause of His weeping now is the thought that even His death will profit it so little, and amid His tears He raises His voice in this lamentation: "Ah, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou didst but know the things which are for thy peace!"

To establish peace in the world Christ had come among men. "Peace to men of good will," — that was the burden of the angels' song when in Bethlehem the Prince of Peace was born into the world. The pagan nations, ignorant as they were of the true God and of His law, had long since lost the secret of that harmony of human and divine rights and duties which is the very groundwork of Peace. There was no law but the law of force. Might alone prevailed. The weak had long since ceased to look for justice; the poor and the little ones of earth had long since accepted degradation, and the voice of complaining had long since been stifled. Tyranny reigned supreme, and among the thousand gods to whom they offered incense and sacrifice there was not one with power enough to aid the weak. There was a God of Riches, and a God of War, and a God of Beauty, and a God of Pleasure; there was no God of poverty, of humility, and of pain. The rich sacrificed to wealth that they might obtain even greater riches, and they went out from its temple to plunder the defenseless. The slaves dragged from their burning hamlets were whipped into the wine vats,

and their aching feet trod the purple grapes into the rich wine which their drunken and pampered masters were to offer to the Wine God.

There was no law but the law of force, and hatred of man for man, of tribe for tribe, of nation for nation was the logical and natural consequence. Justice and equity are founded not upon force, but upon the eternal principles which emanate from the God who established His universe. And when He is banished from the nation's heart justice and equity vanish with Him.

What a garden of weeds God's beautiful world had become — weeds, poisonous and loathsome, that grew out of the fetid swamps and which, climbing as they grew, reached even now to where He was sitting on the mountain, and whose tendrils had already gripped the Land of Promise over which God's representatives had so long reigned. Already within the gates of the Holy City disorder had raised its shrill voice. The atmosphere of paganism all around it had begun to do its work.

The egotism, the selfishness, and the heartlessness of wealth had entered through the gates with the merchandise which Jerusalem had brought from Tyre and Sidon. The gap between the rich and poor was ever widening. The luxury of the farther Orient was fast sapping the moral vigor of the Israelite. The tablets of the law were still revered, but the law itself was fast losing its power over the nation ; and secretly, step by step, the vices of paganism had crept up the mount of Zion into the very sanctuary of the Lord. The cankerworm of irreligion and infidelity was gnawing at the very vitals of faith in God and in His law. And the thin veil of hypocrisy barely covered the hollowness and the sham with which the Pharisee and the Sadducee strove to hide by empty

ceremonial the lack of true observance of God's commands.

As Christ looked, from the high place where He sat, over Jerusalem and Palestine, it seemed as if the sacred cause of God was all but lost. The very citadel of God was now the centre of attack. There was force enough and more still within that citadel to rout the whole assembled army of infidelity and idolatry now gathered in battle array up to its very walls. The power of God, the infinite and all powerful, was there in their midst. A hundred times before He had rescued them, when the faith of the people was strong and all that faith was in God. They had but to rise from the lethargy which their indifference and their hypocrisy had brought down on them, to fling off the selfishness which luxury was weaving about them and to stretch out their hands in sincerity toward the Son of God, there seated upon the mountain above them, to accept His sweet yoke of humility and His gentle burden of charity, and once more the reign of Jehovah would return, bringing in its train justice and righteousness and the tranquillity of order, which is blessed peace.

But alas! pride blinded their eyes, and selfishness had hardened their hearts. The humility of the "carpenter's son" was foolishness to their proud minds, and the law of His fraternal love was folly to their selfish and greedy hearts. And He who had come to save them from themselves, He who had brought with Him the power of Heaven to make them again a great nation upon the earth, He who had brought the reality of God's presence instead of the figure and the shadow which they had possessed, He who was their God and their King, was out there on the hills weeping for the blindness which hid

Him from their eyes — a blindness which even He could not heal because they did not wish to see. Christ weeping over Jerusalem will remain as long as the world lasts a picture of that true patriotism of love, of home, and country which every follower of Christ should feel. A picture, not of the false and flattering love which cries "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, which signals "All is well," even when the enemy is at the gates, which lulls the dozing citizens to sleep with lullabys fit only for babes. There are plenty such now being sung — sweet, meaningless messages of false optimism, telling the world how good it is and that it is constantly growing better.

Not such was Christ's patriotism, not such may be ours, as we prize at their true value the prosperity and the real happiness of the land we love with truly Christian patriotism. Our duty it is rather to see, as if with His vision, what are the foes which silently and stealthily tend to undermine the strength of our beloved nation; and to raise our voices incessantly against them, not with the wail of pessimism, but with the voice of affectionate warning.

For this land has been given over by God's providence to the rule of all the people, and every citizen must in accepting its benefits accept also the responsibility of guarding its welfare and helping on its prosperity. And first ever in its defense, as first in every civic duty, should be the Catholic Christian; for the Church of Christ has much to be grateful for here, where her liberty is guaranteed and her precious freedom protected; and the Catholic has always shown his gratitude on every field where his country's honor demanded it.

To-day thousands of her children from every part of

this vast land are gathered in this historic city to give new proof of their fidelity to their country's interests; to sit for a while with Christ upon the mountain and to see as with His eyes what things are for the nation's peace; and then to go forward and strive as He did to diminish as far as possible the false principles which threaten its very vitality, and to make known the doctrine of Christ, in which alone there is life and strength, not only for the individual, but for the whole nation.

This in brief is the primary motive and reason for the Federation of Catholic Societies — namely, to safeguard the best interests of the nation by endeavoring to bring out into the actual and throbbing life of the people those vivifying principles of Christian civilization upon which Christian society is built; and, secondly, by denouncing fearlessly whatever endangers the public moral welfare and agitating prudently to bring about a healthy public sentiment.

No one who knows, even superficially, the national life can doubt for an instant that there is great and crying need for activity on the part of all men of good will. And since the impending ills of the body corporate are not physical but moral in their nature, the Church, whose field is the moral world, must confront them now as she has done in all the ages since the days when Peter and Linus, Cletus and Clement faced them in the Roman Empire and by the power of the Cross defeated them in their very stronghold. And I dare say that the Catholic Church alone must soon be recognized, not merely as the strongest, but as the only bulwark against the prevalent social evils which seem even now to threaten not only the prosperity, but the very life of the nation. For she

is to-day the only moral body which gives indication of growing vitality and increasing vigor. She has grown in these fifty years past by leaps and bounds, while all around her are strewn the wrecks of what once appeared to be flourishing sects. The Catholic Church has but just begun to manifest in this young land the undying vitality with which Christ endowed her, while on every side are heard the cries of dissolution and dismemberment of what but a few brief years ago seemed energetic religious organizations. It is not we who now say this, but their own leaders, who can no longer deceive themselves when the evidences are so palpable.

I used to wonder as a boy, beholding our own small number and negligible influence, when I read that Protestantism contained in itself the germ of dissolution and decay, for facts around me seemed to offer little proof of the truth of that assertion; but to-day more rapidly than one could ever imagine the proofs have come to hand in the facts under our eyes, and it is the leaders of Protestantism, again I repeat, who are now proclaiming to the world that unless all signs fail their churches may soon close their doors. Step by step the principle of private judgment and the so-called "higher criticism" have done their havoc. The Bible, which half a century ago was a fetich, is to-day a fable, and whatever there was of simple faith in the supernatural is fast being dried up in the hearts of those whose ancestors made faith alone the condition of eternal salvation. Lutheranism and Anglicanism, as they were a century ago, have disappeared from the face of the earth. All the other "isms" which followed quickly one upon the other have reduced themselves at last to "nothingism." No faith, no church, no fixed moral law;

nothing, in fine, of all that cannot be touched with the hands and seen with the eyes; even God Himself is no longer God, but a first cause or an unseen power, or anything but that Eternal Father whose beloved Son was Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

A few earnest souls outside of the Church already recognize the writing on the wall. They behold with dismay the disintegration of societies, congregations, and parishes. They are raising their voices now against the debacle, but it is like building a wall of sand against an incoming tide — the tide which four centuries ago started with the rebellion of Luther against his ecclesiastical superiors, and now by the force of its own logic, that wave has gone on mounting, until, rebellion succeeding rebellion in increasing proportions, it has submerged those who caused it and has left in its wake the utter ruin of the supernatural, and scarce a vestige of a revealed religion remains. And with its advance in sympathetic progress the seeds of civic rebellion have been sown, and that, too, was a logical consequence. The king rebelled against Papal supremacy and made himself Pope in his own domain; the people rebelled against the king with perfect logic, and assumed to themselves both papacy and royalty; and now as the gaunt forms of anarchy and communism stalk abroad the process goes further, and wealth and power wherever they exist are assailed. If the first rebellion was justifiable, so is the last. If no rights are sacred, then every revolution is justified. The Church is the only moral body in the whole world which has remained consistent and sternly logical. Whole nations have risen up against her. Her rebellious children have often offered her violence, but she has remained ever the same, serene in

the midst of revolutions, confident of the promises of Christ; and she has beheld the dissolution and decay of all that threatened her, while she, ever youthful, ever more vigorous, still flourishes, still teaches the truths which save society and the world.

Christ warned His Church of the battle and the warfare through which she was to march to her eternal triumph. Each century has verified His prophecy. A century ago Protestantism was in the field against her, and the ground of warfare was a few texts of Scripture. To-day Protestantism has thrown Scripture to the winds, and with Protestantism there is no longer any struggle. It has vanished from the field self-destroyed. But a new foe faces the Church, or rather its most ancient enemy in a new armor. It is paganism; the paganism of Rome and Greece marching under a standard woven from the last shreds of those Christian principles which have been saved from the ruins. It knows no Christ, no dogma, no leader, no time but the present, no place but the earth. It sneers at all revelation, and scoffs at the supernatural. And yet it hails as a new salvation the ravings of half-demented prophets, and grovels in the stupidity of Oriental superstition.

Leagued with this foe, who fights with lazy indifference, there is another which is neither lazy nor indifferent, but with a virulence of antipathy and a tireless activity all its own, wields in season and out of season its sharp weapon, with a hate that is almost blind, against everything that is left of the Christian name. The aggressiveness of this enemy of Christ is the aggressiveness of the Evil One himself. Its cunning is the cunning of him who is the "Father of lies." It disdains no means, it scorns no assistance that will produce desired results.

The press, the stage, the platform, however and wherever they can catch the public ear and the public eye, serve its purposes. In France it worked for half a century without showing its true hand; and when at last it was caught red-handed, no lie was too gross, no calumny too vile to cloak its own trickery and deception.

The two foes which face to-day the Cross of Christ, still raised aloft by His Church as the Tree of Eternal Life and the banner of salvation, are first, the last remnants of that negation once called Protestantism and now styling itself queerly enough "The New Religion," and secondly, the same infernal energy, paganism, which the Apostles faced from the first day when to the Gentile world they preached Christ Crucified. The Catholic Church to-day, holding firm and fast to the same principles and the same doctrine and the same law which Peter and James and John delivered to Jerusalem and Rome and Athens, standing on the ground of the same eternal truths, never changing, yet always moving the whole moral world, remains in spite of new thought and new theories the only permanent strength in all the world, the only reliable moral force upon which all order and law and authority can depend, and therefore the only moral organization and institution which withstands alike the false pretensions of conceited novelties in religion and the turbulent restlessness of all revolutionists against civil order.

It is wonderful how men can deceive themselves with a little flattery and it is pathetic to see what intellectual vanity can do to cover up the glaring fallacies of new systems. To accept what the experience of ages has proven has for some temperaments little attraction. Newness, originality, is the first requisite for them, and so under

the guise of a new need for new conditions they invent for themselves new principles, a new doctrine, and call them a new church. With a blindness which is beyond comprehension they fail to see the double fallacy of their position from the point of view of both history and philosophy. The profound student of history knows that every so-called new condition of society has been repeated one hundred times before in the story of the race. The names of the people and places change; the conditions are identical. There is not a single condition existing to-day in the whole world, civilized or uncivilized, which the Church of Christ has not faced one hundred times before and settled with the same identical principle. The student of philosophy knows that truth is always truth and the only originality in the moral order is immorality; and yet we are expected seriously to listen to all this talk about the growth of truth and the new religion. If this growth consists, as we plainly recognize that it does, in a return to the paganism of twenty centuries ago, we fail to see what the twenty centuries of growth have accomplished. If this so-called "new thought" and new religion mean the blotting out of the whole morality of Christ (as in the end it certainly does, all meaningless phrases to the contrary notwithstanding), prating about progress and intellectual advance is only an unintelligent or insincere jangling of words.

Take away from the Christian Religion all that makes it essentially Christian, the Divinity of Christ, the reality of the supernatural world, the necessity of grace, the inherent moral weakness of human nature — take them away as the "new thought" and new religion have done, and we ask, Why speak of Christianity at all, except as

a mockery and a snare? It is strange that with all their boasting they still fear to call themselves openly the pagans that they are.

They pretend still to reverence Christ. Strange logic! for if Christ be the man they represent, He is the greatest impostor and criminal the world has ever known. For He has deceived the human race in the most vital matter that concerns humanity. Why then this mockery of their allegiance to Christ and the name of Christian? It would seem as if they had a superstitious dread of taking the last and most logical step of all — that of renouncing the entire Christian name and openly joining hands with those who have opposed it from the beginning. And we repeat, driven as we are by the inexorable force of the true logic of their position, that they stand before this alternative: either to go back to the shadow of the Cross upon which the God-Man died for their salvation, back to the rock upon which Christ built His Church, that Church against which neither new religions nor new revolutions can ever prevail; or frankly disavowing His principles and His law, throw off His yoke entirely and take the only other logical stand, the stand which all the world had taken before Christ came, that there is nothing but conjecture in the whole realm of spiritual life, no certainty of hope beyond the tomb, no philosophy of life, but that which bids man to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and death ends all.

This is the true and logical terminus toward which modern life, rejecting the guidance of divine faith, inevitably is tending. It is unquestionably the final conclusion of the premises which the so-called "new thought" has openly espoused. Are they prepared to accept the

bitter logic of the situation? a logic which has begun to work itself out under our very eyes and the fruit of which, however unwelcome, is now at their very doors. Why talk about the evils of divorce? Why bewail the diminution of the birthrate and the threatened extinction of family life? Why decry the rising discontent visible all around us? Why complain of the social disorders that are rending the civil fabric? Why exclaim in horror at the lawless uprisings of anarchy and riot against constituted authority? Why bemoan the growing divisions between the rich and the poor and the clamor which fills the land of class against class? These are after all only the practical working out of the very principles which for a century and more the apostles of this new religion have been upholding. They are the scourge which infidelity and agnosticism have brought down upon the shoulders of those who have preached them.

The people are more logical than their leaders, these wiseacres with intellects too great to accept historic Christianity — poor, dull people, with whom these modern philosophers so often have grown impatient because they learn so slowly! They are learning fast enough now — they have seized at last the full meaning of the new principles of salvation which make each man both Pope and King, which hand over to the interpretation of each individual the mystery of life to solve according to his own judgment and his own taste. Yes, they are learning fast now — so fast that their teachers are horrified at their aptness. And when at the lightning speed which they now have attained the new principles have arrived at their full application, when all government is threatened, except the government of each man by himself, when at last the only sanction which human law has is force, as

it must be when the groundwork of the supernatural is abolished and moral obligations have no more meaning, what will there be left to oppose to force but force? — and what is that but war? And the war, not of nation against nation, but of man against man; and that is anarchy.

It is idle for them to imagine that philanthropy will have any power to stem the tide which infidelity and irreligion have started. It is mere folly to attempt to supplant faith by humanitarianism. This is the latest of all their fallacies and will be found as fruitless as its predecessors. The evil is deeper than mere surface ills, and the momentary relief of them can never change the radical wrong. There are certain appetites that only grow by feeding, and if life is to be reduced to the mere process of getting, no amount of material giving will ever satisfy its insatiable hunger. That remedy has been tried before and failed utterly, and that for the simple reason that moral content alone produces real happiness whether a man be as rich as Crœsus or as poor as Lazarus. And there can never be moral content without moral life, and there can never be moral life without spiritual law, and there is no spiritual law that has any lasting foundation, any substantial hope, any universal and eternal motive but the law of Christ living in His Church.

If there is any form of government which needs for its permanence and prosperity the conserving force of right moral Christian sentiment it is a republic. Under a monarchy loyalty to the reigning house and its traditions and glories, together with the aristocracy of inheritance can, as history has often proved, hold in abeyance the forces of disunion and dismemberment. To-day the greatest power which holds together the whole Japanese people is the veneration in which the Japanese rightfully

hold the Mikado and the Imperial family. In a republic there is no such conservative influence. The principle, at least in theory, of a democratic form of government is that the will of the majority of the people is the law. Popular sentiment then is the very groundwork and foundation of its existence, and the moral atmosphere which pervades the mass of the citizens is the only safeguard of its permanence. It is for this reason that, while changes in a monarchy are slow, in a republic they sometimes come with the rapidity of lightning. The germ of disorder, which in an empire may take centuries to develop, in a republic may require but a single year. It is for this reason that no one who loves this thrice blessed land of ours can behold with indifference the smallest beginnings of those principles which in these latter days more than ever before have become evident among us — the principles, I repeat, of a new paganism imported from the schools of German agnostic philosophy, finding their way through the universities and the pulpit down among the people. Wait but a little longer and the nation one day will awake startled to find the principles which it once applauded doing such mischief as these myopic teachers never contemplated.

For the people are merciless in their logic when once they have learned well their lesson. If the whole period of their early education is spent with no instruction in the divine truths which lead towards God, they can hardly be expected later when passion and self-interest have grown stronger to find their way to Him. If all their childhood passes in the effort of merely mental training and no thought is given to instilling into their childish hearts the moral curbs and restraints and influences which hold the appetites in check, or if the only basis of

moral restraint is human respect, who is to blame if in later life self-will and self-seeking shall burst these weak bonds and sweep before them whatever stands in their way? The lack of religious influence in early years in the home and in the school has begun already to bear its fruit in every phase of our national life. And this unwelcome fact is so palpable that at last the once enthusiastic devotees of a purely secular education cannot close their eyes to the inherent weakness of the system and its vicious effects upon the whole life of the people.

We Catholics have pointed it out like many another danger for a century past and our only thanks were to be rated as enemies of popular instruction and belittlers of the great panacea of public school training. But we are well accustomed to this kind of gratitude, and having sounded the warning for others, we have done our own duty to our own under circumstances which have proved our sincerity; for while our people are among the poorest of this country in material goods and the least able to bear new burdens they have attested their fidelity to the welfare of the nation in a way that not even the richest have done. Out of their slender means they have erected, at the cost of millions and millions of dollars, schools and institutions wherein their children might be taught that there is a God to whom all men must be responsible, that the moral law emanating from that God binds them during all their lives, that all authority is from God, that civil rulers are sacred in that authority, that the law of the land is to be obeyed under penalty of God's displeasure, that the rights of property are sacred, and all those other inviolable principles of right and duty which stand for order in the world and the peace of humanity.

What other organization in this whole country is doing

at such tremendous sacrifice what we have done? And for all this we have received up to the present nothing but suspicion and distrust. Nay more, while doing for the children of the nation what even the nation itself cannot do, we have been burdened with a double taxation, which is, let us say it boldly and continue to repeat it until the burden is removed, nothing short of outrageous tyranny. For we have been forced, while expending enormous sums which we could little afford in the training of our youth in the principles of Christian morality which are the best safeguard of the nation, to pay more than our share of the taxes for the support of schools which, however good they may otherwise be, can never by their very constitution even so much as lay one stone in the moral foundation of civil life. For, I repeat, there is no morality without religion. There may be ethical speculation which the child is free to accept or reject, and surely that is a poor morality. And so this most recent effort to inject into secular education some appearance of moral training is almost worse than none at all, since by its doubtful attitude it must inevitably weaken the whole basis of moral law by making it appear to the child as a matter of choice and selection or even of complete rejection, for its foundation is, not the eternal principles of the divine will, but the mere question of human agreement. And I call upon this Federation and upon every Christian in the land to oppose with all his influence this latest attempt of an infidel propaganda to thrust into the schools what appears on the surface to be an innocent system of ethical culture, but which in reality is only another clever ruse to substitute a pagan philosophy for Christianity. Better one hundred thousand times never mention the name of religion, leaving it to

the homes and the churches to do what they can in supplementing the moral and religious training of the child, than by this astute manœuvre to root out of the child's life every idea of sentiment of supernatural law. And if this meeting of Federation will have accomplished only this one great achievement — namely, of arousing the whole American people to a knowledge of the awful dangers which the nation must eventually face if this system of irreligious or unreligious training of the young continues, it will have done something to gain the eternal gratitude of all true patriots. Meanwhile we must ourselves stand fast to our own principles. Our growing numbers and influence impose upon us greater responsibilities. As the Christian faith in those around us is flickering out, our own must burn ever more brightly. And the louder the cry is raised of those whose only faith is in their own wisdom, the louder we must raise our voices towards the God who made humanity out of dust and by whose knowledge alone man may hope to learn. The world is clamoring for peace, and yet often they who are seeking it are but unconsciously sowing the seeds out of which discord alone can grow. It is our duty to turn their eyes out upon the hills where Christ still sits weeping over the world, blinded by its own folly, its heart still as hard as the people of His own Jerusalem, its mind still as proud as the proud teachers of His time. Let us love our dear land as He did His; and by the knowledge which His faith alone can bring and by the charity which His law alone can kindle, let us by word and example show forth to all who are willing to see, those things which are for our country's peace.

BENEFITS OF A DEVOUT RETREAT: HUMILITY THE ONLY SAFEGUARD OF KNOWLEDGE[1]

When invited to visit you, I not only responded with pleasure, but should have been sorry if I had not been asked. For this is indeed a consoling occasion, when I see so many busy women, who, though fatigued with the labors of the year, yet have sacrificed these first days of well-earned rest to meditation and prayer.

This act proves you to have realized that there is something in life which is better than work, and that is the motive of work. Here, by serious consideration of the principles which underlie our Faith, you will arrive at a just estimate of your true position, and come to value properly your soul, whose life is your only real life. Thus will you be led to supernaturalize the end in the various duties of your temporal calling.

This is not a suitable time for an elaborate address. It is rather a time for thoughtfulness. I desire only to beg God's blessing on this work — the only work worth doing, since by getting back in the silence of thought to the core of things, you will appreciate the falsity of the world and bring home to yourselves the knowledge, that belief is more than action, and the life more than the meat.

This leisure with its opportunity for reflection is in itself a great grace of God. Millions about you are so absorbed in worldly pursuits, that they never give a passing

[1] Ladies' retreat, Mount St. Joseph's Academy, Brighton, August, 1908.

thought to their immortal interests. They are narrowed down to the small things of this world, and by constant attention to its empty details, they fall into a rut. Their consciences become dull; their lives are filled with feverish, unsatisfied impulses and sordid occupations; and, failing to appreciate realities, they regard a life of silence and retirement as useless. They are frequently heard to ask: "What are monks doing? What are nuns doing? How much more beneficial would it be if these inhabitants of the cloister would face the responsibilities of life instead of shirking them, and take their share in the turmoil of the world!" These are vain words all! The Catholic, and, therefore, the only Christian view of the matter is this: You must take your place in life where God wishes you to be. Some, necessarily, must be in the noise of the world, for the world must go on, but, in order to conserve the salt of wisdom, there must be in the midst of the world places of retirement, and persons set apart, who dwell on clear spiritual heights.

Look into a great workshop. See the foreman and the laborers! The individual workman, who makes and fashions his small piece of steel, rarely knows its destiny, or for whom the work is done. Only the foreman keeps the record. He stands above the work, for, should he merge himself into the turmoil, he would lose this power of clear direction. He is one among hundreds set apart to direct. These workshops of the world with their laborers and foremen are types of the great workhouse of the world, in which you have been engaged. Each of you has been concentrated in her own little department and bound by her limited sphere of action. Were there not places where those who having looked down on the rush of life from a coign of vantage can give a clear view of the

great mechanism of God's plan, and a logical training in Christian doctrine, which will enable you to detect the fallacies, and disentangle the sophistries with which modern secular learning is permeated — were there not these places and persons, then would the world be lost. Monasteries and convents are required that the salt may keep its savor, that the principles of the Church may be held uppermost, and that the spirit of Faith may be conserved.

And so you have come from the valleys here to the hills, where, standing above all worldly work, you can take in the great perspective, and trace the Creator's mighty design, which is worked out in its entirety only through the individual efforts of the laborers. Here you learn the purpose of life, the end of work.

The grace of God has called you here. Here it has been increased in your souls, and from here it will go back with you to the world. Henceforth your purpose must not be just to work, just to plod on. No, you must hereafter conserve in heart and soul the fruit of these days of benediction. You must lay up great stores of grace for yourself first, and then for the souls of others, being, as St. Bernard said to Pope Eugenius, not merely canals but reservoirs.

This knowledge which you have attained of the higher life, and the efforts you make to reach its ideals will bring nobility into your lives. I know that you cannot speak much of God, but you can become His messenger and make Him felt by your example, and thus exercise a real apostolate by exhibiting the model of a stainless life, whose influence will be especially powerful, since there must forever cling to it the imperishable aroma of these days of grace.

The example of your own life must then be your method of enforcing moral principles. There is so much talk about morality nowadays by people who know nothing about it. New theories regarding it arise each year, to be, in turn, supplanted by others more recent. They are all froth and shallowness and sham, and must inevitably perish, since they lack the divine substructure of revealed truth. You have heard here what is the real basis of morality, and on returning to duty you will unconsciously, but not the less really, diffuse the moral atmosphere, which must now envelop your souls.

There is a tendency with people devoted to one pursuit to become one-sided. A doctor who applies to the study of diseases of the brain, settles completely on that, and forgets the other organs; an eye specialist does likewise; an artist forgets realities. And so it may be with the teacher. She is apt to place too much stress on the mere imparting of knowledge, and to neglect the training of the child. A distinguished Catholic of New York once consulted me regarding the placing of his boys and girls. By observation of the educational systems of our schools and colleges, he had discovered their weakness. He wished to find an institution where character building had the precedence of mere learning, since he considered education to have only a relative value, and the training of the soul and heart to be paramount. And in our work we should adopt his view. The art of life is the object of true value, and education has only a subservient importance.

Education, too, is good only insomuch as it draws to God. True education always draws us nearer to Him, for it is truth, and He is truth. The moment that any train of thought stands in the way of God, it is absolutely

false. The test of all real knowledge is that it leads to God.

You should be strongly impressed with the greatness of your work. The vocation of teacher is the noblest calling given by God to man or woman, but like all great and good things, it has in proportion to its eminence its weightier evils. This compounding of evil in all that is essentially good is the great mystery of life. In all walks of life this ever-present evil should be remembered. The more highly gifted a man is, the greater is his danger, whether he be politician or preacher. Even in the sanctuary danger lies. The cleverer a priest is, or the greater his power of touching hearts and winning souls, and the greater his personal influence, so much the greater, in proportion, is his peril, and so much the more his need of prudence.

Now it would seem at a cursory glance, that there was little spiritual evil to be dreaded in a teacher's life. People devoted to education are really serious and high-minded. Their minds are acute and active, and they love what is above earth, rejoicing only in intellectual delights. Paradoxical as it may sound, their danger lies in this very realm from which danger seems to be excluded. The peril of mental pursuits is pride of spirit, leading to the revolt of the intellect against God.

When one begins to learn and sees the realms of knowledge opening before him, he is appalled by their vastness, and feels that he will never know anything. But after the first steps have been taken, and success has crowned the early efforts, he compares himself with those who are not so learned and the thought "I know something, I am superior to my fellows" fills him with contempt for those less favored, and begets intellectual pride,

the besetting temptation of all who embrace a scholarly life.

Now, what is the antidote to this poison which infects the pure draughts of knowledge? Humility of heart and of mind. Instead of thinking how many there are who know less than you, think rather of the vast numbers who know much more. How small is your knowledge in comparison with that of the really learned of the world? How infinitesimal in comparison with that of the great God! By considerations such as these you come to a true estimate of your slender knowledge. All truly great and learned men may be recognized by this lowly opinion of their attainments. Newton, Pasteur, and all the greatest scientists died professing their lack of knowledge. Seeing with their almost magic intellects the ever receding boundaries of the great avenues which they could never traverse, they threw up their hands in despair, exclaiming that they knew nothing. It is not then the mighty minds who are most addicted to pride, but those of lesser mould. It is indeed proved an unquestionable verity, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

One of the saddest episodes of my experience was a conversation held a short time ago with a young woman, who had tasted but not drunk deep of the spring of knowledge. Her name led me to believe her a Catholic, but as the conversation proceeded, I recognized a lack of Faith, which made me interested enough to open up the following conversation:

"Your name, Miss ——, seems to be Catholic. Are you not one?"

"No, your Grace."

"What is your belief then?"

"I have not any."

"Were you always so?"

"No, I have lost my Faith and recently."

"And may I ask how that occurred?"

"I read."

"Indeed! And what did you read? I read also but still have managed to keep my Faith." She then proceeded to enumerate her guides, Hegel and many others, and concluded the list by remarking that all about her held the same opinions as herself.

"And, pray, Miss ——, do you understand these great philosophers? for I know many profound scholars who cannot fathom their meaning."

"Oh, yes, I understand them."

"And what Catholic authors have you read? With how many volumes of Catholic philosophy have you offset these anti-religious writers?"

"I have not read any."

"And you have been content to draw your conclusions from reading only one side of the question?"

I then urged upon her a serious study of her Faith, but when she left me, I wondered if she would ever have the humility to ask for light. Every feature of her face and its very lineaments were stamped with narrowness. She was one poor victim of this monstrous pride of which I speak. She thought she knew, and, believing in her own knowledge and her false guides, she had given up her heavenly birthright for less than the mess of pottage. She had nothing, and I wondered if she would ever have more, for when we willfully close our eyes, God sometimes leaves them shut.

Recognize this special peril of your life — pride; and ask humility. Be persuaded that there is only one thing you know, and that is, that God has given you an im-

mortal soul, and you must save it. Ephemeral views and scientific theories will pass to nothingness. Ideas and systems will come to naught, but the word of God stands sure. You can rely only on His word, who said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall never pass away."

One danger of your profession is that it inclines you to take an authoritative pose. You must, of course, assume an attitude of power in the class-room, but be sure to leave it there. Do not try to impose your will on every one. If not watched over, you become imperious, and unconsciously legislate on occasions when your rightful attitude should be docility.

Be a teacher six days of the week, and a pupil on the seventh. On that day sit under the pulpit and be a pupil of God. Regardless of the gifts of the preacher, consider that God is talking to your soul. This attitude of attention and submission will not be pleasing to you. The teaching which you will hear will be distasteful, because you want learned men, but God sees that you need humility, and He leads you in His lowly way through these humble words of wisdom. Be ever ready to learn from the lowly. You can learn many lessons from your washerwoman. I learn from the workmen of the street. I love to talk to them. They are true men, and they teach me many a thing which I could not otherwise learn. In this way, by converse with the humble we keep in touch with life.

Ask our Lord, humiliated to the last degree, ask Him who emptied Himself of all things, to give you a sense of humbleness, to let you know only so far as it is worth knowing, to love knowledge only inasmuch as it brings you nearer to Him.

Do your work in God's sight, and look only for His approbation and then nothing can disappoint you. Work for the salvation of your own soul, and then you cannot fail to be a success. Do not think that children do not feel your virtue or its lack. There is in children an intuitive perception akin to instinct in animals by which they arrive at quick, sure and lasting impressions. They will remember in later life even the details of your class-room. Your personal strength and sanctity cannot but be felt. When a good woman stands in her class-room as teacher, there is an atmosphere about her which no child ever mistakes.

May God bless your lives and render them fruitful in your own souls and the souls of others. May He keep you in His grace and bless you with the riches of His generosity.

OPENING WORDS AT THE CATHEDRAL ON INITIATING THE CELEBRATION OF THE DIOCESAN CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 28, 1908

My first word is one of gratitude.

First, to the good God who during these hundred years of trial and triumph has blessed the work of our fathers abundantly. Blessed forever be His Holy Name.

Next, to the Universal Father of Christendom, who like his predecessors watches and guards us with paternal love and care: and to his representative, the gentle and kindly Delegate, who on every possible occasion has manifested his interest in the See of Boston and its Archbishop.

Thirdly, to my brethren of the episcopate, whose fraternal sympathy is a constant help.

Lastly, to the civil authorities of Nation, State, and City who nobly and frankly acknowledging our constant efforts for law and order, have always been an encouragement and a help, — and to all, both clergy and laity, who to-day are our joy and our crown, who, like their fathers, stand fast by their spiritual chiefs and aid them in their endeavors — to all I offer abundant thanks from a grateful heart.

CLOSING WORDS AT SYMPHONY HALL, OCTOBER 28, 1908

THE scroll upon which is written the story of Boston's four great Bishops has been unrolled. The story of their trials, their labors, their triumphs has been recounted. These were the heroes of the great Faith which has produced martyrs and confessors wherever it has been sown.

A new page lies open before us. They wrote the history of the last century; we must make the history of the coming one. Compared to ours their conditions were hard indeed. But much as they did against odds, we have much more to do. They laid the foundations. We must complete the edifice — an edifice whose architect is Christ and whose pinnacles pointing heavenward must gleam with the glory of God. We should be cowards, indeed, did we in plenty fail in what they in poverty accomplished.

One thing only will assure complete success — the same unity of faith, the same splendid courage which our fathers had. No lagging in the ranks; no cowards, and no rebels, but an army — one in mind and heart — facing a great warfare, confident of final triumph.

Stand up like Christian men — Catholics in faith, Americans in civil allegiance. Let no man tamper with either the one or the other. Give to him who now leads you in the Faith the love and the help which your fathers gave to Cheverus, and with God's aid we shall do our duty as they did theirs.

"IN THE BEGINNING"[1]

THUS opens the great page of God's Revelation, the wondrous story telling how the world came into being and how man first breathed and lived and died; until another sublimer chapter is opened, and the inspired Evangelist, passing over man and world and universe, begins a new revelation with the same exordium, but a new theme, not the origin of human life, but the life of the Son of God, "In the beginning was the Word."

The mind of man instinctively seeks the sources. The river flows incessantly by him in its power: the rush of its waters is in his ear, he sees the mills turning as it flows by them, he drinks of it and washes in it and knows well what a desert its drying up would create; how the fertile field would turn to dust, and the silence of death would reign where now all is energy and productiveness. As he stands upon its banks and gazes at its rush as it eddies past him he knows that somewhere far beyond the fields and over the hills there ripples down the bare mountain side a little rivulet, tiny as a thread of silver, cool and clear as crystal. He sees its even, steady course, and hears its gentle song as it runs along its stony bed, mingling with others like itself as it makes its quiet way among the brambles that conceal it, over the moss which impedes it and down into the little pool below, and then onward to the great world that awaits it.

The river's mouth is strong and mighty and boister-

[1] Sermon delivered by the Archbishop of Boston at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, October 28, 1908, Centennial of the See of Boston.

ous; its source, without which there would be no river, is far up in the solitude and the cold, where few men climb and few even of those who see it in its puny force realize what things undreamed of, what countless achievements it will accomplish before, with one final bound of joy at its own destiny fulfilled, it leaps into the arms of mother ocean.

The mind which rests in present and actual phenomena, detached from the intimate relations and influences preceding and causing them, has lost the key to the future. There is nothing in human life that is independent or absolute. The chief interest of what is now, lies hidden in what was a century ago and what may be a century to come. When Cæsar was born the world was conquered; when he died the empire crumbled. The beginnings are the seed of history. What happens after the seed is planted is a natural development easily foreseen and measured by him who sows the seed and knows its power.

The century mark of this Diocese shows forth certain phenomena which are worth study. The blossom is bursting into flower. It is a pleasant thing to breathe its perfume and gaze at its wondrous size and glowing color. It is better still, more interesting and instructive, to trace back the sap to the soil and seek for origins, the secrets which lie buried there in the beginning.

We need not here repeat what now all must well know, the ciphers and the incidents. The names in the short but glorious series of husbandmen from Cheverus to Williams, who scattered with labor and patience the fruitful seed which has sprung into this ripening harvest, are written so large upon New England's history that to repeat them would be like saying the alphabet to children. There is not a schoolboy nor a man in the street

who during these days of jubilee has not seen their names and their faces on every side.

But to get behind the names and the faces and the men, to delve into the spirit of their time and the motive which moved them, to get back into the atmosphere in which they lived, into the hearts of the people whom they influenced, into the ranks of those who stood apart from them and either helped or hindered them, to learn the how and the why of the let or hindrance, to learn what they stood for and represented, to uncover the mystery of their weary battles, to reveal not merely the opposition and the slow but steady march onward, but, more still, to make clear why in face of difficulties the final triumph came — that is the tale to-day worth telling and the lesson worth learning by every true student and every intelligent man of this whole land.

The history of New England has long since ceased to be the mere narration of the advent and passing of the Puritan or Pilgrim. All that is essential, but it is not all. The whole story is even now far more comprehensive than the recounting of the doings of any one band of exiles who, whether in sailing vessels or steamships, entered the ports along the shores from Manhattan to the Saint John River. The pioneers of every settlement will always have the glory due them, and that will inevitably be in proportion to their permanency of possession and the breadth of their influence. But though undoubtedly the first New Englanders left upon both the society planted here and the Commonwealth founded by them a certain stamp of their sturdy character and their civic ideals, which by improvement and development in the course of time have proven their intrinsic value, nevertheless a certain unlooked for, indeed, un-

welcome advent of others, with character very dissimilar and ideals quite distinct from those of the original settler, changed very materially the whole status of the province and brought into play forces which have influenced and are bound still more to influence the true history of this part of America.

Let us glance quickly at the change as it happened, and then divine, if we can, something of what only the future will reveal in its completeness. In the narration of this page of the nation's history which is spread out for our consideration during these days, one motive only should guide us — the search for truth. Between the Puritan and the Catholic in the beginning lay a dreadful gulf. To begin even to understand the soul of things which happened during the past century that gulf must be explained. Until a bridge has been thrown across that chasm, still very deep, even if growing happily narrower, this people of New England will never live in perfect concord. The first step in the remedy of an ill is the admission of its existence. And if there is a place where this holy endeavor for harmonizing hearts is fitting, it is this place, the mother-church of this whole Province; and if there is one upon whom that duty would seem to rest more than upon any other, it is upon the Metropolitan of the greatest religious body in New England.

What if the task be difficult? Good-will has before now accomplished many miracles; and faith can move mountains. That therefore we may learn well this lesson, let us go back to where the story starts and see not merely the opposing elements at their source but their fruitful origins and learn how misconceptions and misunderstanding, rather than mere wanton malice, were then as they

are now the real causes of so much disunion and so much consequent weakness to all.

In the beginning the little band of sturdy immigrants who settled along the shores of Massachusetts were men who had suffered for conscience sake at home. They were, if not all of English blood, British in the general sense of the word. They were nonconformists in religion, opposed to the Established Church, and democratic in their civic ideals. They were, it would seem, utterly out of harmony with conditions ecclesiastical and civil in England, they were sternly opposed to the powers that were, both in Church and State, and evidently those powers were equally opposed to them. The nobles of the realm and the bishops of the Established Church made no secret of their attitude, and soon home, losing the charms of peace, lost for them its chief attraction.

They were sturdy men and they had sturdy ideals. Their temperaments were evidently not easily adaptable. England had lost her mother love for them; they would create for themselves a new nation and it would be their own in religion and in government. There was no other plan in the mind or the heart of these sturdy dissenters, no idea of tolerating what others might believe or worship. They had been denied that themselves, they would deny it in turn to all comers.

There was a certain grim logic in this stand, this simple determination to possess absolutely the land. It was not large in its view nor possible of accomplishment. It was not the spirit which animated the Catholic settlers of Maryland, who opened wide their doors to every professing Christian. It left out the important consideration that the land they claimed as theirs absolutely was to be wrenched foot by foot from the Indian whose nat-

ural right to it was sublimely ignored. But historically this was the fact. They looked upon themselves as God's chosen people; this was the land of promise and their God-given right admitted no adverse claims. The land was God's and they were His chosen people. Within its limits they established a theocracy and set up barriers against the Philistines around them.

What is interesting here to note is the spirit dominating all their action. It was a reversion to the Old Law rather than an accepting of the New Testament. It was far more like the religion of Moses than the faith and charity of Jesus Christ. There was little of love but much of terror in their laws. To-day little is left of their curious tenets, for time has changed many things and the tide of events has proved their untenability. God's earth is of no one tribe, and the wandering of the nations still goes on changing the boundaries of peoples and shifting the preponderance of races. But great things they doubtless did, for whatever else they lacked they never doubted God's special love for them; and that perfect confidence braced their spirits against awful odds of climate, of soil and of environment. With all their peculiarities and shortcomings they stand as an exemplification of what a high ideal, even imperfectly conceived, but tenaciously held, can give man the power to accomplish against seemingly insuperable odds.

The Puritan had set himself against the Church of England. He was nonconformist. For Anglicanism he had only loathing. But the mere mention of the Church of Rome brought to his mind visions of the Babylonian Captivity. It were perilous for an Anglican to trespass too far upon this soil, but that the Papist should ever dream of entering its confines would be rashness of folly, for

the penalty was first exile and then death. And here let me repeat, I am merely narrating history and that always with the one point in view, for one only motive — to bury misunderstandings by explaining the causes of them. The Puritan distrusted the Anglican; he frankly hated the Catholic. The Puritan's love may have been a gloomy sentiment, but when he hated he hated cordially.

Now it is not natural for man to hate without a cause. What then was the cause of this animosity which the mere mention of the Catholic aroused in this man who certainly feared God and tried in his own way to keep His commandments? The explanation is simple. The Puritan had been persistently taught by his own sacred prophets, their grim and stern preachers, wielding almost an absolute authority, that the Pope was Antichrist and that the Mass was abominable idolatry. This was openly preached from the pulpit as the message of God. The texts were adduced as proofs of it by their solemn divines, and the books, whose authors were no mean theologians of their system, covered pages on this interesting thesis. Here is a beginning. We must delve deeper into history to find how this concept grew.

The schism between England and Rome, the Spanish Armada, the hapless reign of Mary Tudor, the bitter one, for Catholics, of Elizabeth, the fierce struggles of the Stuarts — all these various and prolonged conflicts between the old religion of England and the new, with the inevitable embittering of party against party, each thinking oftentimes more of political ascendancy than of any religious advantage, — all these baneful influences opened wider and wider the fatal breach. At last under Cromwell, soldier, ruler, and prophet all in one, the common people of England, from whom our Puritans sprang, ac-

cepting as gospel truth the speech which was in reality only the fierce figurative language of bitter political strife, came sincerely to believe that Rome was Babylon and the Papist an arch-friend of treachery and conspiracy. To-day honest historians on both sides are tracing the forgeries which passed at the time as genuine. Titus Oates has been revealed in clear coloring and the Gunpowder Plot put in its true light, not by Catholic apologists but by Protestant impartial students of real history, and not by coiners of fiction posing as unbiased historians.

But all this is recent. It is only now that the whole truth may be known by all. The New England Puritan, narrow of mind and limited in education, was not entirely to blame if he accepted the current and seemingly plausible view. Indeed, even now with all the proofs come to light and the documentary evidence discovered by Protestant scholars at hand, even to-day, these same fables are repeated by fairly well-read men and honestly believed by the ignorant, who in their narrow environment have slender means of learning the latest results of scientific research. It is perfectly safe to say not one in 100,000, who by fabled story have accepted ready made an antipathy to the Church, has ever taken the slightest pains to investigate the truth for himself.

Such even among fairly enlightened men is the force of prejudice. So, as a result of political hate, religious strife and simple ignorance of facts, what the Catholic seemed in the mind of the Puritan was somewhat natural, and, seeing him as he did, he closed his heart to him and his kindred. He was to be exiled first if caught, and upon returning he was to be hanged.

Yet the Catholic opened the door of this stern en-

emy of his and entered — entered and took his place, and stayed. His lodging was far from comfortable, for he came uninvited and unwelcome. He well knew the suspicion which followed him, well realized the antipathy which surrounded him. It was a double antipathy. The Puritan had for the Catholic of any country little love. For the French and Irish Catholic, there was the added enmity of race. And yet it was precisely the French and Irish Catholic who knocked at his door, or rather entered silently, fearing to announce his advent.

He was a hunted exile, this poor child of a wronged nation. The sneer and the frown were no new things for him. He had lost heavily in the fortunes of war, but he knew his nation's history and loved even more than his life or his fortunes the Faith of his fathers. He had felt the bitterness of persecution for his fidelity. But he was a human being; he had a right to live, and live he would. By a strange tide of fate or fortune he found himself with a few of his fellow exiles, driven from his own beloved land by the poverty which a terrible persecution had caused, or by the reign of terror which infidelity had set up, an unwelcome trespasser upon a soil to which he had come unbidden.

The Englishman and the Puritan stood for the first time face to face with the Catholic and the Irishman. At home a sea divided their antipathies and their distrusts; here they stood shoulder to shoulder, neighbors in the same street. The inevitable followed.

We know the story, here is the beginning; here the first page of that century's tale which ends to-day. The contrast offered by these diverse types of men could not have been greater; the antithesis could not have been stronger. Never in the history of this whole country was

there such a problem given to solve by two factors so utterly opposite in all their bearings. To expect a prompt and facile solution of such an intricate and complex theorem would be to prove an utter ignorance of the ways of men.

In New York the Dutch had no such strong natural antipathy for the Irish exile, so they soon understood each other and agreed, or at least agreed to disagree. In Maryland, the land of Sanctuary, the English Catholic welcomed his English Protestant kinsman, and Catholic and Protestant in Maryland lived together in brotherly harmony. In Louisiana, Frenchmen welcomed Frenchmen and Catholic welcomed Catholic. But here on this soil was to be brought to some sort of conclusion an argument, the premises of which were as divided as pole from pole, a mingling of two elements between which force of attraction was conspicuous by its absence.

Who in the face of such conditions could wonder if a whole century must pass before their children's children in our day would at least begin to see one another not as enemies, but as friends at last in the great brotherhood of a common citizenship? That the old suspicion, the bitter distrust is abating is due partly to time which proves all things and heals all wounds, partly to events which drew the jarring forces together — events like the great war of the Revolution, when the Catholic as well as the Puritan gave his money when he had it, and his life blood again and again to prove his fidelity to his adopted country; and the Civil War, when for the Union he leaped into the vanguard and won his title to loyalty by his death. In time and by events the truth began to dawn. But the dawn of mutual respect and understanding was still more hastened by the word and example on both sides of

noble and high-minded men — of Cheverus and Fenwick and Fitzpatrick and Williams on one hand, and of Channing, Shattuck, Higginson, Andrews, Hoar and Guild on the other, and of all such good men who lent their great influence to change the jarring sentiments of mutual distrust into mutual regard and mutual esteem.

Those hard days, filled with unutterable anxiety for Boston's first pastors, we of to-day can scarcely realize. Again and again the flame of feeling burst forth and only the veneration in which Cheverus and his successors were universally held by all good men, all thoroughly tired of this endless strife, detrimental to all interests and all progress, could ever have stemmed on the one hand the antipathy which showed itself in the burning of the Convent on Mount Benedict, the ravings of the so-called "Angel Gabriel," and the latest and, let us hope, the last display of un-American intolerance in the outburst of a now defunct organization of unholy memory; and on the other hand the naturally bitter resentment into which unoffending citizens had been wantonly goaded by demonstrations of mediæval ignorance and blind passion.

Had not the good sense, the humanity and outspoken justice on the one side and the counsel and prayers for patience on the other finally prevailed, God alone knows what shameful blots added to those already visible would dishonor to-day the best pages of New England's history of the nineteenth century. The gentleness of Cheverus, the intelligence of Fenwick, the suavity of Fitzpatrick, the unruffled patience of Williams all stood heroic tests, all contributed more than any other influence to keep enmities and discord at bay, to bring forth out of the chaos of clashing interests and wrangling antipathies the beginning of harmony and concord, and to sink deeper and

deeper at the same time those foundations of faith and courage upon which we must all labor unitedly to erect a fitting monument to the memory of all these good men, apostles of the love of neighbor, which is the Charity of Jesus Christ, the corner-stone of His religion.

The beginnings were hard on all sides, and out of those hard beginnings destiny has woven unexpected consequences. The Puritan has passed into history. His children's children live, proud, as they well may be, of the great civic accomplishment of their fathers. But his creed has passed from the land. The indomitable courage of the makers of this glorious Commonwealth has stamped itself indelibly upon the whole country. Whatever were their faults, they builded well; and ungrateful indeed would be posterity did it not remember that if the Puritan was narrow, he was strong and energetic and persevering, and profoundly and consistently an upholder of the law.

The Puritan has passed; the Catholic remains. The city where a century ago he came unwanted he has made his own. A century has materialized a prosperity and a growth undreamed of by his fathers. The little church of Boston has grown and expanded into one of the most prosperous and numerous provinces of the Christian world. The seed planted in trial and watered with tears, has grown into a mighty tree. The virtue, the strength, the beauty were all in the seed. The faith of Christ never fails to flourish when there is air and light enough and liberty to grow. Persecution impedes it only for a while, and even while it impedes its blossoming, only strengthens the roots and invigorates the sap. The first pastor of Boston well knew this when he gave to his little church the name of Holy Cross. One hundred years

have multiplied one little church into one thousand, two priests into two thousand, one bishop into eight and the "pusillus grex" of one hundred faithful courageous souls into nearly three millions. These are inspiring figures, growth amazing against great and discouraging odds. Such is the present grown from the past; what of the future from the present? The problem is still unsolved.

The gulf, though narrowed, is visibly still here. It needs only the occasion to reveal its presence. It is, I repeat, here still. We must face the truth if we would be of real service to the cause of harmony. The question awaiting an answer still is, Are we to fill in the gap and utilize the ground as builders do waste land, or must we wait another century for the much-desired concord?

No lover of New England will stand passive in this problem before us. There are rents enough growing in the social fabric without perpetuating those made by our fathers, the baneful influence of which in every walk of life even to-day we still feel. Cheverus and his successors have done their share nobly and well. The people guided by them have shown their good-will often, even under direst provocation. What now is the duty not of us alone but of every New England citizen?

Our answer will be the measure of our greatness.

The difficulties in the problem are more than half eliminated. Our fathers on both sides would scarcely see them if they could return to our surroundings. Faith and patience and the good-will of many have performed miracles already. We must complete the solution of a difficult but half-solved question, whose solution means countless blessings of peace and tranquillity to all this blessed land. So long as ignorance perpetuates prejudice, so long as pride cherishes its sores, anger will

smoulder awaiting only an occasion to burst out into flame.

The blood of the Catholic of New England has bathed many a battlefield. His patriotism is as strong as the Puritan's. They have lived on the same street, under the same roof for a century, and it is high time for a clear understanding — not for myths and fables. We are living in the twentieth century, not in the sixteenth. We are less excusable than our ancestors on this soil for prolonging the conflict which misunderstanding more than actual malice started. What care I for what Stuart courtiers or Tudor flatterers did to set brother against brother? My life is now and here. Nay, what good can come now from cherishing the resentment which New Englanders of 1800 provoked from the harmless little band of Catholic exiles seeking only shelter for their bodies and an unmolested shrine for their souls. The past is passed: its good alone is worthy to remain; its hard story must be recalled only as a page of dark misunderstanding and a lesson of encouragement in future hardships.

In 1800 it was a struggle between only two races. In 1900 the offspring of a dozen races and nations occupy the scenes. To seek to force upon any one of them the distinctive blood-traits of another would be labor in vain. That was the mistake of the Puritan who would perforce change the Celtic enthusiasm into British coldness, and the wealth of Catholic ritual into the frigidity of Puritan observance. The Puritan thought of God as a terrible avenger of sin: his meeting house was cold as a prison. The Catholic looked up to God as a Royal Father: his temple was warm with a regal ceremonial which spoke of the dignity of God's presence, made intimate by love. It

was one of many differences between them. But it was not the least of them all.

To harmonize into a common sympathy and patient forbearance these varied inhabitants of the land so that while each retains the birthright of his race, each learns from other something worth acquiring for the common good — that is the only sensible, practical and efficacious method by which concord and fellow feeling can become a reality, for the peace of all and for the nation's strength. Reason, impartial and tolerant, will do much; but the one great power which has accomplished this miracle again and again, when the Goth mingled with the Gaul, when the Saxon met the Briton, when the Hun overran Europe, in the ever-changing currents of clans and tribes, is the Church of Christ, proclaiming and enforcing Christ's law of universal brotherhood, not in mere high-sounding and empty phrases, but by real and visible unity of belief and of communion.

That influence came here with Cheverus one hundred years ago. Quietly but potently it has been working out its results; it has labored without gratitude; it has toiled in silence, by counsel, and entreaty; and at times even the flock misunderstood the peaceful counsel of the shepherds. More than once the work of beneficent concord was all but ruined by passion on the one side and resentment on the other. Men are but men, and even the strong sweet bonds of the Church's sway may be burst after long endurance under dire provocation.

But the Church holds to her highest law. The noble band of priests who for a century have poured out their labor and their lives among the people, who to-day are the strongest force for moral uplift and persevering steady progress in the spiritual and in the civic life of this Com-

monwealth, are doing now what Cheverus began and his successors continue. The results of their labors are not always obvious; men cannot easily realize what might have happened if such an influence were not at work among them. But New England will not allow another century to pass before she recognizes the real value of these law-loving, law-enforcing, priestly sons of hers, living near the hearts of their people, their people in their hearts, encouraging, counseling, consoling, repressing, gently controlling — an influence which never tires and never sleeps.

O Priests of New England, seeking no reward but God's blessing, wanting no recompense but heaven's approval, what wonders, unknown but to God and you, your enlightened priestly zeal, your high and strong courage, your true love of New England's peace and happiness have accomplished. What lessons of all that ennobles life your lips have spoken! What deeds of sweet charity your hands have wrought! What messages of peace your weary feet have carried! The Mantignons and the Fittons, tireless in their zeal and unflagging in their toil, traversing the byways from end to end of this great land, thank God, still live. The spirit of those pioneers of the Faith is still active and fruitful. The material difficulties of a century ago have passed, but new ones far more intricate, far more delicate, face the priesthood of to-day.

Three millions of Catholics occupy the limits where then one hundred lived. And the needs have grown with the number and altered with the conditions. To train the docile mind and heart of a few scattered immigrants was a task infinitely more easy than to preserve the purity of the Faith in the denizens of crowded cities, menaced by

the contagion of a thousand sophistries, and to keep untainted souls beckoned on all sides to a thousand seductions. Poverty and the humiliations of a cold welcome have their hard features. But the pride of life and the corruption of luxury are infinitely more to be feared. Matignon and Fitton faced their difficulties and conquered them, and you, priests of New England, will by God's grace meet and overcome the dangers of your day.

The child of the immigrant is called to fill the place which the Puritan has left. He must learn to fill it worthily and well. From the story of his father's struggle he must take to heart two salutary lessons — to keep his Faith undimmed and his charity unquenched. The charity of the Puritan was for his own only; the charity of the Catholic must be for all. The Puritan failed because he planned only for himself. The Catholic must broaden his love to embrace all as Christ did. He will not fail. The Puritan frowned upon the coming of the stranger and then wondered at the estrangement which followed. Beware of a like grave fault yourself towards those who now enter your gates. Your Church is Catholic; so let your charity be. The Faith of the immigrant was strong as steel and firm as adamant. It stood the test of reviling. The faith of his children must stand the test of indifference and flattery. The immigrant ate his bread sweetened by moral content, and it nourished him in health and happiness. Beware that a richer fare bring not discontent and the envy that kills faith and love. So will you and your children solve here on New England's soil two great problems which must to-day be met frankly and faced courageously.

First the diffidence between race and race must be changed into confidence by that fraternal love which is

Christ's sweet law. The pitting of race against race is a base manœvre; shrewd perhaps, short-sighted certainly. No one who really loves God and country would ever stoop to it. The Catholic Christian will not countenance it.

Second, faith showing forth clearly God's commands must reveal also the higher duty which new responsibilities and higher place have imposed upon us all.

If we are to learn from the centuries past not vain fables but practical truths, and not mere requiems over dead sires, but flaming revelations which illumine the future, let us hear the voices which speak to us from the graves of heroes, and draw lofty inspiration from their lives.

We of to-day must prove our titles by prizing them at their true value. We must fear no enmity and create none. No effort to misinterpret our labors for harmony must cool our ardor. No obstacles of ignorance of our Faith nor antipathy to race must discourage us. The sign of the Holy Cross gleams high before us Catholics of Boston and New England as it did upon the banners of Constantine when the Church came forth from the catacombs to take her rightful place of glory and triumph among all tribes and peoples. The procession has started; the march towards our duty here, not merely to ourselves, but to our surroundings, must proceed. God wills it; our country demands it.

Let the dead past bury its dead; but not all the past is dead. The courage, the self-sacrifice, the heroism of our prelates and priests and ancestors will never die. When this city has grown ancient, when mayhap many other races from other lands mingling with your children's children gather around these altars centuries hence as we

to-day, to get courage for the future by meditating upon what has been, the names of Boston's four great bishops, the pioneer priests and the earliest Catholics will still be glorified in the history of this land and held in eternal benediction by all who love the blessings of peace and law. The glory of court and battlefield is but a gilded bauble compared to the eternal glory which true moral greatness, begot of faith, weaves for those who in obscurity and hardship serve faithfully God and country, as did the patriarchs and the people of the Catholic church of New England one hundred years ago, when still all here was in the beginning.

To God, the Ruler of all, to Jesus Christ, His Son, to His Holy Church, founded upon the rock of Peter, whose love embraces all mankind, be all the honor and the glory of what one hundred years of faith have witnessed.

The Catholic Faith, changeless and undying, Christian Hope in the fulfillment of a great destiny for our country, Charity uncooled and unquenchable for all — these are the torches which to-day we kindle afresh at the tombs of those good men whose ashes have mingled with New England's soil, but whose immortal souls live forever in God's Eternal Kingdom, where all the holy men of all races and all times sing His glory for evermore. They did their duty well — and now for ours.

SPEECH AT MASS MEETING DURING THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSIONARY CONGRESS, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1908

The Catholic Missionary Congress, called together by the young and vigorous Church Extension Society, marks the opening of a new era in the history of the Church in America. It is the concentration of the forces of a young giant, now grown to man's estate and conscious of power, to meet the tasks which lie at the threshold of another period of life. The spirit behind this movement is as old as the Church, tracing its root back to the historic day when the Pentecostal fires generated in human hearts an ardent, unquenchable love for the truth of Christ and its spread over the earth, which gradually transformed the ages of unbelief and idolatry into the ages of faith and worship.

The record of missionary zeal, which dates back to Apostolic times, is the most luminous in the pages of history. That consuming fire which was caught from Heaven has been enkindled in the breasts of Apostles in all ages of the Church, and warming and enflaming the nations with its sacred flame, has changed the face of the earth. No human obstacle was able to withstand it. The imperial power of Rome, the barbaric hordes which rushed down to overwhelm her, the aboriginal tribes of the men of the forest, each in turn has yielded to its sacred influence and has been brought by its power into the pale of the Church.

In its train it brought not only the blessings of faith,

but the refinements of civilization. Whatever noble standards of living and ideals of progress we hold to-day have come from the light which illumined from on high the minds of the few fishermen whom Christ sent forth to preach His Gospel. Stronger than death, unconquerable in the face of every privation and persecution, however bitter and cruel, the love for heavenly truth and zeal for the spread of the faith of Christ have descended down through every generation, as a precious heritage of the Church and as a treasure to be guarded beyond all price.

The vigor of faith and staunch loyalty to Christ have ever been commensurate with the love which fostered this Apostolic missionary spirit, and in every age the strength of the Church and the measure of devotion which inflames her followers depends upon the more or less jealous care with which they fence round, from the indifference and carelessness of an unbelieving world, this hallowed birthright.

The spirit of religion, like virtue, must grow; it cannot stand still or rest in complacency upon its laurels without dealing a deadly blow to the very core of its life and progress. To rest self-satisfied with what has been accomplished is to stagnate, and stagnation is the beginning of death. So vital to the very life of religion is the fostering of the Apostolic spirit of zeal for the spread of Christ's faith that it must be nurtured at the cost of any sacrifice. The luxuries of religion we may well dispense with. Too often they have brought only harm to the Church and have been the enemies within the gates. Magnificent buildings, splendid ceremonials, superb appurtenances are all good in their place, for the worship of Christ can never be too adequately expressed even by

all that the noblest endeavor and most brilliant genius of man may bring to its expression; but if these things are to breed a selfish content and rob the Catholics of any generation of that primitive Apostolic zeal which inflamed the breasts of their first teachers, then it is far better to dispense with these external embellishments and in poverty and hardship cultivate the gift which made the first promulgators of the faith of Christ the conquerors of the world.

It is time, then, for the Church in America to be vigilant in preserving the unselfishness and generosity of spirit which animated the pioneer Catholic missionaries who planted on this continent the seed of faith. In no other way may the steadfastness of faith which is distinctive of our people in the United States be fully safeguarded. It is the inexorable law of self-preservation, and failure to comply with it can bring only disaster and ruin.

We may well draw a lesson from the foresight and prudence displayed by the great nations of the world. There comes a time in their history when they must reach out to find an outlet for the national life and activity. They well understand the folly of remaining quiescent and shutting the door of opportunity to the surplus talent of their people. Instinctively and inevitably led on by this feeling of self-preservation, they reach out into other lands and find new fields for the overflowing energies of the nation.

They recognize that to keep doing is the law of life, and that the accumulation of unused forces is the precursor to stagnation and death. The Church in the United States must avoid this peril at all costs. It must not rest on what has been already accomplished, but even

in the face of sacrifice reach out in spreading the faith of Christ where it is now either unknown or dormant, for the very necessary reason that in this way alone may it conserve intact and undimmed the brightness of the faith which has already done so much for the progress of the Church. In the isolated regions, where there are scattered populations of Catholics without the ministrations of the priest, the zeal of the more favored must assist actively to bring the blessings of the faith to these neglected regions.

In the Philippines, in Porto Rico, and in all our outlying possessions the Church must go, heralded by the missionaries of the English-speaking race who are now called upon by providential design to perform the work which has long been so nobly done by others. It is the time set by Divine Providence for this Apostolic undertaking. In the first ages of the Church, when imperial Rome ruled the world and Latin was the universal language, it was the missionaries of the Latin tongue who went forth from Rome and for centuries spread the faith in the countries of Europe. In a later day, when French was the diplomatic language of the nations, France became the missionary country and her sons and daughters have given an example of self-sacrifice and devotion in spreading the faith in foreign lands that is worthy of all emulation.

Time inevitably brings changes. To-day the language of the whole Orient is English. The language of diplomatic usage has been succeeded by the language of trade, and from Port Said to the furthermost point of Japan the language which the people know best next to their own, and like best, is English. Already Japan is clamoring for English-speaking missionaries, and the field which once

yielded such a fruitful harvest to the Apostolic labors of St. Francis Xavier lies ready for cultivation at the hands of English-speaking apostles.

The providential hour of opportunity has struck. We must be up and doing. All indications point to our vocation as a great missionary nation. To be recreant to such a high calling is to abdicate a blessed vantage ground and to undo gradually the good which has already been accomplished in this land by the apostolic zeal of the Church's followers. Our country has already reached out beyond her boundaries and is striving to do a work of extension of American civic ideals for other peoples. Shall it be said that the Church in this land has been outstripped in zeal and energy by the civil power under which we live?

But the call for which every Catholic should hearken has already been sounded. Rome has spoken, and in the plenitude of her power has taken us from out the ranks of the mission countries and placed us among the normally organized and developed portions of the Catholic inheritance. She thus indicates to us our plain duty. We are sufficiently developed within to take up the task of evangelizing those who are without. We may depend absolutely upon her judgment in the matter. She has the wisdom of the ages behind her and a way is now lighted before us of spreading far and wide the blessings of the faith which we ourselves enjoy to the neglected populations of our own country and to the millions who are waiting for the sound of our voices to embrace the truth of Christ. She has set the seal of her approval upon this Church Extension Society and the spirit that it stands for. Its purpose and its work are no longer subject to question or cavil. It is an approved institution of the

Holy See. It has upon it the blessing of the Holy Father to make it effective and fruitful. The word that comes from Rome must be accepted by all in its entirety and spirit.

The time has come, therefore, for us to take up our high calling, and as a son of the Church, profoundly believing in her sacred mission through the providential instrumentality of the English-speaking race, I am glad to say this word in favor of the Church Extension movement and to bear my message of encouragement to a work which is destined with God's blessing to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom of Christ, and to keep burning with undimmed lustre the faith and zeal of our people.

AD CLERUM

LETTER TO THE PARISH PRIEST ON THE NEEDS OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES[1]

Reverend dear Father, — On Sunday, October 3, the usual annual collection for the children will be taken up in every church of the Archdiocese.

There is at the present time, and will be for some time to come, need of large funds for carrying on and extending the work at present being done by the Diocese for those Catholic children who, whether orphans or abandoned by their parents, are the object of solicitous care and anxiety on the part of the Church.

The institutions of the Diocese where these children find a home and Catholic training deserve the highest praise. At no time in their history have they been in such good condition to face and carry out the work for which they were intended.

St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the Home for Destitute Catholic Children are both models of their kind. They began well, and the success of their work has been progressive and substantial. The Catholic gentlemen who constitute the boards of government of these institutions have shown, besides the deepest personal interest, most practical administration. They have done already wonderful work for the destitute or needy Catholic child, but much they could not do because of lack of funds. St. Mary's Infant Asylum is also doing its share of good for

[1] October, 1909.

foundlings and unfortunate babes. The Working Boys' Home and the Daly Industrial School have taken on new life since the distribution of the funds of the recent Bazaar, before which their condition seemed next to hopeless. They are both enlarging their capacity for good work as their financial condition grows better. The Bureau of Catholic Charities, though not so widely known, is quietly and efficiently seeing to the proper placing of Catholic infants and children in Catholic families and Catholic institutions. In fact, from the point of view of organization and watchfulness, the field is well covered, but the amount of work which can be accomplished depends naturally very much indeed upon the amount of money at the disposal of each bureau.

No one, I think, but those who are actively engaged and personally interested in the work of rescuing Catholic children can realize the constant vigilance which we must exercise to procure simple justice from the religious point of view for these unfortunate outcasts, foundlings, and those whose parents are declared legally incompetent of caring for them. The untiring energies of people with queer ideas of sincerity in the endeavor to steal our children from the Church, its doctrines, and its sacraments, are almost incredible. The law in a way protects these little ones in their religious rights and privileges, but the insincere methods, the double-dealing, the cant, and the positive sham carried to a point of wonderful ingenuity by which every attempt is made to defraud these powerless and speechless little ones of the only thing in life left to them, the precious inheritance of their Faith, is simply astounding and staggering.

I am using this language advisedly and designedly. One need only listen to a few of the stories which any-

body connected with these bureaus — well informed, practical men — can relate, to realize that in this whole miserable business the arts of deception are carried to the very extreme. The time for submitting patiently to these iniquitous methods has passed, and I lay it upon the conscience of every true Catholic of this Diocese to unmask this systematic and only half-concealed method of attack upon the poor destitute Catholic children.

With the growth of the Catholic population the need of more active coöperation in this work is obvious. All the money raised in this collection will be distributed among the aforesaid charitable institutions for Catholic children, and we ask you not merely to give money for the need that faces us in our duty toward the children, but, what is even of more value, to take a personal interest in the whole question yourselves in looking into whatever happens with regard to the removal of infants and children from unworthy homes and the placing of Catholic little ones with suitable Catholic families. Here is a splendid and noble work in which every one of you, priests and people, is called upon to offer energetic coöperation. God will certainly bless those who by personal effort come to the spiritual rescue of thousands of Christ's little ones.

W. H. O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

N. B. This collection must be sent to Chancery before October the 13th.

Feast of St. Matthew, September 21, 1909.

SPEECH AT CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES

We are, by this present meeting, inaugurating a movement which in significance is far beyond the mere appearance on the surface of this gathering. It is the formal opening of the Conference of Catholic Charities of this Diocese in the Sessions of which the great work which the Church has been quietly performing for the corporal and spiritual welfare of the people, will be set forth more clearly to the public view, and a new interest will be aroused, not only among Catholics, but the general public, in our share of accomplishment in the so-called social movement.

Following the counsel of Christ, the Church prefers to dispense her beneficence in secret, confident that God who sees in secret will bless the work and give it increase. There are, however, times and occasions when another injunction of Christ must be heeded; when the candle must not be hid under a bushel, but placed upon the candlestick.

To-day there is a movement abroad the obvious motive of which is to elevate Philanthropy to the status of a religion, with the scarcely concealed corollary, that work in the social order is the affair of scientific experts only, and that eventually scientific social work must supplant the Church. This principle, undoubtedly fast gaining ground among non-Catholics, eventually like many popular though false principles of this nature, by its very prevalence in the atmosphere around us all, must, if not faced and answered, have its effect even upon the child-

ren of the Church. That the new phase called "social work" of human interest in the unfortunate is a good sign of the times, no one is disposed to deny. All thinking men agree, that if the egotism almost brutally manifest in this country during the latter part of the last century were to continue unchecked and unheeded, direst results to the whole nation would be inevitable. No one rejoices more than we that throughout the whole land a spirit of altruism, however imperfect in its aim and method, has changed the current of thought and sentiment outward from self. But while we are glad to give testimony of everything good by whomsoever attempted, we must always insist upon this essential fact, that Christ alone by His teaching gave the death blow to egotism; and the Christian view of life, its duties and obligations, is the only true conserver of fraternal love, which must be at the basis of every movement for the betterment of humanity.

In the last analysis without the Christian standpoint, all altruism is essentially defective, and must, whatever its external appearance or pretence, finally resolve itself into another form of egotism. For inevitably, consciously or not, its end and purpose will never reach beyond expediency, utility, or necessity. It will, undoubtedly, effect momentary and superficial results. It can never, of its own force, arrive at the very heart of the question, and by working from within, cause that transformation which is radical, intimate, and permanent.

So much for principle and point of view. Now as to fact. There is, we all know, a notion abroad that this so-called social work is a sort of modern invention. In reality, what constitutes the best feature of it, is its humanity and helpfulness as old as the world; while that which

is most in evidence, its methods, has indeed a certain degree of novelty; but they form precisely that part of the movement of which even its boastful champions are least secure.

Humaneness, a certain sense of sympathy with the unfortunate, is a part of our very nature. Indeed it is, as we know, not confined to man, but is found even in the brute creation. To have it, therefore, is simply to be human; to be without it is to be even below the brute.

Of itself, therefore, its presence argues nothing else than that man is man, possessed with this natural sentiment of the soul, just as his hand naturally feels the heat and cold. Mere civilization neither produces it nor conserves it. It is found among the most savage tribes, and history assures us it has often been conspicuous by its absence, among the most cultured and cultivated nations and individuals. Mere learning cannot guarantee nor insure it; the most ignorant and illiterate are often, if not indeed generally, its best exponents.

Philanthropy, humaneness, call this natural sentiment of man as you like, is, therefore, a thing innate in the human heart. But it is a matter of history that before the coming of Christ and the publishing of His law of brotherly love, it had no general or permanent sway, either between nation and nation, or man and man. Like all other human sentiments, though innate, it is often weakened, obscured, and even submerged in the battle of human interests in which the clamorous voice of self completely drowns all other sounds and often succeeds in completely stifling them.

When a man or a nation has turned his whole thought and mind and soul to self-aggrandizement, not merely sympathy for suffering, but even regard for rights has

small chance of a hearing. Altruism speaks gently and, as it were, from afar; self clamors straight into the very ears of our soul. This is the natural man as he really exists.

There will be intervals, long or short as the case may be, when self, being surfeited, allows the presence of another claim. But it soon returns to the tribunal of which it is both judge and claimant, and begins anew its pleadings and judgments with smaller danger of adverse decision.

To rise above this natural condition is not in the power of fallen man himself, who even knowing the right and best is powerless by his own weak nature constantly and perseveringly to accomplish it. So God came among men, gave them His own supernatural force, and taught them how to use it. The God-made-Man revealed not merely a new principle, but enjoined it as a new law, and with it imparted the grace to fulfill it.

Mere philanthropy and humaneness in His dispensation were transformed into something beyond the power of man, elevated sublimely into something of God Himself, transfigured indeed with the light of love from God's own countenance, to be called forever more, not philanthropy, but Christian Charity.

Since that day, wherever the Son of God is known, His followers, no longer the slaves of mere ever-changing sentiment, but subject to His unchanging law, have pilgrimaged through the centuries, as He did through Palestine, doing good. His Church bears the mark of her divinity in being everywhere known as the Church of the poor. From the day when the Deacon, Lawrence, pointing to the poor of Rome assembled around him, displayed them as the Church's jewels, down even to this day, the

Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, has steadfastly cared for and guarded these same treasures; and here in Boston for one hundred years, quietly as is her wont, she has been, must always be, the tender nurse of the unfortunate, the loving mother of all those whom the world abandons. The Faith of Christ is no sterile formula. It lives and works, and its work is constant and never tiring. The spark of human sympathy flutters, blazes, and dies. The flame of Christian Charity, lighted by the torch of Faith, burns steadily and never dies, nor ever will.

The world lavishes its caresses upon those who please it, or flatter it, or attract it. The Church, seeing God in His creatures, extends her loving care instinctively to that which is abandoned, often disagreeable, frequently even offensive. The spirit of the world is generous to those who have something to give in return. The Church of Christ gives because there is nothing to get but the smile of God's approval. Here is the antithesis, obvious and essential, and never to be forgotten nor obscured in the minds of the Church's children. It was because all this was clear to the mind of Ozanam, that the great work of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul was founded, propagated throughout the world, and continues here in this city and this diocese to do a work which has brought solace and comfort to thousands of homes, but infinitely more than that, has rekindled the Faith that in many had languished, mended the broken hopes of thousands struggling against despair, and waked again through the Church's ministration thousands to a new life of patient endurance of God's will.

It is not my purpose now to enter into the details of the work of the Conference, but I pray God that He may

bless those who are doing it. They are, though stout of heart, too few in numbers for the needs that face us. Faith is in this life inseparable from Charity, and where the works of Charity languish it is easy to argue that the Faith is weak. God forbid that there should be any lessening in either the one or the other among the flock committed to my charge. Rather let our growth in generosity towards the poor, our coöperation in the maintenance and progress of the great institutions already established here, and in the founding of others still to answer present and future needs, correspond fully to the increase in the number of our faithful children and their prosperity, which, be assured, will only grow as the sublime virtue of Christian generosity and Christian Charity increase among them.

To arouse our Catholic population to a noble consciousness of what is being done by them and for them, to inflame every Catholic heart with a desire to share in the graces and blessings with which a thousandfold the great God of love repays every act done in His name, is the purpose of these meetings.

That this aim and object of the Conference of Catholic Charities be happily fulfilled is the fervent prayer of my heart and soul to-night.

TO ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS, IN THE CATHEDRAL

You have come here this morning to celebrate in a most fitting Christian manner this day set apart by the State to the honor of her patriots, and the cultivation of the spirit of patriotism. Patriotism is a sacred thing. It is the love of home, of family, of fatherland. Upon it rests the solidity of the social fabric, and therefore Christianity has blessed it and fosters it.

For God and for country: This is the motto of the Christian citizen, and after love of God he places in the highest rank love of home and country. Charity — affection — charity; this is the primal virtue of the Christian Faith. War, enmities, strife are only conceivable when the direst necessity of things compels them, so that the altars and the home may be protected. The Faith has its martyrs who have given their lives in the defense of Faith, but they have not roused the persecutions of which they were the victims. They sought no wars in which to win their glory. Only when all other resources have failed, when all other means have been tried, does the Christian countenance the horrors of strife, and he who would rouse the feelings of men to bloodshed and then make himself the victim of their anger in vain calls himself a martyr. Well did our great St. Patrick know the gospel of peace, and well he preached it, and well did our earliest Christian ancestors embrace that sacred gospel of the Prince of peace and concord, for throughout the length and breadth of the land which Ireland's holy

Apostle won to Christ, flourished the harmony of hearts and minds which only Christianity could bring. St. Patrick himself was no martyr, but a glorious confessor of the Faith, whose life was spent in pacifying the strife of humanity and realizing the law of Christian brotherhood.

So the true Christian patriot, he who loves best his country after God, rouses not the horrors of strife, but strives with might and main, and with a patience worthy of a Christian, rather to exhaust all other possible means and measures to safeguard the best interests of his country: and only when all has failed does he accept the other dire alternative, and then his courage in the fight surpasses his patience in enduring wrong.

To-day, then, it is well to honor the dead who for love of their native land poured out their lives with the generosity of martyrs, but let us not forget the confessors of patriotic love; they, who, though not dying for their country, have really lived for it. The times of martyrdom are rare; the duties of confessorship are always upon us. The duty to live by law, to strengthen and fortify the land by daily service in honesty and truth; the duty of upholding its credit by the highest integrity; the duty of sanctifying the home by chaste living; the duty of bringing down upon the land we love God's blessings by the strict observance of the laws of our Holy Religion; these are the duties which face us every day. Only those who perform them well are worthy to be reckoned, for their true devotion, among the patriots, who, confessors of love of God and of country, preserve the rich blessings of peace which the martyrs through bitter wars have won.

Sons of Patrick, beloved children in Christ, these are

the sentiments which bring you to-day into this sacred temple. Pray God that He may preserve strong in your minds and hearts the true virtues which constitute both religion and patriotism.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY IN THE FOURTH DIOCESAN SYNOD[1]

Venerable Brethren, — Wisely holy Mother Church, guided by the infallible Spirit of God, ordains and directs that at stated times the Bishop in the midst of his priests should hold discourse with them concerning the holiness of our calling, the responsibility of our state, the need of zealous care in the administration of the Sacraments, and of all those things which relate to sacred worship; and finally of that sacred discipline of life touching our relations to each other and to the world, which keep the bond of organic union between us all firm and strong.

Our Mother the Church knows both the sublimity of our calling and the weaknesses of our nature, the bond of charity which ought to unite us for good, and the human elements which tend to separation and divisions among us, the goal of our best efforts and the tendency of our nature, and how even the noblest aspirations may in time and by temptation be wrecked and blighted. By prudent statutes and wise canons she rescues us from our weaker selves, and keeps us through grace and guidance in the clear path of priestly duty.

Just as no single Catholic is left in isolation to grope after the truth, so no priest is abandoned to his own mood or whim in his sacerdotal ministry. Clearly and precisely the divine authority vested in those whose duty and responsibility it is to govern and direct the lambs

[1] Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Thursday, February 11, 1909.

and the sheep places the guide-posts and sets the lamps forth, so that tradition and statute make clear the path which at times is rough but never obscure.

We are assembled here this morning in the spirit of reverent docility and perfect faith. We know how weak we are, but how strong God is. We know that of ourselves we should be only the blind leading the blind, but that submitting our wills to the guidance of the Holy Spirit speaking through the Church's ordinances, we need not go astray ourselves, and may therefore venture to lead others.

We unite here that by union our strength may grow, that the presence of those exact in observance may be a light to the feet of the lax; that the bowed shoulders and the white hair of those old in good service, yet ever youthful in zeal, may be a stimulus to those who, while still young, feel at times the chafing of the sweet yoke; that the staunchness of the loyal may be a tonic to the fickle of heart; that, in a word, each may gather from all something helpful for himself in his failing strength, and that the lives of others prove the helpfulness of the laws and canons laid down for our observance.

To us, venerable Brethren, is intrusted the feeding of our portion of the flock of Christ, by the ministry of His divine Word and of His holy Sacraments. When we reflect upon the sacredness of our sublime ministry, its power to change the minds and hearts of men from evil ways to ways of virtue and peace, to sanctify the individual and the family and thus to transform society, we may well wonder at the embassy intrusted to our poverty, and adore the goodness of Him who has chosen us as His messengers to humanity. Our priesthood is always a miracle and a mystery, most of all to ourselves.

And yet not one of us here but knows that the divine power, even through our very weakness, has again and again been a tower of strength to the tempted, a light to those who saw only vaguely, and a haven to those hitherto tossed upon troublous seas.

Every priest not merely believes, but knows by experience within and without his own soul, that the priesthood is an awful and potent reality. He sees the results of that living force which he does not create, but of which he is the channel, a vital force which works through him, but only partially by him, since the wonderful results which that force produces are daily miracles of the soul far more wonderful than the healing of the sick or the moving of mountains. And from these actual results of his sacred ministry he knows that his priesthood is divine, that the priest is in truth *alter Christus*.

It is because this divine power is not ours absolutely, but only as Christ's messengers, that it must be exercised, not as we wish, but as He directs. This obedience to Christ's direction is the first requisite of His ambassador. Christ's guidance and direction in our sacerdotal life and action is made manifest to each of us by the laws and canons of that Church which is His living voice. The same power which established the priesthood established the Church's authority. They cannot be separated. The same power which exalted us to the throne of the priesthood bound us to strictest allegiance. We became princes and servants in the same moment. Princes to dispense, servants to obey.

Our priests understand well this fundamental truth. Failings and defects and the common weaknesses of humanity, alas, we doubtless have, but the pride of intel-

lect which calls error truth, and the pride of heart which calls service servitude, thank God, have not made their miserable abode with us. Our teaching may lack eloquence but not orthodoxy. Our feet may bear us slowly, but at least it is toward the law, not against it, that we all walk.

In this spirit we come together to refresh our memory of the statutes and renew our promises to observe them. Our actions and ministry in the Church have a two-fold relation — to the Church Universal and the Chief Shepherd of Christendom, and to that part of the Church committed to our keeping under allegiance to the Bishop. No parish is an isolated entity; if it were, it would cease to be Catholic. It has its diocesan ties binding it to many local communities through the diocesan Ordinary, and beyond these it has its larger but no less real and binding ties to all Christendom through the Apostolic See.

To every Catholic this double bond is a necessity. It is of the very nature of the Church. To those exercising the sacred ministry this must never be lost sight of — the parish, which in point of contact is nearest, is in point of fact, of authority, and of jurisdiction, the last link of the chain. For the centre, the essential is Peter, then the See of the bishop, then the parish, which remains Catholic only so long as it is bound to the great centre by faith and obedience.

It is precisely during such a gathering as the Synod that such primary facts and principles must be recalled; for the very object of the Synod is to make us realize that we are not separate units, each working his own way, but an organic body in which the members are directed from the head through various centres down to

the functions of each member. It is this principle which constitutes our dignity while it preserves order. The smallest parish gains a world status through Catholic unity, and the greatest becomes an isolated and insignificant locality apart from this vital intercommunion.

In this light the priest works for Christianity when he works for his parish, and he works for his parish when he helps on diocesan interests and the interests of the Father of Christendom. And this is the first law, for law it is, which I recall to your consideration. While occupied in parochial works we must beware of dwindling to a mere parochialism. The local interests are before us and must be met, but the diocesan interests are still parochial duties, and so also are the interests of the Apostolic See. Just as the local pastor has the right to coöperation and aid on the part of his flock, so has the local Chief Pastor, the Bishop, and the universal Chief Pastor, the Pope, the right to active, zealous, and constant aid on the part of every individual priest and parishioner.

It follows from this that every parish-priest is in duty bound to keep alive this vital principle of universality in the hearts of the flock intrusted to him, so that the habitual attitude among them is that of reverent docility to every official utterance of the Holy Father and the Bishop of the Diocese — in a word, the attitude of mind and heart, truly Catholic, of standing instinctively with and by the Church, that is, *sentire cum Ecclesia*.

Whether the subject be Church music or other such matters of discipline, or the duty of aid and assistance in maintaining and promoting the interests of the Church Universal; for instance, Peter's Pence, foreign missions, etc., or the local diocesan needs; the Seminary, diocesan

institutions of charity, the diocesan official organ, etc., the plain and simple duty of the parish-priest is to inculcate a spirit of coöperation in a Catholic sense. And far from having any shadow of right to diminish their importance, or to set before them or above them parochial considerations, he is culpable before the canons of the Church and is open to blame and penalty for such action.

It is well known that in these matters the people have a true instinct and a Catholic sense. It is the obvious duty of the pastor of a parish to strengthen and increase it. The fruits are invariably the greater zeal and interest all along the line, not merely general but local. The pastor who limits action, which every good Catholic knows ought to be coëxtensive with the Church universal, succeeds only in weakening zeal and interest in parochial matters themselves. It is parochial interests which suffer in the long run. In this connection I desire to put before the Clergy a few considerations which demand attention. In the matter of public institutions depending upon the generosity of the faithful, and which are maintained chiefly by authorized collections, I wish to state that the one most deserving every aid and coöperation is the Seminary.

The Seminary is the first care as it is the first necessity of a diocese. To carry on well a large and efficient school for the training of levites, to provide well and in a degree generously for their preparation, not only at home, but in the best ecclesiastical schools abroad, a large sum of money is an annual necessity. The Seminary collection is, after the collection for the Holy Father, the most important one of the year. I beg every priest of the Diocese to do his best to arouse to its highest mark the

interest of the people in this work so that we may be able to provide not stintingly, but well, for the work of the training of priests.

The other chief collection during the year is that to be designated hereafter as For Diocesan Charities to be taken up on some Sunday hereafter to be called Charity Sunday. This collection is to be used among such institutions and works of the Diocese as most need aid and which are responding most to diocesan needs.

The three great and most important diocesan collections of the year, therefore, which you are requested to place before the people of your respective parishes in a strong appeal to their generous faith are the Pope's collection, the collection for the Seminary, and the Charity collection.

I take this occasion to request all who have care of souls in this Diocese not only to use their best efforts to make these collections as large as possible, but to recommend to the faithful that in their last will the Seminary and the diocesan charities be remembered. Bequests to the Seminary may be left directly to that institution, but I recommend that all bequests for charity be left to the Archbishop to be disbursed by him to those charities which in his judgment are most needy. This method is by far the most efficacious way of leaving money to charitable institutions, for in this way alone the Diocese is surest of obtaining positive results, and in a manner most responsible and satisfactory. This wish expressed in Synod by the Ordinary of the Diocese should be at once made known to the people and to all Catholic lawyers.

The Diocese has vital interests to guard, immense property to safeguard, important public and civil rights to

maintain. These interests and rights must be vigilantly protected. There is never lack of activity in attempts to weaken our just claims to a public hearing and to our legal status. Those who have little sympathy with us, even when their open hostility to the Church is concealed, never fail to oppose our advance if possible by misrepresentation and misleading the public mind and public sentiment. Our liberty depends upon our vigilance and our ability and promptness to detect misrepresentation, and courageously to expose deceit and calumny, the aim of which is to hurt us in the public eye. In a democracy public sentiment is a great power — the greatest power. Our enemies have known this well, and we have suffered great losses by a lack of realization of our own legitimate power and rights. We are not merely a spiritual organization; we are a public corporate body of citizens, banded together for the highest personal and public interests, to protect and safeguard which we would lay down our lives. Our churches and schools are as sacred to us as our homes.

To defeat public attacks on our position and our vital interests we must have a public voice. That public voice is the press. There are times when silence is golden. There are other times when it is simply gilded cowardice passing for prudence. We are soldiers by consecration to the Church's defence. We want no war; we deplore and detest it. But we must not fear to fight when our citadel is insolently attacked. The enemy rarely risks his shot and shell if he knows there is a volley ready for him in advance. The Church's life is a warfare. None but those too indolent to watch are deceived by truces. The world never had any love for the Church and never will. Be appearances what they may there is always op-

position underneath. The lull between the clashes no one who really knows accepts for real peace. There never will be peace. When we are complacent the enemy suspects intrigue. When we attempt mutual agreements they see conspiracy. When we ask for justice we are told to be content with patronizing. When we ask to stand upon law, the law is suddenly changed. This is now, as it has always been, and ever will be till the end of time, the Church's struggle. Patience we must ever have, for it is God's interests which are at stake, and God is always patient. Be silent — never when it is our duty to speak out.

The words must be fearless if calm and must voice not the mere opinions of individuals, but the solemn and authoritative word of a powerful corporation. In a word, the word must be spoken by the official spokesman, the Bishop, and that is best effected by means of a public official organ. The diocesan paper is as much a necessity as a church. It is as much the duty of every priest in the Diocese to stand for it, aid it, and work for its widest diffusion among the people as it is to build and support a school. It is all for the self-same purpose, object and aim — the propagation and defense of Christian Catholic principles.

Our Holy Father, acknowledged as a Pontiff of superior human wisdom and practical good sense, has voiced all this in words which leave no doubt in the mind of the true priest: "In vain will you build and teach and preach unless you support and diffuse a diocesan paper." These, in brief, are his words. The priest who after hearing this still stands inactive, ready only to offer criticism, is unworthy of his office. It is as if the soldier in the face of attack stopped to quarrel over the varnish on his rifle.

Therefore, here in Synod, I desire solemnly to publish

that the duty of every priest of this Diocese to maintain, assist, and spread the influence, helpfulness and support of *The Pilot* is one binding in conscience, and that neglect to do so after this solemn and legal warning will be accepted and interpreted as a flagrant neglect of duty. If in order to spread and diffuse this official organ it be necessary to draw upon the funds of the parish, this may be done to a prudent degree, but an account of this money so expended must be given in the annual report.

There is one and only one official organ of the Diocese. All other papers, magazines, journals, reviews and calendars, whether for parochial or general distribution, on sale in any way, controlled, printed, or edited in this Diocese by priests of this Diocese, must have before further publication, under penalty of suppression, the written permit of the Archbishop, with the added understanding that all such printed matter is subject to all the conditions imposed by the laws of the Holy Office, and that for good and sufficient reason the Ordinary may at any time call for the discontinuance and suppression of such papers and calendars.

I appeal to all pastors to use every effort in their power to arouse a renewal of faith and religious ardor in the men of their flocks. On all sides attempts are being made to diminish their allegiance to the Church. Sunday afternoon meetings of Socialists, papers filled with tirades against the priesthood and the tyranny of ecclesiasticism; these and a thousand similar means are now being employed to poison the minds of the workingmen against the influences of religion.

We have only to look at the countries of Europe to realize what the manœuvre is and how successful are its

horrible results unless foreseen and met. When we realize how loyal our men are to us and to the Church's interests and think of what may happen if we are not vigilant, we cannot hesitate to give our best efforts toward any movement whose object is the strengthening of the bond which at once saves our flock and routs the threatening wolves. Workingmen's clubs, reunions, talks and lectures on Catholic topics of popular interest, personal kindly contact, willingness to assist them in difficulties — all these and similar proofs of sacerdotal zeal for their highest interests will bring forth fruits of attachment to the faith and confidence in God's ministers.

We recommend with all earnestness the work being done by the Holy Name Society throughout the Diocese. With God's help we shall not wait long for evidence of wonderful results deriving from the communions and the prayers of so many good men united in so holy a cause as the preservation of Faith and the living of a truly Christian life. Let the pastor of each parish make this Society the object of his special vigilance, and let the priest in charge of the Society study every method to awaken and sustain interest in it, and the fruits will be abundant far beyond our hopes.

This Society of the Holy Name is at present in an excellent condition of organization. It is not merely parochial, but its activity is stimulated and controlled by the central diocesan influence. The Chaplain-General being the Vicar-General, at stated times during the year, is directed and authorized to hold meetings of all the chaplains either in local divisions or in a general diocesan gathering, and his instructions and recommendations must be followed in the carrying out of this plan of unification and solidarity. This alignment of forces is certain to pro-

duce even in a short time far more excellent and enduring results than would ever accrue from separated energies, however zealous of themselves.

From the unification of one society it is only a step to the federation of them all, and if the welding into unity of one association is sure to produce an increase of strength, *a fortiori*, the diocesan federation is bound to multiply this spirit. It is not so much force that is needed as direction of force. There ought to be less skirmishing and more disciplined action. No need here now to repeat all that has been so lately said of the need and utility of federation. It is so entirely in harmony with the spirit and tactics of Catholic action that no one can doubt its advantages. We have not always need of active manœuvres; we do need always a wall of defense, and that is precisely what Leo XIII, of holy memory, called the work of federation.

Not merely societies but parishes should be represented in this union of Catholic interests and, though the laity must be schooled to take a courageous stand when circumstances demand it, they must not be left to waste their forces in misguided action, but must look for direction and restraint, often quite as important as action, to their priests, who by training and experience may guide them, not merely in what to do but in what not to do, that the highest interests of all may be protected. Federation in this Diocese is launched and under way. What is needed is active coöperation, and that we trust you will generously give.

We may well congratulate ourselves on the flourishing condition of our schools. Nowhere, I venture to say,

is better and more efficient work being done for the cause of Catholic training than here, and we have every reason to believe that the standard already so high will be perseveringly maintained. The pupils of the present generation will be the Catholic men and women of the next, the strength of whose faith and the generosity of whose coöperation in Catholic action will depend almost entirely upon their present training.

While providing to the best of our ability for this essential need of Catholic education in our parish schools we must not be guilty of neglecting those children, who for one reason or another do not or cannot enjoy the inestimable blessing of the parish-school training. They even more than the others need constant and clear instruction in the principles of the Faith. For this reason we hereby solemnly enjoin upon every parish priest of this Diocese the duty of providing religious instruction for these children at least once a week outside the regular Sunday-school hours, and this not merely in preparation for First Communion and Confirmation, nor simply for the repetition of the catechism, but especially in post-confirmation classes, by useful and interesting instructions in certain periods of Church History, and in general Catholic duty and conduct. Needless to say that such instruction must, to obtain its full profit, be regular and carefully prepared. If the pastor be unable to undertake it himself, it should be solemnly intrusted to such priests as show themselves best fitted for so responsible a work.

And now, having dwelt upon these general principles, let us briefly direct your attention, in an especial way, to a few of the Statutes of the Diocese which demand emphasis and attention.

Decrees (1) It has been decided by the Sacred Congregation of Rites not once, but repeatedly, that the altar should be lighted by candles only. This means not merely the table of the altar and the steps, but the reredos and whatever pertains directly to the altar. Electricity is never to be used for theatrical effect, but merely for lighting the church.

(2) High Mass must be sung in every parish church of the Diocese on Sundays and Holydays of obligation throughout the year. In summer, short and simple music will reduce the time required.

(3) All expensive pomp and elaborate and floral display should be discouraged at funerals.

(4) The greatest possible care should be exercised in procuring pure wine for the celebration of Mass.

(5) The prayer "Blessed be God" should be recited after Low Mass and Benediction. Copies are to be found at the Catholic book-stores.

(6) A short instruction rarely exceeding five minutes, must be given to the people at all Low Masses on Sundays and Holydays of obligation. The sermon at High Mass ought rarely to exceed half an hour and should consume nearly that.

(7) Pastors are particularly recommended to exact from all those preaching in the parish church a sermon, dignified, vital, and manifesting careful preparation, and not to pass by without correction any exhibition of carelessness or indifference in so solemn a duty.

(8) The soutane is to be worn in and about the house and church at all times.

(9) All the expenses of housekeeping, including heat, light, and water, must be paid out of the revenue of the parish-priest; not out of church money.

(10) All money belonging to the church or the parish in any way must be deposited in the name of the parish with the parish-priest as treasurer.

(11) All deeds of church and school property must be deposited in Chancery.

(12) The money derived from the sale of lots in the cemeteries in no sense belongs to the priest in charge of the cemetery. The cemetery is diocesan and not parochial property, and the Bishop may appoint to administer it whomever he sees fit.

An exact account of all receipts and expenditures made in and for the cemetery must be made annually, and the proceeds, after paying for care and maintenance, are to be directed to that use and purpose which the Bishop names and appoints.

(13) The Cathedraticum as at present regulated is neither adequate to the growing needs of this great Diocese nor equally distributed. The Cathedraticum will hereafter, beginning with the present year, be four per cent of the money derived from pew rent and seat money. The Christmas and Easter collections, the Offertory collection, and the baptisms and marriages are all, as heretofore, ceded to the pastor for the proper and becoming maintenance of the parish household, and only after this has been provided for may the residue be in conscience appropriated to his own use and ownership.

We wish, however, to be understood that such legislation is not to be interpreted as unchangeable.

(14) When the balance on hand of a parish having no indebtedness amounts to a sum exceeding ten thousand dollars, the surplus over that amount is to be deposited with the Bishop for the use of the parish.

(15) No expenditure exceeding one hundred dollars for repairs or changes in parish property may be made without the permission in writing of the Ordinary.

(16) Insurance on all church property must be taken out through Chancery. Policies at present held otherwise must be transferred at the first opportunity.

(17) Strict attention is called to the Statute forbidding the absence of any priest from his parish over Sunday without permission. Nor does this mean that any priest, pastor, or curate may absent himself between Sundays so as to be absent notably from his parish. Residence is a duty binding in conscience and legally. Continual going about, protracted absence from the parish, constant visits, frequent vacations, all these abuses produce visible evils.

Every priest, and first and by strict moral obligation, the parish priest, is bound not merely to residence, but to active work in the parish. This is not confined to the caring for the finances, but must extend to preaching and the administering of the Sacraments.

(18) All signboards, including names and addresses of undertakers, sextons, etc., are to be at once removed from the church walls.

(19) It is strictly prohibited to all priests of this Diocese to mix in political affairs. When the welfare of the Church demands it, the Bishop will not hesitate to voice the religious rights of his flock, and no one without his permission or approval may take this responsibility upon himself, be he cleric or layman.

Usually only harm comes to the Church from meddling irresponsibly with parties and politicians, and the priest should beware of being led or influenced into public pronouncements in these matters, for what he

says will inevitably be distorted to merely partisan ends. Least of all should any priest denounce from the pulpit or in a religious meeting any person running for political office or exercising public functions of government. There are many and prudent ways apart from this in which, if it is considered really a duty, the priest may make his opinion known. But he has no right to compromise his sacred office and the Church's interests.

(20) Hereafter no eulogy will be preached at funerals without the consent of the Archbishop. Permission will be given only rarely.

Such in brief, venerable Brethren, are the considerations of those sacred duties binding upon us all, which in this present Synod it seems well to recall to your attention. Without a clear understanding of them and a faithful observance of them much of our efforts may be easily dissipated and brought to naught. Our relations are made clearer by the law, but behind the mere letter of the law there must be that sacred spirit of the law animating it and sanctifying it.

This Synod, in enunciating clearly our obligations, enlightens our path, but the strength to walk straightly in that path is of God. The Spirit of God hovers over this holy place. The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete promised by Christ to His Church, to guide and direct her at all times, will not forsake us in our need of courage and fidelity, and while thus we bring this Synod to a happy conclusion, we beg His constant assistance and never-failing consolations, so that our weak and failing strength may be fortified by His presence, and that what we so unworthily attempt in His name may by Him be brought to a bountiful and blessed fruitfulness.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S ORDINATION[1]

PREFATORY NOTE

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination in Rome on June 8, 1909, while attending the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the foundation of the American College. This celebration happily coincided with the Archbishop's first "ad limina" visit to Rome as Archbishop of Boston.

On his return to his see, the clergy and laity of the archdiocese had prepared a great public reception for the Archbishop's home-coming, and they took advantage of the occasion to celebrate publicly the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This notable commemoration consisted in the celebration by His Grace of a Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on the morning of June 30. During the solemn function an address of welcome was delivered by the Right Reverend Joseph G. Anderson, V. G., the auxiliary bishop of Boston, to which the Archbishop responded.

In the evening of the same day the celebration assumed the form of a public demonstration in Mechanics Building, at which the Governor of the Commonwealth and the Mayor of the City assisted and in which they took a distinguished part. This demonstration was at-

[1] Speeches, etc., delivered at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross and Mechanics Building, Wednesday, June 30, 1909.

tended by almost twelve thousand people. The chairman for the evening exercises was the Hon. Judge Murray, who introduced the various distinguished speakers.

RESPONSE TO ADDRESS BY BISHOP ANDERSON

With sentiments of profound gratitude we accept, Rt. Rev. Bishop, the expression of filial devotion, which you have voiced so nobly for the whole Clergy of this Archdiocese. It is a matter of exceeding great joy for us to see around us to-day, after our long absence, such a representation of our noble Clergy and devoted people, assembled here to give us welcome and to commemorate with us the Silver Jubilee of our Priesthood.

The memory of the great day is strong upon us, the happiest day in all our lives, when the Chasuble fell over our shoulders, clothing us in the dignity of our eternal Priesthood. What thoughts come back to us over all the rush of years which have passed since that unforgettable day; what recollections of highest purposes and noblest aspirations which on that day, twenty-five years ago, filled heart, and mind, and soul. And following fast upon them, come the myriad memories of weakness and unworthiness; thus mingling the thoughts of all that God would have us do, with the knowledge of how miserably we have often failed in the accomplishment. It is the endless story, running through all the ages, of God's strength and human frailty; of highest ideals inspired by the breath of His Holy Spirit, and poor, weak nature shambling and limping over the difficult path and the rugged way. It is well that we realize that of ourselves we can do nothing; that what we do, is at best but poorly done; but that God, in His infinite mercy more than supplies the

dreadful lack of our poor infirmities. In all the history of the Church there have been many great and good Priests, but only one perfect Priest. He was the Great High Priest Himself, Jesus Christ, our Lord. And were it not for the thought that with all our unworthiness, He Himself has called us to His side, to work with Him and for Him, many times our hands would have dropped powerless by our sides, and often our feet would have failed us in the narrow path, which he who enters the sanctuary must tread.

But to-day is a day of Jubilee and rejoicing. To-day we stand at His Holy Altar, invested only with the best which our Priesthood has accomplished; with all that God has achieved through us; asking His forgiveness for all that in which our poverty of soul and weakness of spirit have fallen short or failed. To-day the array of what is best in our priestly life stands here before us, to comfort, to cheer, and encourage us — the thousands of Masses, each one sufficient to redeem ten thousand worlds; the countless Confessions heard from trembling lips and the countless absolutions bringing strength to failing hearts; the visits to the suffering, the strong word to the weak, the many Levites prepared for the service of the Altar, the thousands of children strengthened by the Chrism of Salvation, the groups of holy women counseled, the myriad priests directed and assisted, in a word, all that during these twenty-five years we have feebly endeavored to do for God's glory and humanity; all these recollections for the moment crowd up before us and bid us look upward and go forward courageously, mindful like St. Paul rather of God's all-powerful help than our own utter insignificance.

There is one thing which more than all the rest gives

me special consolation on this anniversary, — it is the thought that whatever I have received in my whole priestly career has come to me direct from him who is the living representative of Christ upon earth. I was ordained in the Cathedral of Rome by the Vicar of the Supreme Authority, Leo XIII; I was called to the Eternal City to preside over our National College there; and again by him I was sent to govern the See of Portland. By Pius X, gloriously reigning, I was sent to the court of the Mikado as his personal envoy, and from his own lips received the commission to my present office; and here next my heart I wear the precious Cross, given me with his own hands on the anniversary of my ordination, "as a pledge" I quote his own words, "of his very particular affection."

No one I think ought to wonder, if I repeat what before in this very place I have already expressed, and which, Monsignor, you have again to-day voiced, that, since our faith teaches us that events like these of such immense import, happen not merely by chance, but by the design of God Himself, this constant succession of acts of more than exceptional benevolence from the Vicar of Christ on earth, indicates for me the plan of God Himself in my behalf for some purpose of His own. That this design of God, whatever it is, I may in some part at least feebly accomplish, is my daily and most fervent prayer. To God and the Holy See I owe all that has come to me as Priest and Prelate. My indebtedness is surely great, but I rejoice to-day that my debt is to them alone.

Another reflection brings me both strength and consolation. I say here to-day, and I can say it proudly before all the world in the most literal sense of the word, that in all these twenty-five years, whatever may have been my own misgivings, I have never yet received the

smallest or slightest sign of disapproval, correction or rebuke, from those to whom alone I was responsible under God; not only that, but more, every single promotion and advancement has come to me as a sign of satisfaction and approval of my work from my Ecclesiastical Superior, endorsed by the Supreme Head of the Church. If there is any more regal road or more honorable path than this, it has not been revealed. Nay, I dare to say, nothing more than this, according to every principle of human and divine wisdom, can give one the assurance that he is in his rightful place, and that whatever his difficulties may be, God is certainly with him. The applause of inferiors, and I say it respectfully, and the complacency of equals, pleasant as they may be, and as they certainly often are, can never rank in the significance of their meaning or the strength of their support with that unfailing strength which can come alone from the endorsement and approval of those placed over us by God Himself, and whose slightest token of approbation is worth more than the applause of all the world beside. When a soldier has received his general's approbation, he is sure that all is well with him. All other approbation or applause can only be the echo of his general's satisfaction in him, and in what he has done. By every sign that human nature can read, therefore, as a soldier, I have served loyally and true, and now, as a general, I have in some measure earned the same quality of service from those over whom I have been placed. To the ecclesiastic, whatever be his station, the surest sign that his work is on the right lines and that he himself is in good order, is not the fleeting popularity of his fellows, not the futile applause of those who to-day smile and to-morrow will frown; that is a poor will-o'-the-wisp to follow.

The Priest or Bishop who hopes to keep his own self-respect and his own peace of mind has but one unfailing test and guide, and that is the approval of those to whom alone, under God, he is responsible; and when he has that, he can face the world fearless by day, and, possessed of a quiet conscience, sleep well at night.

Another thing for which, to-day, I return thanks to God, is the inestimable boon of a tried and true friendship, — friendship as unselfish, loyal and strong as man can know. It is that which through these many years has made a heavy burden seem light, and a path strewn with many difficulties seem smooth and easy. Wherever my duty has called me (and my labor has extended into three continents), I have found from my associates both affection and confidence; and I may be pardoned, if I boast, that not one of those whom God has given to me, have I lost. The years seem only to strengthen the bonds of respect and fidelity, and I treasure them, as well one may, whose path in life is upon the cold grandeur of the hills, amid the solitude of great cares. Outside and beyond this intimate realm, in which any man can count but few, are those who have become dear to me in laboring with them and for them.

There are, thank God, living to-day, many near and dear to me in the fields of my former labors, whether it be in Medford, or the old West End, where I labored as a curate in the earliest years of my ministry, or later still in the Eternal City, which for me is a second home, or later still in Portland, and throughout Maine. I can count to-day numberless cherished relations, the memories of which are filled with consolation. Protestant and Catholic alike, men in the highest civil and social stations, as well as in the humblest walks of life, who are bound

to me by countless recollections of endearment; their many deeds of kindness, of coöperation and encouragement will remain with me while life lasts, and to-day I feel their presence around me as strongly and as vividly as if they were bodily here.

The path of the priest, if generally a solitary one, is, in another and a higher sense, more filled with consolation than any other; for this great family of hearts, which his words and his works have won to him, are often knit to his life with firmer bonds than any human fatherhood can know. And I cannot tell with what inexpressible joy throughout all these years I have witnessed the tender solicitude with which the hundreds of these various companions of my toils and labors, lay and clerical, Catholic and those not of the Household of Faith, have followed my every step in the path which has led up finally to this day's glorious Jubilee. May God bless them for their fidelity, and reward them for their loyalty.

And last, though not least, am I sincerely grateful to God for that unbroken vigor of mind and body, which during this quarter of a century has never failed me for a single day, and which has stood me in good stead in many a trying pass. My work has never been light. I have had no sinecure in all these years; but the good God, it would seem, has fitted the back for the burden. For such poor talents as I have received, I am equally grateful. At least I can say I have not hid them in a napkin nor buried them. To the best of my light, I have honestly endeavored to use them in the work set before me. And now I can only regret that they are not greater in a post where even the greatest and noblest gifts of mind and heart are a daily necessity.

Let me add this closing word: I came among you, be-

loved Priests of Boston, and dear people, as the first quarter of a century of my service was closing. You gave me then fit greeting of a noble clergy and a devoted people to their Bishop.

Three years ago, in this very place, amid a scene we are never likely to forget, we stood face to face and pledged each to the other our mutual aid and support. Those pledges are still too fresh to need renewal. We have but to recall them to-day, as we spoke them then, and when they are spoken they are but the merest recognition of those sacred obligations which God and the Church demand from both sides, — fatherly solicitude on the one hand, filial reverence on the other. To-day's reunion cannot but serve to recall both the scene and the pledge. In our heart of hearts we renew them. There can be neither strength nor happiness if they are absent. We are still at the beginning, and no beginning could be more promising. For the general order, discipline and moral prosperity, of this whole diocese, there is only one ultimately responsible, and that is the Bishop.

The responsibility is one which often weighs heavily, for in the end, counsel and confer as he may, his own best judgment, enlightened by God's help, must be his guide. And the reasons which direct or impel him to action must often, on account of their very nature, be known only to himself. That, often, will be his greatest cross. For the best of intentions will sometimes, inevitably, be misjudged, and the highest purposes will oftentimes be misconstrued, but he must silently proceed on the path of rugged duty. The man who expects aught else will find few consolations under the mitre. When every priest is intent upon his own work, and each one has more than enough to employ all his time and all his

talents, and each is contributing his share to good order and harmony, there is sure to be God's blessing and great peace of mind over all the Diocese.

Boston has taken its place among the Churches of the Nation and the World. From Bishop, Priest and People great things for God are naturally expected by him who governs the Church universal. Each one of us, by loyalty, fidelity, and coöperation, can help to fulfill the high hopes of the Vicar of Christ in this portion of the Lord's Vineyard. In God's name then let us to the work. Out with all that is petty and puny, and on with those noble motives which alone are worthy of our high calling.

Let each one of us turn to the task at his hand with a strong heart and a high purpose, and let each combine with all the rest in the strength of that unity which God demands of us and the Church exacts from us. Thus let the new epoch open; an epoch blossoming with hope and trust. In God's name into it we now enter.

RESPONSE TO ADDRESSES OF CONGRATULATION

Would that my voice might reach, not only to the uttermost limits of this great hall, but out and beyond it to bring to all the acknowledgment of my heart-felt thanks for this truly royal welcome home. The feelings of the traveler returning to his native shores, as they have often been expressed in prose and poetry, seem rather weak and commonplace, but the sentiments themselves, which the home-comer alone can feel, remain always the same, and they are all summed up in the simple words, which come naturally to the lips of every voyager returning to his own, "How good it is to be home again."

Few of the many thousands returning to their native

shores behold what I see here before me to-night, the highest officials of State and City, and thousands of fellow citizens and friends, gathered to give me welcome. I am not unaware that much of this friendly greeting is given to me as a mark of respect to the office which I hold, and to the people which I represent, but I venture to think that some small part of it at least is meant for my own unworthy self.

Affection can only be repaid by affection, and again I ask you, Is there one in all Massachusetts who does not know how much I love her institutions, her people, and her very soil?

This morning in the Cathedral I returned the cordial salutations of my dear priests and faithful people. To-night I speak to the great public at large.

No one in Europe any longer doubts about the important place which our beloved country holds among the great nations of the earth — a position which every year is growing in glory and universal significance. The great ways of trade and commerce are constantly growing higher and broader. The American tourist finds his way to every nook and corner of Europe. Our adopted citizens, in their constant visits to their own homes, carry back with them tales of plenty, of freedom and of prosperity. Many of the great families of Europe, wielding tremendous influence of prestige and power, are half American. And all these things have their influence upon the minds of European statesmen, philosophers, and financiers. America can never again be ignored. She stands firm in her place, and henceforth must be respected and reckoned with. In the witty speech of my own dear race "the American abroad is at home." All this serves to emphasize the rapidity of our growth and

the importance of our influence, and in this growth New England, Massachusetts, Boston, undoubtedly have a very considerable share. Let others claim the primacy of commerce, but no one can deny that even to-day, all over Europe, the American primacy of art and intellect is still conceded to the Hub. We are proud that it is so, and as her children it is our duty in our day and time to contribute something to the honor of a State and a City, so glorious already by the achievements of great sons. I have but little to offer in the great monument these sons of hers are building, but what I have of that I freely have given.

While conscious of my place in this great historic Church, I have ever sought to be equally mindful of what I owe to this City, State, and Nation, as a humble private citizen. As such my aim has been to hold firmly and fearlessly to the glorious standard of what is best and noblest in civic life, that my country may be in some small sense always the gainer and never for a moment the loser, by any deed or word of mine, or of the least of her sons to whom my influence reaches.

Out with all that is narrow and petty and base, and up with the brotherhood of the best — that is the platform upon which, when I came to you, I took my stand. Upon that platform I stand to-night. My work as a Bishop is among my own, but let no man think that my work as a Bishop circumscribes or contracts the love of my heart for all the people of this broad land, and for every citizen that dwells in this city, of which we are all justly so proud. No, a thousand times, no. There is no single act of mine as Bishop which is not at the same time an act of devoted and loyal service to Boston and the Commonwealth. For the sanctity of human relations,

the sacredness of law, the duty of honor, lie at the very base of all civic life, and the upbuilding of these holy sentiments constitutes my daily task not merely to my own people, but to all. As a prelate of my Church I am in very truth and in all that the word conveys, the truest servant of the best and highest which the State requires. That, Your Excellency, is the meaning of your presence here to-night; that, Your Honor, is why you have come here to bid me welcome. From my heart I thank you for the honor, the stimulus, and the courage, which your distinguished presence brings me. That, too, best beloved people and dear citizens, is why you also have assembled here to welcome me back among you.

My well-earned and well-enjoyed rest is ended. I am back again to labor for God, for my people, and for you all. Help me, I beg of you, to labor still better; aid me that my poor strength may not altogether fail; give me not for a single night, not merely for a great occasion like this, but every day through the years to come, your confidence, your assistance, your love.

ADDRESS TO THE EDUCATION ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

It gives me great pleasure to welcome to Boston the Catholic Education Association for its sixth annual congress. Our great cities have, like the children of a large family, each its own distinguishing traits and characteristics, its own peculiar physiognomy, so to speak, its own geographical advantage, and its own moral and mental make-up. And — just as in the case of man — art, cultivation and tradition in the course of time have much to do with both. Your purpose in coming to Boston is not, of course, merely to seek its beauty of seashore or a comfortable climate. Yet both are worthy of consideration for those who, after months of fatigue in the classroom, have a just right to rest and recreation.

Our city, with its suburbs and surroundings, its extensive seashore, its lovely parks, its glorious monuments of historical interest, will naturally contribute to your pleasure and interest, during your all too brief sojourn among us. But we have something more to offer besides scenery and climate and monuments, beautiful and interesting as all these will be to you. I think that it is generally agreed that the special distinguishing feature of Boston, as one of the numerous grown-up children of the American family, is its well-earned reputation for the love of educational interests. Men may differ, as we do, in our conceptions of what these interests are and ought to be, but I think all will agree that nowhere in all America is the cultivation of mind or pursuit of

the intellectual life held in higher honor than in this Athens of America.

Nowhere in all this country are there so many institutions of high order and well-merited fame; nowhere else do so many thousands of American youth gather at the feet of learned masters for direction in the glorious path of learning; nowhere else is the general public spirit of the people so full of enthusiasm and applause for all those who are striving to add their mite to the great universal treasure-house of culture in the arts and sciences. Nowhere, I venture to say, on this account could you receive more kindly greeting or cordial welcome as men and women devoted to a noble calling, and nowhere, I am sure, could you find yourselves more at home, for the whole population of this Commonwealth and city have nothing but the profoundest respect for the glorious title of teacher. And your coming to advance the cause of learning, to raise higher still the triumphant standard of Christian education, is hailed by all here as an omen of the best that Boston loves.

If this be true in general of all our people, it is doubly, trebly true, of the people and priests of this great diocese, who have done so much in the past, who are doing now miracles of sacrifice and noblest zeal for the progress of the cause in which you are the honored champions. You who know the difficulties to be overcome, the lack of material means, the former tepidity of interest, beholding to-day our prosperous scholastic conditions, our flourishing college, now at the birth of a new and glorious era of an enlarged usefulness under its energetic and devoted president, our numerous preparatory schools advancing steadily, our many academies for young women, where is all that is best in Christian

womanhood, our ever-growing number of splendidly equipped parish schools; beholding, I say, all these signs and wonders, you must realize that this diocese, with its priests, its magnificent corps of devoted religious and its strongly Catholic-minded faithful, stands in the very vanguard of Christian education.

All this to you, whose holiest and best interests are bound up in what that word represents, will mean more than anything I could say to you. Not merely the general public, all, as I have said, lovers of culture and refinement, welcome your coming and will watch with profound interest your doings here, but every Catholic father and mother offers you heartfelt greetings, as an augury of the success of the great plans which you have come here to deliberate and mature. For me, personally, no one more than myself feels how fraught with the hopes of great and good things for religion, is your coming congress.

During the past year Boston has been alive with a high degree of activity to every cause which tends to spiritual advancement and progress. Her temples have resounded again and again with the bugle call to higher duties and loftier responsibilities. Her streets have re-echoed to the tread of thousands and thousands of noble Catholic men, with face turned to the east, marching with high spirits toward the hopes of a glorious future for the Church. In this good old Puritan city, the Catholic name has grown to be a power and a strength, and thousands of her sons stand forth conspicuous in their devotion to all that is best in the religious life of a people.

The flame of faith never burned so brightly as it does to-day in the hearts of Boston's Catholic children. To-day there reigns throughout the diocese the highest and

holiest enthusiasm for all the sacred interests of Holy Church. And this present congress in the cause of Christian education, reaching out as it does to the very culminating point of intellectual and moral progress, will be, as it were, the very crown of the phenomenal activity of the last two years. So, in my own name and in the name of this vast diocese, I bid you welcome. But I have for you even nobler greeting. The Holy Father bade me to say to you that he watches with the keenest interest the outcome of your present meeting. Well informed as he is of all that you are laboring to accomplish, he sends you, through me, his paternal benediction.

Beholding the wreck and ruin which the false ideals of education are bringing upon those nations who have debased and disfigured their once glorious ideals, and realizing as he does that the root of the whole malady is the pagan ideal animating society, he calls out to the whole world a warning, — the warning of a father solicitous for the welfare of his children. If the holy years of childhood are to be left without moral restraint or guidance, if youth and young manhood are to be cast out upon life without rule or compass, what inevitably must be the end of civilization and society?

By the Bishops of the Church here the holiest interests are entrusted to your keeping. Under the guidance of your Bishops, who are by right divine the teachers of their flocks, and have the grave responsibility of assisting you in your labors and directing you in your efforts, you must strive earnestly. On your part you must be faithful to them, for you are but helpers of the hierarchy in the feeding of the flock of Christ. Teaching is not a thing apart, a profession isolated from the general work of the Church. It is but one portion of that sacred

ministry of the word, the teaching of which was first entrusted to the Apostles, and after them to their successors, the Bishops of the Church, for all time. There is no disunion or dismemberment in the Church's ministrations. No man and no body of men stands apart in the Church's wonderful organization. There is coördination and subordination all along the line of the whole diocese, with all its varied activities, to the Bishop, and of the Bishop to the Holy See. In the last analysis, according to that wonderful system that runs through the whole Church, the episcopate is entirely responsible, and the episcopate, governed by those wise regulations which the wisdom of the Holy See has framed for its guidance, entrusts this particular share of its multiform labors to those who by vocation and training are best fitted for the task.

It is this union of all through the episcopate to the Holy See which constitutes the real strength of the Church's position. In whatever work is undertaken in the name of the Church, whether it be the administration of the Sacraments, the preaching of the word of God, the teaching and training of youth, or any other phase of spiritual ministration, there is the ecclesiastical régime for the guidance of the mind toward truth and the forming of the will toward goodness.

Pius X, wise and practical as he has shown himself to be in every act of his wonderful pontificate, stands, as he must, for organization and unity, and his constant cry to all those offering their services and aid in every work, moral, intellectual, or social, is "Stand with your Bishops: seek their counsel and direction and follow their guidance scrupulously."

Your work, if you hope to make it truly efficacious,

stable, permanent, and truly progressive, while at the same time, wisely conservative, must be no exception to the general system which controls and directs every activity in the whole Church all over the world. You must strive in this coming congress of yours, first and last, for united effort under the Church's constituted authority. No work has succeeded for long without this, and the work of Christian education, all important as it is, cannot be suffered to undergo hazard and risk.

Union, harmony, alliance, organization must all be the watchwords of every session of your congress.

No amount of good will or zeal in other directions will bring the success which can come alone from unity. These are the sentiments I bring you from Rome, from all the great men of the Church, who watch with earnest solicitude our growth and progress here. With the blessing of the Holy Father upon your deliberations, with earnest good will on your part to work, not for a partial good, not for a local interest, but with heart, mind and soul for the strengthening and elevating of Christian education in this whole country, you cannot fail. And this congress can, if you will, — and remember the responsibility is all your own, and the glorious opportunity also, — be made an epoch-making congress in the whole history of Catholic education here.

With these words and sentiments of highest confidence and fullest encouragement, sanctified and confirmed by the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, your congress opens.

What a glorious opportunity awaits you here and now, for God and country! Outside the Church's pale men are groping in doubt and darkness for the great principles upon which all civilization and society rest.

Where the light of faith has gone out there is naught but gloom and confusion. The very simplest and most fundamental truths are being questioned. The whole aspect of life is changing. Out of darkness millions of hands are reaching for something that is secure. Out of the babel of myriad voices, each crying its own panacea, arises only the dismal discord of a vain and purposeless philosophy. Amid all the splendor which prosperity and wealth show forth, there is a pathetic hollowness and shallowness which foretells great moral danger. The children are stretching forth their hands for bread, and many a heartless scheme called education is offering them only a stone.

A generation has arisen which is famishing for the food which nourishes the whole man. It is cruel beyond words to behold the methods by which their tired-out brains are crammed full, still with the dry and fruitless morsels which have not a drop of moisture, not an atom of nourishment for that in man which is his best and innermost self.

What is it to me that the planets are peopled if I am starving here, and my planet has neither hope beyond the grave, nor consolation in moral anguish! What does it matter to me if by the wonderful wireless message my words are carried over oceans, if from my little bark, in which all that life holds for me is contained, I must toss unguided upon the boundless sea, with no port into which I may safely and securely enter at last!

Is not all the meaning of science man's fuller happiness? And if the key to eternal happiness is lost, what boots it to be possessed of free entry to every palace in every kingdom of the wide world?

What is education in the end but the preparation

for life? And what is life? Here begins the confusion which ends in the destruction of the very primary principles of education. If life is but the passing chance of material happiness and sensual enjoyment, a materialistic philosophy will frame its base view of education upon that degraded foundation and the schools will turn out monsters with neither mind nor soul.

If the conception of life be utilitarian, the schools will turn out money machines. If the scope of life be considered merely intellectual acumen, the schools will develop clever criminals. All these views of life are radically or essentially false and, therefore, every system of education built upon them as a foundation is radically and essentially false. The truest philosophy the world has ever known, after its investigations, its experiments, its reasonings and its deductions, has always finally knelt at the feet of religion for its final answer to the all-absorbing question — what is life? And religion the world over, under whatever name, in whatever guise, has been the only exponent of a sufficient answer to this question.

Here again, though all religions differ in their definiteness of response, they all agree in this that somehow, in some way, man is not meant for this world alone and that life in its fullest sense is more than mere thought or intellect or mind, and that that indefinable something which men call "soul," and which is more than mind, is at the very basis of each individual human being. But there is only One in all the world who has taught humanity what life really is, whence it comes and what its destiny is. Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, revealed to a world which had wandered into every realm of false philosophy and false belief the only true conception of existence and destiny. To know, to love and

to serve God, whatever our position, wherever we are, and whatever we do, this is the sublime and only answer to all questioning humanity.

His Church alone has held true to His answer. She loves every revelation of true science, because it reveals to her more clearly the knowledge of Him who is all truth. Firm as the pillar and ground of truth, she watches unmoved the vain speculation of idle dreamers who to-day are famous and to-morrow are forgotten. She has sent forth her children, her apostles, her priests and her holy religious into all lands to learn as well as to teach, and they have weeded out and sifted all that human learning and research have gathered, and have woven into a solid and compact system those principles upon which the very best and noblest education must rest securely for all the ages to come.

Again and again restless minds, tired of the solemn grandeur of perennial principles, have rushed into novelties and experiments, but again and again have they turned, tired of their vain search, and have sat down at the feet of the Eternal Master. This country has had its share of fruitless experimentalists. The pendulum has swung far, almost to the point of escape, but let us look around us and take courage from the open and public declarations which to-day the men, acknowledged to be the leaders of education here and about us, have the honesty and sincerity, and let me add, the courage to proclaim. They are tired of mere experimentalism, and the parents, and society at large are even more weary than they, and they are returning a wiser, if sadder, group of men from the fruitless search after the famous intellectual Eldorado, to the simple and solid principles of centuries ago, adopted and used by the Catholic Church; namely, that true

learning and real education consist in the building-up of the whole man, and in that upbuilding the structure of the moral edifice must have an infinite preponderance and care. So you, who come here together, representing, as you do, the teaching-body of the Church in its scholastic branches, learned priests, members of the great religious orders, whose history is the history of education, stand firm in a fearless conservation with the Eternal Mother of truth as your guide! While clinging tenaciously and rigidly to the wisdom which she has wrested from the ages, accept only that which is really an acquisition from what the present offers.

St. Benedict, St. Thomas, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. John de La Salle, the great founders and world-famed professors of the grand universities of Europe and the illustrious organizers and framers of common school education! What has a later world to offer that can compare with the learning, the wisdom, the sound judgment, and the magnificent devotion of these intellectual glories of the Church and humanity?

What other men in all the world have conferred such lasting good upon all society as these truly great educators? I am not arguing for a stand-still attitude. I know the value of progress well, but I also know that not everything that calls itself progress is truly such, and that not infrequently the man who has mistaken his path is far wiser to turn back to the secure road than lose himself irretrievably and to no purpose in the growing entanglement which leads to nowhere. I am firmly convinced that in some instances we have been rather inclined toward the influence of experimentalism, of which the atmosphere all about us is full, and that we have been too sensitive of being considered old-fashioned.

Let us seriously ponder what have these new fashions produced. What are their fruits? Formerly, universities turned out men of solid learning with minds solidly based upon sound principles, with a real knowledge of the best literature of the age and with what is even of more value, a profound and habitual love of study. What they knew they knew well, and their knowledge, if not embracing every ephemeral theory, was thoroughly broad and comprehensive. Their minds were fitted for whatever specialty they afterward chose to pursue. Their culture was, as it were, pyramidal, with the foundation broad and secure of both mind and character, and upon this foundation they laid a superstructure of refinement and cultivation which pointed ever upwards as it rose. The classics were household friends. They thought as well as read, and they could write something well worth the reading. There was a dignity accompanying their learning which gave them nobility of thought as well as refinement of manner.

What have we now in place of this? The foundations are abbreviated and curtailed until indeed so little is left of them that whatever is afterward built upon them, no matter how high it may reach, is in perpetual danger of tottering. Modern educators are in perpetual labor in their endeavors to invert the pyramid, with the manifest result that each successive stratum added only makes the structure more feeble, and what is still worse, the pyramid is pointing downward. It is time to invert the process and return to the normal methods. There is such an attempt at futile general culture that solid training is being overlooked, with the result that instead of a compact, well-constituted organism of knowledge, moral as well as mental, there is a spreading out of a thin veneer

over so large a surface that it takes but a short time and little wear to penetrate through the thickest part of it. It is principles, principles, principles, the foundation stones of life, which are needed to-day. The mere glow of satisfaction which comes on the day of graduation is soon dissipated in the rough-and-tumble of life, unless those principles of the moral and intellectual order are laid so deep and strong that even if for a moment they are slightly disturbed they can never be really moved or shaken.

Now let me come to my conclusion with this word, the expression of a sentiment of complete and well-warranted conviction. It is a word for more religion than we are getting now in our common school and college training. Woe to us all, if whatever else we do, we are lacking in this. If, untrue to our stand, we are carried away by a vain ambition to run after purely secular standards, we shall utterly and absolutely fail in everything, for the very purpose of our existence will be lost.

The children, the young men, the young women, who to-day fill our schools, academies, colleges, and universities, are delivered into our hands for one special and distinctive purpose, that their souls and hearts and minds be instructed, trained and formed upon the mould of Catholic faith and Catholic principles. No school or college can shift this responsibility. The children of to-day will be the Catholic men of to-morrow. They will have to face a world cold in indifference and even frigid in infidelity. The devotions of their childhood will do much to keep them untainted, but in the fierce battle, which the natural and merely human and humanitarian is now waging against everything supernatural and divine, nothing but profound and intimate knowledge of the foun-

dations upon which their faith rests, the divine authority of the Church and the main and salient points in their Church's history can save them from ubiquitous perils which more than any one else, the professional man and the man in public life, must inevitably face. More and not less instruction in religion is the demand of the hour.

It will be your glory if in this congress of your association, something is done to insure, especially in the colleges, a more serious, more interesting, and more solid course of instruction, framed for the college curriculum. Even as a matter of mere intellectual training, nothing could commend itself more, but over and above and beyond that, I repeat, it is the very reason of your existence.

And now I have only to wish you godspeed in your work, than which none is more noble. Unite in the firmest union with one another; and all with those whose duty it is to watch over and guide and direct the welfare of the Church and the progress of the Faith in this country. Under their direction stand firm to the old landmarks and accept the best only which is new. Go forward courageously with your eye fixed on the star of Faith set immovable in the heavens.

Train up minds and hearts to the knowledge and service of God. Send forth from your schools men and women knowing well what they know. Give to the Church and to the State what both have a right to expect from you, faithful hearts grounded fixedly in Catholic faith and devotion, and citizens, who, next to God, will love their country so well that to serve it faithfully and loyally will be to them the greatest of earthly honors.

THE CHURCH'S STAND[1]

It is with a deep appreciation of all that the invitation implies that I come to present to you the position of the Catholic Church in the United States; to tell you what she stands for, what she is doing, and what are the sources of her stability and strength.

Preconceived opinions and inherited prejudices, particularly in religious matters, tend naturally to make men either blind or indifferent to the merits of systems other than their own. It is a proof alike of benevolence and of broad intelligence that you are desirous of learning at first hand of the religious force that shapes the spiritual lives of many millions of your fellow-citizens.

It is a great gain to understand clearly the principles upon which our fellow-beings act. Misunderstanding of them issues in suspicion, distrust, and discord, which can be sources only of weakness to the community and to the State.

Is there not more than one unhappy chapter in the history of our city in the last hundred years, which would not have been written, had all its citizens understood the beliefs, principles and motives of their fellows? Society must rest upon the mutual confidence of its members, in the sincerity and good faith of one towards another. Without this confidence there will be no genuine peace, no true progress, no general happiness.

We are all bound to heed the voice of conscience and

[1] A paper read before the Women's Alliance of the Second Church, in Copley Hall, Boston, 1909.

to follow the light of truth, so far as we can see it. And when once we have accepted a principle we should be willing to follow it to its logical conclusion.

In inviting a priest to place before you the Catholic position, you are but acting on a recognized Protestant principle which is one of inquiry. That in accepting your invitation I am not contravening a Catholic principle will be evident after a brief and frank explanation.

Every organization must have laws, and if it is to be permanent, it must require obedience to those laws. Now, it is a law of the Catholic Church that her children are not to have communication with those outside her communion in matters pertaining to worship. "Nulla communicatio in sacris" is the phrase used by her theologians. I therefore could not come here to join you in a religious service. This may appear to you narrow, but you must concede at least that the Catholic Church accepts the logic of her principle. The Catholic Church maintains that she alone is the true Church; that she alone has received her doctrine, her orders, and her mission from Christ. To permit her children to take part in what she considers an heretical form of worship would be to recognize that worship as being on a plane of equality with her own, and in effect to deny one of her fundamental principles. In legislating thus, however, the Church makes no claim whatever to judge the inward dispositions of worshipers outside her communion. God alone is the searcher of hearts. But in this, as in so many other matters, we must bear in mind the fundamental distinction between subjective and objective truth.

Objective truth is that which corresponds with reality; while subjective truth is that which a particular mind apprehends as true. Every day we meet thoroughly conscien-

tious people who hold propositions as true which in reality are erroneous. God will judge men by the fidelity with which they live up to the truth as they have been given light to see it; but it remains the business of the Church, nevertheless, to protect *objective religious truth*, as it is the business of philosophy to determine metaphysical truth, and of science to discover physical truth. As a Catholic, therefore, I cannot in any way join with you in your form of worship; but I am allowed by permission of my ecclesiastical superiors to come here to set forth the truth of Catholic doctrines and principles; and I am grateful for the opportunity which your courtesy and good will have offered for promoting a better understanding of what the Catholic Church really means to this dear city and to this noble nation.

You wish to know what the Catholic Church actually is, what are the salient principles that hold it together, what is the cause of its permanency and continuous strength. And it is well for you at this juncture to take deliberate measurement of her power, for every unit of that power will be needed in titantic struggle begun once again between Christianity and the old Paganism, reborn and equipped with new allurements. Already the battle is on, and it rages far more fiercely than surface appearances would indicate. It is no longer a question of particular doctrine, but of the acceptance or rejection of Christianity itself.

The war now is against the whole Christian scheme of belief and conduct. And it is easy to see why the enemies of religion and of the existing order should concentrate their attack upon the Church of Christ. What is movable, they by easy gradations may change; but what is immovable they will assault continuously in the hope

that some day they may break down the one barrier to the reign of their subversive ideas.

In the growing heat of this conflict for the mastery of the world between Christian and anti-Christian ideas, we find that too many forces on the Christian side, instead of concentrating and strengthening their position, are being disintegrated and dissipated. At the behest of a specious scholarship, they are abandoning position after position, which they had occupied for generations, until it looks as though the dread of appearing to be in opposition to to-day's critical dictum, which to-morrow's scholarship may repudiate, will stampede them entirely out of the Christian camp.

It is difficult now to find out what many Christians mean by Christianity. The Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century was in the beginning largely schismatical. It was the substitution of the supremacy of the State for the supremacy of the Pope in matters spiritual. The sects, notwithstanding their rejection of the teaching authority of the Church, carried out a great body of Christian doctrine, which, formulated into creeds, fashioned ideas and gave motive power to the lives of their adherents through generations. Then began the process of elimination of doctrine once regarded as essential, until now in some denominations little is left to differentiate them from purely rationalistic schools of thought.

You do stand for a distinctively Christian creed; you do stand for the divinity of Christ and for the perpetuation of His mission upon earth; you work for the triumph of Christian principles and the reign of the Christian moral law. And all who believe that Christ is the Son of God will soon be called to a positive defense of their position.

The Catholic Church knows what that attack is, because she met it first over eighteen hundred years ago. She knows what the defense must be, for she bears upon her the scars of her successive victorious battles for the Divinity of Christ with the Ebionites and Arians and Nestorians — conflicts that were waged against a combination of dialectic skill and metaphysical subtleties and clever evasion and the backing of civil power from one end of Christendom to the other, over a period covering more than four hundred years.

Under the latest attack, in some lands already being delivered, she will be firm and immovable as she was in the days of her youthful energy. She will not compromise; she will not flinch; she will affirm now what she affirmed in the days of Cyril, in the days of Athanasius, and in the days of John Chrysostom.

In this is her strength. This is what you wish to know. But her strength is not in affirmation only. A mere assertion of truth, however divine, would not mean perpetuity. The strength of the Church is in her action as well as in her affirmation; and the springs and principles of that action are the same to-day that they were from the beginning, and they operate with greater effectiveness and more harmony in the twentieth century than they did in the first.

What then, are these principles? What is the secret of the Church's perennial life?

The Son of God came to earth to bring to the darkened intellects of men the fullness of truth, and to their starved and impoverished souls the fullness of life. He came not only to remove from the path of men the obstacles to their entrance into the possession of unending life in God, but He came to point out to them the way and

to give them the power to conquer a place in His heavenly kingdom. He came not for one generation or for one small province, but for all time and for all nations.

It is evident that since truth requires propagation, and life transmission, if they are to reach the mass of men, Christ must have established an agency or an organization to spread through the nations and through the ages His truth and His power. That organization, with definite powers and functions, He constituted in the form of a society which we call the Church. Without such a society, possessing authority to teach and to govern, Christianity would have been launched into the world as a mere tendency, or at most a philosophy, left to take its chance with the fleshly and selfish currents of the day. That Christ could have acted in any such haphazard way in a matter of such vital importance to the human race is a proposition unthinkable in spite of Harnack's theory of the Church's coming into existence in the third century after Christ's death. Practically all Christians, from the abundant evidence of the Scriptures, are agreed that Christ established a Church of some kind.

Now, what kind of a Church did He establish? Let us look at the matter *a priori*, and consider what ought to be the predominant characteristic of a Church which was to effect the realization of Christ's purpose. That sublime purpose was no other than to bring all the clashing classes and discordant races of men into the unity of one loving human family whose common Father is in Heaven. Truly a purpose worthy of the wisdom, the love, and power of God!

Every other religion that has appeared in history has been either tribal, or national, or missionary, only to a limited degree. The savage or barbarian not yet incor-

porated into a national life, and with but the merest rudiments of the arts, has no wider outlook in his religion than the narrow limitations of his tribe. As men have advanced in civilization and developed into nations and empires, their religions have expanded with their general growth, but in no case have they risen to the plane of the universal. China circumscribes Confucianism; India, Brahmanism; Persia, Zoroastrianism. To the Egyptian, Osiris, Isis, and Horus were a triad interested only in the children of the Nile. Zeus, Pallas-Athene and Apollo were essentially Grecian with the Greek's contempt for the barbarian world. The 30,000 gods of Rome counted by Varro were all national, and their ruling divinities accompanied the legions in their conquering marches.

Buddism and Mohammedanism have essayed expansion, but they have never won the intellect or heart of the progressive races of men. Judaism was intensely national, and while it indulged the hope of Gentile conversion, it was rather a dream of political greatness in which the Gentiles should become Hebraicized; but Christ would admit no national, class, or racial barriers in His religion. The whole world was to be leveled to the dust before God. There was to be no distinction of persons; all had to return to the original idea of the race as a single family; none might follow Christ who would not recognize that all men were their brethren. The acceptance of this truth was an essential condition for membership in the new church. It was strange and hard doctrine for the self-centred Jew, the intellectual Greek, the proud Roman.

Many a difficulty the Apostles met in persuading their converts that there was no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, bond or free. Indeed it had required a

vision from heaven to make Peter himself understand that nothing that God had created was unclean.

The earliest converts were from Judaism, and they naturally sought to engraft on the new religion the ideas and customs in which they had been bred, and before their ardor for the perpetuation of the obligations of the Mosaic law could be restrained, a general council had to be assembled to settle forever the question of circumcision.

Since, then, the Church of Christ was to embrace every race and nation, and yet was to take on no racial or national ideas, it was necessary that above all things it should possess unity, — unity of doctrine, for truth is one, error multiform; unity of worship, expressing the truth in ritual; unity of government and of discipline in the working out of the truth.

This unity was essential; without it there would be no universality. The Catholicity of the Church is but the expansion of its unity. Without unity of doctrine there would be as many opinions as there were individuals; without unity of government, the one Church would soon be divided into a multiplicity of sects, and a Church rent into fragments at war with one another could no more be considered a universal church than can the nations of the world armed to the teeth and jealous of each other's might, be considered to constitute one grand parliament of peace.

What are the types selected by our Saviour to indicate the nature of His Church? A household, a kingdom, the vine and the branches, the sheep-fold — all pictures of unity.

"Every kingdom," He tells us, "divided against itself, shall be made desolate; and every city or house divided

against itself shall not stand" (Matt. xii, 25). And was not the burden of His very last prayer before entering upon His agony a cry for unity among His fellows? "Holy Father, keep them in thy name whom Thou hast given Me; that they may be one, as We also are, — and not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; *that they all may be one*, as Thou, Father in Me, and I in thee, that they may also be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John xvii, 11, 20, 21). Was that prayer, gushing out of the heart of the God-man, as He was about to leave the table of the Last Supper, to be unanswered?

If we do not accept unity as a necessary mark of the Church, must we not look upon the language of the Apostles when speaking of schism and divisions, as exaggerations of wild excitement? St. Paul, on hearing of the schism that had rent the Church at Corinth, asks: "Is Christ divided?" (1 Cor. i, 13). And elsewhere, describing the Church as the body of Christ, he says: "For as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of the body, whereas there are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ; for in one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one spirit we have all been made to drink" (1 Cor. xii, 12, 13). He tells the Ephesians to be "careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, one body and one Spirit; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all" (Eph. iv, 3, 4, 5). The Unity of Spirit was not to be reconciled with diversity of creeds. For Christ came to reveal the truth. A diversity of creeds would mean that the Truth had been lost in the mazes of human error, and

that the Church was no longer "the pillar and ground of Truth."

Taking human nature as it is, by what means was Christ to secure this most difficult of things; perpetual unity in a multitudinous body of all nations and races, and classes and climes? Not by the establishment of various independent churches, since inevitably these would develop into representatives of racial and national ideals and modes of thought. Truth itself cannot vary, but to avoid the variations of fallible expounders there must be a final court of judgment, constituted by Christ, to declare infallibly what His doctrine is. Without an infallible guiding principle the Church would be carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine. It would lose its essential oneness, and be dissolved into a number of contending branches. Neither could a book, however divine, achieve this result by itself. For a book cannot govern, and a book treating of the mysteries of God needs interpretation, and how could a uniform interpretation be maintained through the ages? Individual teachers will inevitably give to their explanations the coloring of their own minds, feelings and prejudices. There must be a teaching authority that knows and can answer infallibly the question Is this so? — otherwise we should have an endless chain of unsatisfactory, because uncertain, teachers. If the acceptance of the revelation of Christ be necessary for salvation, men must know with certainty what that revelation is, and if the teaching Church can err in any point, it can err in all; and there is then no guarantee of the truth of any doctrine.

The Church maintains that Christ did establish such a teaching authority in the Church, such a final court of appeal; and that historically He made Peter that court

of appeal. She interprets the words of Christ to the leader of the Apostles: "I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," not only as indicative of Peter's future primacy in the government of the Church, but as a promise of the gift of inerrancy in guiding the Church and expounding the body of doctrines to be committed to it. This promise Christ fulfilled after the Resurrection, when He gave to Peter his commission as chief shepherd of the flock; "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep."

After the Lord's ascension, Peter exercised at once that primacy in government and teaching which had been directly promised and bestowed, and indirectly foreshadowed in so many ways during the Saviour's ministry. When it was question of filling the place left by the traitor, it was Peter who rose up in the midst of the brethren and decided what must be done. As in the days of Christ's visible presence, Peter had been everywhere first among the Apostles, both in word and action, so he continued after the Master's departure to be the first, the leader and spokesman of the Apostolic band. As it had been from Peter's bark that Christ taught the multitude; as it was Peter who received the command to let down the net for the miraculous draught of fishes; and as it was to him the promise was made that he should henceforth catch men; so it was Peter who first preached the message of salvation to the Jews on that wonderful day of Pentecost when three thousand souls were added to the believers.

It was Peter, too, who, taught by a vision from heaven, was the first to undertake the conversion of the Gentiles, and when in the council at Jerusalem there was "much

disputing" in the warm controversy as to the attitude to be taken towards the customs of the Mosaic law, Peter arose, and speaking with authority, definitely decided the question, and the whole council without further debate acquiesced in the decision.

A close study of the fifteen years following Pentecost will show that through Peter's guidance the Church in that time had been organized in its essential parts.

The office of Shepherd with its supreme teaching and governing authority was not personal to Peter, any more than the general powers given to the other Apostles were personal to them. Christ established His Church for all time, and whatever powers were necessary for the perpetuation of the Church, whether in teaching or in governing or in administering of the Sacraments, were to be transmitted by the Apostles to faithful successors in the Apostolic office.

So, too, the supreme office of St. Peter was to be transmitted to his successors. For, if it was necessary in the infancy of the Church, how much more such a unit of interpretation would be needed in the lapse of years, as Christians, in point of time, would be farther and farther removed from Christ and subjected to increasing dangers of laxity and of false opinions.

It is this principle of two-fold authority in teaching and governing which constitutes the Papacy; and the Papacy is the bond which holds together in indissoluble unity all the diverse elements in the Church. The Bishop of Rome is not first in honor only among the Bishops of the world. The words of Christ to Peter, and through him to his successors: "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou

shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven," indicate clearly the bestowal of a supreme authority, and supreme authority supposes the right to govern and direct, and not merely a primacy of honor.

That this was the understanding of Peter's supremacy by the early Church may be seen from the Commentaries of the Fathers on the texts referring to Peter. St. Ambrose says: "Where Peter is, there is the Church"; thus making communion with the See of Peter the test of orthodoxy. St. Jerome, the greatest scriptural scholar of the early Church, says: "One is chosen among the twelve, that a head being established, the occasion of schism may be removed." St. Chrysostom says: "Christ placed Peter over the entire world: he is the basis of the Church; the key-bearer of the kingdom of heaven. To him the Lord gave the Presidency of the Church through the entire world." St. Cyprian calls Peter the source of unity. St. Irenæus says that every other church should agree with the Roman on account of its superiority of headship. St. Augustine, speaking to the Manicheans of the reasons which hold him in the Catholic Church says: "I am held by the consent of people and nations; by that authority which began in miracles, was nourished in hope, increased by charity, and made steadfast by age; by that succession of priests from the chair of the Apostle Peter, to whose feeding the Lord after His resurrection commended His sheep, even to the present episcopate; lastly, by the very title of Catholic, which not without cause, hath this Church alone, amid so many heresies, obtained in such sort that whereas heretics wished to be called Catholics, nevertheless, to any stranger who wished to find the Catholic Church, none of them would dare to point to his own basilica or home."

St. Maximus, an eastern abbot and martyr, speaking to Pyrrhus, Patriarch of Constantinople, who had fallen into the Monothelite heresy, says that if he would not be considered a heretic, he must seek before all things to satisfy the Roman See. That done, all will everywhere hold him orthodox.

These testimonies, typical of the teaching of the Fathers, bear witness to the belief that Peter's See had authority over the whole flock of Christ. This authority includes, of necessity, the guardianship of the faith, and therefore the final judgment in whatever concerns it. This final judgment in turn implies the gift of inerrancy, or infallibility.

Perhaps there is no Catholic doctrine so frequently misunderstood as that of the Papal infallibility. It may be well, then, to state briefly just what that doctrine is and what it is not.

Every intelligent person knows, of course, that infallibility is not to be confounded with impeccability. An infallible pope does not mean a pope immune from sin. Like every good Catholic, the Pope regularly makes confession of his sins. Like every priest who offers the Sacrifice of the Mass, at the foot of the altar, the Pope must proclaim himself a sinner before God, before angels and men, thrice striking his breast and saying: "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." Again before receiving the Sacred Host he strikes his breast three times and repeats the words of the Centurion: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof."

Priests throughout the world are directed to add to the prayers of the Mass a supplication that God may so guide the Supreme Pontiff that he may both save him-

self and bring to salvation the flock committed to him. He himself daily spends hours in prayer that he may be equal to the tremendous responsibility laid upon him.

Again, when there is question of infallibility, we must distinguish between the Pope in his private and individual capacity, and in his public and official action. Infallibility does not attach to the Pope as a private person, nor as a temporal sovereign. He is not infallible as a private theologian stating his own opinion, or even as Pope, when he delivers decisions in judicial cases which depend on the testimony of men.

Papal infallibility, moreover, is not inspiration such as was possessed by the Apostles; it is not a new revelation; it is only a divine assistance by which the Pontiffs are enabled "to preserve and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of the faith delivered through the Apostles." It does not come from personal learning or wisdom, but from the divine assistance promised in Peter. The Pope, then, cannot define any doctrine not contained, either expressly or implicitly, in the original deposit of the Faith; for the Church can teach nothing which she has not received. He cannot, therefore, go outside of the sphere of faith and morals, and before giving a decision in this sphere he will use every means at his command to make certain of what is conformable to Holy Scripture and the Apostolic Tradition.

The Pope, then, is infallible only in his official character, when he speaks *ex cathedra* — that is, from his official Teaching Chair — as the Father and teacher of all Christians, and when thus speaking he defines by his supreme Apostolic authority a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the universal Church. Under these circumstances, the Sovereign Pontiff "is endowed with the same

infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer wished His Church to be invested while defining a doctrine on faith or morals."

The Vatican Council in defining the official Infallibility of the Pope set up no new doctrine, but proclaimed solemnly a truth which in all its essentials had been generally and practically accepted and acted upon by the Catholic Church. From the beginning Christians accepted the infallibility of the Church herself, resting upon the promise of Christ that He would be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world; and again, that He would send upon His Apostles another Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, who would guide them into all truth, and remain with them forever.

Now the infallible Church necessarily implies an infallible Pontiff; they stand or fall together. Logic forbids us to admit an infallible Church resting upon a fallible foundation; an infallible sheep-fold guided and nurtured by a fallible shepherd; an infallible body with a fallible head; for if the head may err, the whole flock will go astray.

The other element of the authority of the Papacy is its jurisdiction, the right to the Supreme government of the Church. This Supreme authority carries with it legislative, executive, and judicial power. The object of this jurisdiction is to establish and enforce such laws and disciplinary regulations as are necessary for the good of the Church, for the safe-guarding of sound doctrine, and for the preservation of the fervor of spiritual life in the Church's members.

While the See of Rome is vested with jurisdiction over the entire Church, all functions of Church government are by no means absorbed in the primacy. The Pope

does not rule alone; but governs with and through the Bishops.

The Bishops are the successors of the Apostles, because in union with the head of the Church they constitute a corporate body that is the heir of the general powers of the Apostolate. Each Bishop has jurisdiction over his own diocese, and within its limits possesses legislative, judicial, and executive authority. He is shepherd of that portion of the flock intrusted to him, and not merely the Vicar of the Pope. The Bishops as a body corporate take part in the government of the universal Church; they have a voice in œcumenical councils, and, acting with the Pope, they make laws of general discipline, and give decisions on points of controversy concerning the Faith.

Unlimited or arbitrary power resides neither in the Pope nor in the Bishops, but the authority of both is fixed by the bounds within which Christ has confined the essential elements of the constitution of the Church. The priests of the Church belong to the divinely constituted hierarchy, but they have no share in the external government of the Church. They have power to administer the sacraments, to preach the Gospel, and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They serve in this country as vicars of the Bishop in the administration of the temporalities of the parishes over which they are placed, and it is through them, principally, that the Bishop acts continuously upon all his people. Thus through the bond of an ascending hierarchy, no element in the Church is unrelated to the other elements. The obscurest parish feels that it is a unit, however small, in the great universal Church, and there is no mission, however separated by seas and continents from the Centre of Unity, that

does not feel the throbbings of the great heart of Christendom.

All authority and power in the Church are from above. From the Shepherd, and not from the sheep, comes the warrant to teach, govern, and administer the Sacraments. Christ is the One Prophet who has given men the revelation of truth; He is the One Priest and mediator ever making intercession for us; He is the One King who through His Providence rules His kingdom on earth. And if He wills to exercise this three-fold office through earthly representatives, it is He alone who can give to men the right to speak as His ambassadors, to administer His Sacraments and to govern in His name a supernatural society, whose purpose is to lead mankind to a supernatural end.

Now, if it be true that Christ came to establish a Universal Church, if, reasoning *a priori*, we find that unity indispensable to universality, and that unity itself must proceed from a principle of supreme authority in teaching and governing, if, furthermore, we find that Christ did establish such a principle of authority as the basis of the constitution of the Church, and that this principle has been in operation, then history should show this plan of organization has succeeded.

It has succeeded. A study of the early centuries will show that so many, so radical and so virulent were the attacks on vital points of Christian doctrine, so great and widespread were the mental disorder and confusion, that again and again Christianity would have gone to pieces were it not for the strong rock of Rome, which could not be shaken down by any storm.

In the first centuries, besides Judaism and the ever-present Paganism, there were Gnosticism, Montanism,

and the Oriental mystical religions to contend with. In the second century, Gnosticism, under some form or other, was professed in every part of the civilized world, and had as many schools as Greece or Asia could boast in their happiest days.

With the fourth century came a procession of new and more vigorous heresies and schisms. In the days of Basil, Athanasius and Augustine, few were the districts in the world which did not present a number of creeds for one's choice. Meletians, Donatists, Apollinarians, Eunomians, Priscillianists, Manicheans, Origenists, Novatians, flourished, some in one quarter and some in another. Arianism, more dangerous and aggressive than these, enjoyed the patronage of the first Christian Emperors, was adopted by the barbarians who succeeded to their power, dominated the Eastern Empire in the fourth century, and almost possessed the West in the fifth. The following centuries saw nearly all of Christian Asia possessed by the Nestorians, while Egypt was practically in the hands of Monophysites.

In those desolate ages of persistent heresies and schisms, the Popes saved Christianity, and they were able to do so because their office of supreme authority was acknowledged by Bishops and Councils. Again in that long and trying period, which was so full of fate for the future development of the race — the Middle Ages — what would have become of the One Christian Church, but for the Papacy with its supreme authority both to teach and to govern? It would have been split into an indefinite number of royal, ducal, or baronial churches, subservient to the iron will of unscrupulous masters.

Milman, in his Latin Christianity, has said of the Papacy: "Providence might have ordained otherwise, but it is impossible for a man to imagine by what other or-

ganizing consolidating force the commonwealth of western nations could have grown up to a discordant, indeed, and conflicting league, but still a league, with that unity and conformity of manners, usages, laws, religion, which made their rivalries, oppugnancies, and even their long, ceaseless wars on the whole, to issue in the noblest, highest, most intellectual form of civilization known to man. It is impossible to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages without the mediæval Papacy." These words of a master student of history may be applied with even greater force to the unifying and preserving influence of the Papacy in the sphere of religion.

The Greek schism shows what would have happened to general Christianity, were it not for the organization of the Papacy. When the ambition of the Patriarchs of Constantinople led to the final rupture with the Roman See, the Greek Church became the slave of the Emperors of Constantinople, and its clergy were reduced to a state of bondage to the civil power by honors and riches as well as by threats and persecutions. So, to-day, is the Russian Church dominated by the Czar.

It is quite true that the working of this principle of authority in the Papacy has not been without friction during the ages. What principle could work in this world and accomplish great results without friction? There have been mighty assaults against it from without, and formidable revolts against it from within. But under it all the Papacy has stood firm.

The few unworthy men who succeeded in thrusting themselves into the great office are no argument against the constitution of the Papacy, any more than the intrusion of unfit men into the office of Bishop is an argument

against the establishment of the Episcopate. These unworthy individuals, whatever their private lives, never attempted to change anything in the doctrine of the Church. The Papacy has never failed to do its public duty, and the entire Episcopate has stood as one with it in the definition of truth. Indeed, we may find an evidence of the Divine Providence that watches over the Papacy, in the fact that nearly all of the Roman Pontiffs have been men of holy life, and about one-third of them have been martyrs or canonized saints.

In modern times, as in ancient, it is the Papacy which radiates the Church's life and vigor. It was the Papacy which kept the Church from being shattered in the era of the Protestant Reformation. The world was ripe for a religious revolution. The weakening of respect for religious authority by the great Western Schism; the existence of numerous abuses and a general relaxation of discipline, against which zealous bishops and priests had vehemently preached in vain; the wealth of the Church, which excited the cupidity of nobles and princes — all these causes working through generations, brought on the storm that threatened the very existence of the Church. Again it was the Papacy that took the helm. A series of great popes inaugurated and kept in motion the work of the Council of Trent. No other council in the Church's history has met so many difficult and important questions. By the precision and clearness of its definitions of doctrine, it confirmed the faithful in their adherence to the Church, while by its disciplinary enactments it brought about a genuine reformation of all classes and gave a new infusion of life and zeal all along the line. Its efforts to bring back to the unity of the fold those who had gone out from it were vain; but as Ranke says: "Its result

was that Catholicism henceforth confronted the Protestant world in renovated collective vigor." Since the Council of Trent, there has been no extended revolt from the authority of the Church. In fact the unity of the Church has never been so apparent as at this present moment. While in questions that may freely be debated there is honest divergence of opinion, on points that touch upon the deposit of faith as well as upon vital points of policy the whole Church thinks and acts as one. Nothing could show this more clearly than the recent episode of Modernism, and the stand of the French Episcopate in the trying ordeal of the past few years.

Modernism, a synthesis of errors, which if allowed to develop, would have sapped belief in many essential doctrines of Christianity, was nipped in the bud so completely that it was dead before the vast majority of believers knew of its existence. The unanimity with which the entire French Church obeyed the marching orders of the Pope to walk out of the churches, monasteries, seminaries, colleges, convents, schools, that centuries of labor had accumulated, rather than to compromise on a question of vital principle, illustrates splendidly the spirit of confidence, loyalty, and obedience which the entire Catholic world entertains towards him whom it believes to be the Vicar of Christ.

Here is the key to the strength of the Catholic Church. She is strong because she is united; so compacted and knit together that there is no smallest unit but is in complete accord with the whole.

And she is united because there is within her that principle of Supreme Authority in teaching and governing which can weld into indissoluble oneness, men of every class, race, clime, and nation.

Should not the Church of the one God bear upon her the stamp of such a unity?

Here in this great republic, which moulds into the unity of one citizenship the diverse elements of the globe, the Catholic Church finds herself at home. She is here with all her elements of strength; with her nineteen centuries of experience; with the same forces that conquered paganism, that civilized the barbarians, that preserved learning, that watched at the birth and nurtured the growth of the modern nations. She is here to stand by the whole truth of Christ, without fear and without compromise.

What is she doing here to prove that she has lost none of her vitality, that she is alive to the needs of the age, that she is still a mother to the people?

The Catholic Church teaches that faith without good works is dead; that acceptance of the Christian creed is profitless, unless it result in a Christian life. She teaches that there can be no living Faith without Charity, and Charity is love of God above all things and of one's neighbor for the sake of God. One cannot love God and at the same time be indifferent to one's neighbor, for as St. John says: "He who loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" And certainly we do not love our neighbor unless we are willing to be practically helpful to him in his need. "He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the Charity of God abide in him?" And our brother is every human being of whatever color, race, or creed.

This is the simple teaching of the Church, and she drives it home in a hundred different ways. She shows how it is a condition for securing for ourselves grace and

mercy; she points out the rewards of charitable practice that will come in this life and in eternity, as well as the terrible judgment awaiting the hard of heart and the unmerciful. She appeals to the motive of our common humanity, but most of all she relies for the effectiveness of her preaching on the doctrine that whatsoever we do to the least of these our brethren, we do it unto Christ. Christ has so identified Himself with suffering humanity, that when we feed the hungry, or clothe the naked, or visit the sick, or care for the orphan, or are kind to the unfortunate, or stretch the mantle of mercy over the fallen, we do all these things for Christ Himself. It is this supernatural motive which is the perennial spring of Charity in the Church. It is this motive of love for Jesus Christ, in the person of the poor and the suffering, which supplies with numerous and willing members the many religious congregations of men and women, whose object is the practice of Charity in a heroic degree.

The charitable work of the Church is organized after the general plan of the Church's structure. The parishes are the units of local charitable work, and the bishop of each diocese is responsible for the larger general needs. The sick, the poor, the orphans, the waifs, the neglected children of incompetent or criminally indifferent parents, the aged who have no one to care for them, these and many other classes claim his attention. To conduct the institutions that are necessary for the care of all these dependent classes, he calls in the aid of religious congregations of men and women who have devoted their lives to work of this kind.

These noble souls have given up everything that human nature holds dear, and have severed every tie binding them to the world, that they may more effectively

serve Christ in His poor and abandoned children. Who better than the Sister of Charity can care for the motherless child? Who better than she can train and guard the growing girl, or whisper resignation to the incurable sufferer? Who, like the Little Sister of the Poor, knows how to gladden the heart of the aged? And who can reclaim the erring and lift up the fallen if not the Sister of the Good Shepherd, who has sacrificed all the energies of her own pure life to this redeeming work?

So it is that in the United States these religious communities are in charge of more than 1300 charitable institutions. Hospitals, orphanages, infant asylums, industrial schools for poor girls, schools for the deaf and dumb and blind, refuges for the unfortunate, asylums for the insane, and homes for the aged, are under the care of Sisters. Industrial and reformatory schools for boys are conducted by various congregations of Brothers.

All these institutions are managed with a skill that is possessed only by trained and disciplined bodies, and with an economy that cannot be equaled. All the religious bind themselves by the vow of poverty as well as by the vows of chastity and obedience. They receive no compensation for their labors except what is necessary to purchase their food and clothing; indeed money could not pay for what they give. Coming from all classes of society, even the highest, their time and their hearts are undivided by the cares and selfish interests of the world; they give themselves unsparingly, with the utmost measure of heroic devotion, to the service of God in their brethren. The friendless, the homeless, the destitute and the outcast find in them what they most need, the tenderness and strength of heart that are at once virginal and motherly.

All these charitable institutions of the Church are supported mostly by the free offerings of the people. In many instances the religious communities themselves, by the wonderful alchemy of prayer and their own sacrifices, secure what funds are needed for the maintenance of their institutions. In this diocese there is for most of the institutions an organized form of support in the way of aid associations, with branches in the various parishes. The generous laity are thus associated with the bodies of religious in prosecuting the works of charity.

Besides the institutional work in charge of religious bodies, there are, of course, charitable works conducted on a large scale by the laity, such as the finding of good homes for neglected children, the visitation of the sick poor, the maintenance of day nurseries and kindred works.

Chief among the organized lay charitable agencies is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. This society, inaugurated some seventy-five years ago by the brilliant young French professor and littérateur, Frederic Ozanam, has now in the United States more than 450 Conferences with a combined membership of nearly 8000. It is an organization solely for men, and its purpose, as set forth in its constitution, is the sanctification of its members through works of Charity, principally through the visitation of the poor in their homes.

The Conferences naturally find their field in the cities. Each Conference works within parish limits. Its members meet weekly and report upon the wants or progress of the family they have been assigned to visit, and ask for a grant of what they think will be necessary for the family during the coming week. Every family on the relief roll is visited weekly, until such time as it is able to get on

without assistance. It is impressed again and again upon the members of the Conferences that their work is not simply that of mechanical relief; that oftentimes it is the heart and soul that are sick and weary more than the body; and that with kindness, prudence, and tact, they are to seek to win the confidence and friendship of the families they visit, and so be in a position to extend spiritual and moral help, as well as physical assistance. As a matter of fact, these excellent Christian laymen come to have a great influence for good, and the St. Vincent de Paul Conference has come to be a factor of importance in the life of the Church in the United States. The charitable work of the Church is an essential and important manifestation of her life, but it is by no means her chief service. The greatest source of strength which she brings to this country is the moral and spiritual life which she generates and sustains in the millions of her adherents. It is moral fibre, spiritual energy, which, after all, must determine more than any other contributing cause the true greatness and endurance of a nation.

First of all, the Catholic Church, with a most earnest solicitude, watches over her children. She realizes that they are the future. Where the financial condition of the parish warrants it, she establishes the parish school, wherein religion sits as a constant influence in moulding the plastic souls of the little ones. We are convinced that psychologically it is a disastrous blunder to separate the religious force from the daily training of the child. We believe that as character is by far the most important product of education, the training of the will, the moulding of the heart, the grounding of the intellect in clear notions of right and wrong, obligation and duty, should not be left to haphazard, or squeezed, as an afterthought,

into an hour on Sunday. The moral and spiritual growth of the child ought normally to keep pace with his mental growth, and the Church is convinced that taking human nature as it is, this result cannot be obtained effectively without including a judicious admixture of religious training with the daily routine of the school.

The Church is the more convinced of the necessity of this religious training for the children, as she views the alarming increase of religious indifference which is a marked characteristic of our national life. It is for this reason that Catholics, who prize their faith above every earthly possession, are making so many sacrifices to build up a system of religious schools, which besides equipping their children for success in the struggle for the goods of this earth will ground them so thoroughly in the principles, beliefs, and salutary practices of their religion, that they will be proof, so far as human nature can be made proof, against the dangers and temptations they will meet in actual life. About a million children are now in Catholic schools throughout the United States. We believe that in thus building our religious schools at great cost to ourselves, we are not only taking the best means of safe-guarding the faith in our children, but we are at the same time rendering a very great service to the best interests of our country. We are certain that as time goes on, and the dangers to the nation resulting from the growth of the irreligious spirit become more apparent, the wisdom of the Church's course will be recognized and applauded by our fellow-citizens.

For those children who do not attend parish schools, there are the Sunday schools, and all the children are kept at least in weekly touch with the Church until their entrance into work or into the high schools. From this

period, the Church, knowing the increasing dangers in their path, has various religious societies whose main purpose is to keep the growing youth to the faithful practice of religious duty, as well as to give them that larger knowledge of Christian principles, obligations, and motives which their expanding intelligence requires.

Thus the average Catholic child comes up to the battle of life with a firm grasp of his faith, instructed in his duties, and with a series of powerful helps to upright living. If he falls in the struggle, surely the Church is not to be held in blame.

What now does the Church do for the moral and spiritual life of her grown children?

The parish is the unit of organization, and every well-conducted parish of any considerable size has societies that reach out to the several divisions of the congregation. The married women and the young women have each their own sodality, meeting weekly or twice in the month, with all the members in a body receiving Holy Communion once a month. These societies of women in the larger city parishes not infrequently number from six to eight hundred active members.

The general society for men is the Holy Name Society, which flourishes all over the country. One of its objects is to promote reverence for the Holy Name of Jesus and to maintain a crusade against profanity. Its members meet monthly and receive Holy Communion four times in the year. An illustration of its strength in this vicinity was given in the remarkable demonstration of last year, when 40,000 men paraded the streets of this city under the banner of the Holy Name of Jesus, and most of them were young men.

The special needs of the young men are met in many

parishes by associations, which to the usual athletic, social, and educational features of the young men's clubs add a religious spirit and observance.

It is to be expected that a large proportion of every parish, if not by far the largest, will be enrolled in these societies. Upon this great body of worshipers, as upon the members of the societies themselves, the Church brings to bear her three great sources of dynamic power: — the Sunday Mass with its accompanying sermon or familiar instruction; the Confessional, and the Holy Communion. These are the main batteries of the Church in her warfare against sin. They are the means on which she relies to build up strong spiritual lives in her children.

Every Catholic is obliged, under pain of serious sin, to be present at Mass every Sunday, unless prevented by a good reason. The Church thus safeguards the honor that is due to God through the public worship of His children. So it is that, rain or shine, in heat or in cold, our churches are crowded every Sunday. It is a very indifferent Catholic who will not put himself to great inconvenience rather than absent himself from Mass on the Lord's Day.

To Catholics, the Mass, whether celebrated amid all the imposing solemnity of cathedral appurtenances, or offered in an unadorned chapel of a backwoods village, is the great act of worship. They believe that Christ Himself becomes present on the altar and blesses them and all they hold dear.

No man sincerely believing this doctrine and assisting at Mass with proper disposition can go back to his home and to the duties of the week without an infusion of comfort, courage, and high resolve.

Every Sunday there is at the low Masses a short, familiar instruction, because time does not permit of anything else, and at the high Masses a sermon. In large parishes there are from six to eight Masses on a Sunday, so that all the members of families may be accommodated. Many times is the Church filled, and each time is the appointed passage from the Gospel read and expounded and applied to the daily life of the people. Thus throughout the year the Church keeps up her mission of preaching the Gospel, now calmly explaining homely duties, now warning, now encouraging, now reproving, now pleading, now thundering against abuses, now explaining with authority revealed doctrine — always conscious of her responsibility, and yearning that Christ may more surely be formed in the hearts of her people.

What a towering and impregnable bulwark the forces of orderly government have in the Catholic pulpit and in Catholic worship. The Catholic pulpit may be said to reach every Sunday, 12,000,000 souls; for while it would be idle to pretend that we have at the Sunday service our full number, yet we may safely say that practically every family, when it has not all or most of its members present, has at least some representative who will hear and bring back to the home circle the Sunday message, and that message will always be one of self-restraint, of respect for the rights of others, of obedience to lawfully constituted authority, of charity and of peace.

What an armory against the growing dangers of anti-Christian socialism will society find the Catholic Church. From her pulpit men learn their duties as well as their rights. The poor find in her an equality which they can discover nowhere else. They sit in the same pews, kneel at the same altar-railing, kiss the same crucifix with their

richer brethren. They know they are children of their Father in Heaven as much as the wealthiest and the most distinguished; nay, that they are the favorites, if they but live purely and justly, of Him Who, while Ruler of the world, deigned to be the Carpenter of Nazareth. With the blessing of the Church, they will strive by every honest and legitimate means to better their condition; but they will not be misled by the false lights of the theory whose gods are earthly comfort and impossible equality; least of all will they be persuaded to purchase possessions here, at the price of surrendering their allegiance to Him whose life and teaching have forever sanctified labor, and have given to the nobly poor the infallible promise of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Besides the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the ministry of preaching, the Church has the powerful aids of Confession and Holy Communion. I shall omit here altogether any discussion of the doctrinal truth of these sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and present them simply in their psychological aspect.

The Church teaches that the sins we commit after Baptism are forgiven through the Sacrament of Penance; and the necessary conditions on the part of the penitent for receiving absolution, are contrition and confession. Now before a man can confess his sins, he must examine his conscience carefully. Daily examination of conscience is earnestly recommended by the Church to all, and good Catholics are accustomed to make such scrutiny every night when saying their night prayers. But in any event, before confession, rigid examination of one's conscience since the time of one's last confession is absolutely requisite. The soul is forced to look at itself in the mirror of God's law. Its words, conversations, deeds, omissions, and

that interior life of thought and will which is hidden from the world, but which is so large and vital a part of the soul's history, all must stand the searchlight of God's commands and prohibitions.

This serious and frequent examination of one's life in its every detail and motive quickens the action of conscience and strengthens its voice. The deliberate hauling of one's self before the bar of eternal law, the steady looking at one's faults, failures, and transgressions, whether against God, neighbor, or one's own true interests, is the first step in amendment. The old Greek love of moral power — "Know thyself" — self knowledge — can be gained in no other way.

The declaration of one's sins to a fellow creature is not agreeable, and it is not intended that it should be; it is a medicine for our pride, and medicine, as a rule, is not particularly palatable. Besides, the penitent is protected from too great a strain on his sensitiveness. One may confess in any church, and the gratings of the confessional are so arranged that the confessor sits with averted face, so that the penitent may enter and leave unknown. Every Catholic knows, too, that so absolute and sacred is the secrecy of the confessional, that the confessor would be obliged to lay down his life rather than reveal what is committed to his judgment in that tribunal. And that tribunal is guarded from abuse by the severest penalties the Church can decree.

The confession of the penitent bears the same relation to the treatment of his spiritual ills and needs given by the confessor, that a diagnosis bears to the physician's treatment of disease. Every priest authorized by his Bishop to hear confessions has had a long and severe course in ethics and moral theology and must have passed

a satisfactory examination in these subjects before he is ordained. He has made a thorough study, not only of the principles underlying human action, but also of their application to every phase of human life, — the relation of the individual to domestic, civil, and religious society, contracts, justice and right with their varied ramifications, the relations of employers and employed, the moral obligations of each particular state of life. In a word, he is an expert in the sphere of the moral sciences and their application to human life. This is one reason why Catholics have such confidence in the Confessional. They know that apart from the supernatural character of that tribunal as an instrument for the remission of their sins, the judgment that will be rendered there on questions they submit will be no chance solution of individual opinion, but that it will be rendered in accordance with the well-defined principles of a science that has enlisted in its study many of the world's greatest intellects.

So the Confessional, apart from its sacramental character, is the place of counsel, advice, and spiritual direction. People will go there with their difficulties, trials, doubts, and woes, who would otherwise carry them in pent-up hearts to premature graves. For the Confessional is impersonal, and except to the penitent, it is forever dumb.

It was considerations such at these that made a Unitarian preacher — a friend of mine — once exclaim that in repudiating the Confessional, the Reformers had thrown overboard the greatest agency for good that the world possessed.

Besides confession of sin, every Catholic knows that to obtain forgiveness from God, he must have true sorrow; otherwise his confession is worse than mockery.

It is sacrilege. And that sorrow is of no vague, general kind, but very definite and practical. It includes not only regret for the past, but resolve for the future. It means the definite and firm resolution to correct the sins that are declared, and furthermore to keep from whatever might prove a proximate occasion of sin.

Were the Confessional merely a human institution, we can see how much it would yet mean in the preservation of purity, integrity of life, the observance of justice, and discharge of Christian duty.

Confession is for the Catholic the preparation for Holy Communion. Hence his earnestness in striving to make as sincere, humble, and contrite confession as possible. For he believes that in Holy Communion, by a miracle of God's love, he comes into blessed contact with the very physical presence of his Saviour. To receive Holy Communion with serious sin in his soul would be, he knows, an unspeakable sacrilege, and although he may have been guilty of many serious sins in the past of which he has repented, he is aware that he cannot now presume to approach the altar-table, unless he has so firmly resolved to keep from evil in the future that he would rather die than again commit mortal sin.

To get the soul up to this pitch of stern resolution is of itself a great gain, apart from any other consideration. The Church repeatedly urges upon all of her children the frequent reception of these two Sacraments, Penance and Holy Eucharist, because she knows that it means the preservation of innocence, the regaining of purity, the satisfaction of the claims of justice, the toning-up vigor of the whole moral and spiritual life. Let me add that in these two Sacraments, Catholics find their greatest comfort and joy.

It may be asked, If these agencies for good in the Church are so powerful, why do they not produce conditions that are ideal? Why do we see indifferent Catholics, dishonest Catholics, bad Catholics?

For many reasons. There are the seductions of the world, the force of bad example, the power of vicious environment, inherited tendencies to evil, and, more than all, there is the freedom of human will. The Church cannot force goodness upon her members; she can lead them, persuade them, help them, but they must save themselves. If they will not hear her voice or use her helps, she can only wait and pray. Christ Himself, though God, would not force Judas to save himself against his own will. The Apostles could not produce a sinless Church.

No; the work of the Church is in a world of sinners, in a world prone to evil. The tares must ever grow with the wheat, until the harvest. The Church faces the situation honestly. Her mission is to save the sinner, as well as to preserve the good. She will have none of Pharisaism. She has no patience with the Donatist assumption of immaculate virtue, and their contention that the Church, in receiving sinners, ceases to be the Church of Christ. She is the Church of Him who was accused of sitting at meat with sinners, who forgave Magdalene and sought out the lost sheep, and welcomed the prodigal and pardoned the malefactor in his death agony. She teaches that God alone can judge hearts; that propriety is not synonymous with sanctity; that a well-born son of culture or daughter of fashion, who idles life away and squanders in selfish enjoyment resources that might be productive of great good, may be more guilty in God's sight than the poor laborer who seeks in the saloon a temporary forgetfulness of his ills, though the one may

violate no canon of polite society and the other find himself in the dock of the municipal court. Though adamant to sin, the Church must be a mother to the sinner.

Such is the Church and such are her activities.

Need I say to you that the Church, with a mother's heart for every human being, has naught but loving solicitude for the welfare of this great and noble nation with whose future are bound up, in so large a measure, the happiness and progress of the human race? Or that Catholic Americans are none the less loyal and enthusiastic lovers of the Republic because of their creed? Rather, their Catholic faith consecrates and intensifies their devotion to country.

From the beginning of her history, the Church has enjoined upon all her children obedience and loyalty to the lawfully-constituted authority in their respective countries. She teaches that as the Church is God's representative in the supernatural order to lead men to a supernatural end, so the State is God's representative in the natural order to bring men to the end for which society was ordained, the temporal happiness and progress of the race. Disobedience, then, to the State in any matter within the State's competence, is disobedience to God. Obedience to the State is loyalty to God, and patriotism is blessed by religion.

Here in America the Church is in the environment most suitable to her. For while monarchical in form, she is absolutely democratic in spirit. In her, fitness determines honors. The poorest boy may rise to the highest office, and what is not always true of democracies, the richest are not excluded, if they prove themselves the most competent.

The Church recognizes and takes occasion to hold up

for the imitation of other peoples the noble spirit of the United States. She finds here that rarest of combinations, liberty without license and authority without despotism. She finds here, with many dangers, great natural virtues, a conspicuous love of justice and fairness, a sympathy quick to be touched by suffering anywhere, and a generosity in the relief of distress unequaled by any other people in the world. She finds a people of wonderful ingenuity, versatility, and practical sense, with marvelous and daring schemes of material conquest, and a spirit equal to their accomplishment. But more than that, she finds a people who, despite their growing indifference to organized forms of worship, are still at heart religious, and honestly devoted to the betterment of mankind. The Church of the Ages blesses this young, mighty, generous, lovable nation, and bids her children work with loyalty and energy, to realize this nation's ideals.

Here surely is a platform on which we all can stand — our common Americanism. Though in creed we differ, yet we all may work in harmony for the true interests of our country, the reign of civic purity, of effective administration, of equal opportunity to all, of justice to every class. Shoulder to shoulder let us work unceasingly for the preservation of those deeper sources of national greatness, — the rectitude of individual life, the sacredness of the family, the spread of education, and the triumph of religion.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND FATHER MICHAEL RONAN [1]

The death of Father Ronan is a great loss to this parish and our whole diocese.

His whole life as a priest was one of fidelity to duty, and of perfect devotedness to his people. Whether as a curate in Boston, or as a pastor here, his time, his strength, and all that he had, he gave in serving and saving souls. He never tired, never grew weary. His bodily strength was remarkable, and his zeal was even beyond his strength.

I need not speak of the material fruits of his labors. This parish Church, beautiful and complete in every detail, and the adjoining house are evidences of what he had done. The last time he came to see me was to confer about plans for the future. We all know how he watched this temple grow stone by stone. It was a part of his character, careful and thorough. What he undertook to do he did well, and nothing contented him but the best when it was for God or his people.

But more remarkable than any material structure was the moral make-up of the man; not only what he did but how he did it.

He came to Lowell under trying circumstances, requiring exceptional tact and patience. Both these qualities he had in a remarkable degree. He might have found reasons for well-grounded complaint without searching far for them. But no one ever heard a word. He had come to work and to better conditions, not to complain.

[1] Lowell, July 6, 1909

He never tried to make his work shine by indelicate complaining of the lack he had found. Father Ronan was too good a priest, too true a gentleman to descend to the vulgar solecism of finding fault with his predecessor. He succeeded to conditions which needed improving. He said nothing; not a word of uncharitable criticism; on the contrary he even found much to praise; but he went to work and the results are what all Lowell, all the diocese knows and sees, a parish property of extraordinary beauty and cost, complete and out of debt, and a corresponding condition of edification among his people.

Here was a true, noble man. This was the test of true priestly honor, a test which many of greater pretense than Father Ronan have failed to pass. He passed his nobly. All honor to him for it.

Charity, patience, untiring zeal, these virtues endeared him to his people. And which of us priests of Lowell does not know his generous-heartedness and the warmth of his hospitality!

When twenty-five years ago I returned a young priest, he came himself to offer me the freedom of his house; and that hospitality was as genuine as it was generous. To-day upon my return I find him no longer living to welcome me. God has called him to his reward. That St. Michael, God's great Archangel, may lead him into his eternal resting-place among the company of Confessors and Apostles, is the prayer of the Church to-day. That is our prayer over his lifeless form. That, beloved people, must be your prayer for him who labored for you for so many years. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

ADDRESS TO THE NINTH REGIMENT

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1909

You do well, men of the Ninth, solemnly to observe this day of thanksgiving by assisting, as a regiment, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You perform an act which is at once a public profession of faith and of patriotism. It is a regimental recognition of the truth that intelligent devotion to country must spring out of sincere devotion to God. It is a demonstration of that happy blending of the religious and the patriotic spirit which has effected so many blessed results in our history, and upon which the perpetuity of our country's institutions must rest.

The annual proclamation of a day of thanksgiving is the expression of the national consciousness that not only as individuals, but as a people, we are in the hands of an all-wise and infinitely loving Father, who, whether by manifold blessing or occasional afflictions, is shaping our history in such way as may further the beneficent purposes of His Providence.

In the rush of every-day existence, it might seem to a critical observer that we were a materialistic people engrossed in selfish pursuits, mad with the race for money, delirious from gigantic success, and worshiping only the god of our own power and genius. But on days like this, when the whir of industry ceases and the busy mart is still, the nation stops to think. Its religious spirit asserts itself. The thousand-voiced prayer of the churches and the proclamations of President and Governors speak the

nation's grateful acknowledgment of God's tender mercies and countless benefactions.

"Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name be glory." Not ours, but Thine, the glory of golden harvests, of teeming mines, of ceaseless industry, of freighted ships and trains. Not to us, but to Thee, the giver of all good gifts, be the honor of the nation's brawn and brain, its vigorous life, its happy households, its open opportunities, its high enlightenment, its love of justice, its spirit of freedom. For these and countless other blessings, the nation to-day gives thanks.

It is fitting that, as Catholics, you should make your act of gratitude by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; for, as you know, one of the four ends for which Christ instituted the Holy Sacrifice was that He might therein offer to His Heavenly Father the thanks that are due to Him for His infinite goodness to men. In coming here to assist at Holy Mass in a body, you are but renewing a hallowed tradition of your regiment. In the days when the existence of the Union hung trembling in the balance, when the nation was threatened with a disruption which would have ended forever the dream of a mighty government of the people, resting upon free institutions and universal equality of political rights, the brave and generous souls who, in answer to the gunshot that felled the Flag of Sumter, rushed into the ranks of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, went forth from their families and homes, and for three years through hardship of camp and peril of battle, they gave to their country the full measure of unstinted devotion. During those three years, wherever the Ninth went, up and down Virginia with the Army of the Potomac, there was carried the immense tent, which their indefatigable

chaplain, Father Scully, had provided, so that none of his men might be deprived of the help of attendance at Holy Mass. Under the folds of this huge canvas, Sunday after Sunday, were to be found the men of the Ninth as well as Catholic soldiers from neighboring commands. And there upon their bended knees, they waited reverently for the coming of their Great Captain Christ. Who shall say what solemn thoughts were in the minds of these heroic men as they witnessed that venerable rite, which from their childhood days had, in its beautiful symbolism, expressed for them the adoration of the creature awe-struck by the presence and tender love of his Creator and Redeemer! They thought of their wife and child in Boston or in Salem, or in Milford, or in Marlboro, or in Stoughton, who that day and mayhap at that hour were assisting at the self-same Sacrifice and praying for the husband and father at the front. Doubtless to very many, if not to most of them, came the vision of that weeping isle, girdled by the sea, where first their young hearts felt the power and the consolation of the Holy Sacrifice. And the same loving Saviour who blessed their childhood and brought them over seas to the land of freedom was there before them now, blessing their sacrifice and their high resolve to be faithful unto death, in the defense of that government which had given them liberty and opportunity and political rights. The men of the Ninth rose up and went forth from that tent, strong with the strength of Christ. They went out of that tent, soldiers every one, a regiment that knew not how to shirk or how to turn its back to the foe.

There, my men, in that tent, you have a symbol of the patriotism which will stand every test; a patriotism which springs out of religion and which is instinct with the re-

ligious spirit. In fact, true patriotism cannot be divorced from religion and survive. Scan the pages of history, and you will find that patriotism and religion go hand in hand; and the purer and more fervent the religious spirit of a people, the stronger and more enduring its patriotism.

There never has been a nation of atheists: there never has been a government of atheists — unless you dignify by the name of government that Absolutism which deluged France with blood and horror during the Revolution. If men are false to their God, how can they be true to their country? If men despise His commands, who will expect them to reverence the authority of the State? If they care not that one day they must render an account of their lives before the bar of Infinite Justice, what respect will they have for courts established by their fellow-men? If they will not worship God, they will worship themselves; they will make their own selfish desires the sovereign law, and they will obey no other, except under compulsion. Even the pagans have understood this well. They did not dream of a state unsupported by the authority and aid of religion. They made their religion, gross with error as it was, the source of an intense, if narrow, patriotism. The gods of pagan antiquity were national gods, who were looked upon as taking part, themselves, in the wars of their worshipers. Men fought as fiercely for the triumph of their particular gods and the humiliation of the gods of their enemies, as they did for personal gain or the glory of the state.

From time immemorial, the watchword of peoples entering upon deadly strife has been: "For your altars and for your fires!" Heavily clouded as was the religious mind of Paganism, false as many of its conceptions were,

it yet had firm hold of some fundamental truths, overlaid as they may have been with error, and one of these truths was the natural and necessary alliance of religion and patriotism, so that without the first, the second could not exist.

The patriotism of Pagan antiquity, while intense in degree and productive of many classic types of heroic devotion, was yet narrow in its scope. It was mainly passionate attachment to a city, pride in its history and institutions, ambition to extend its glory. To the Greek, patriotism meant Athens, or Sparta, or Thebes; the rest of the world was barbarism and not worth attention. To the Roman, the Republic and the Empire meant the glory of the Queen City on the Seven Hills, and the wealth of a conquered world must be poured out at her feet. Besides, Paganism made the fundamental blunder of exalting the State at the expense of the individual. The individual existed for the State, not the State for the individual.

It was Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind in so many senses, who gave the world those principles from which alone can spring a rational, broad, enlightened, and enduring, because moral, patriotism. He came not to found a State, but to strengthen and sweeten human society, and to give vigor and health to all those institutions of government and of law which, under the Providence of God, were to conduct the human race to ever higher planes of general justice and happiness. He inaugurated no violent revolution, but with the wisdom of God, he put into a world bowed under the weight of monstrous injustice, and weakened by universal corruption, that leaven of sound principles which should go on working through the ages, until the whole mass should

be leavened. He taught the value of the individual soul. He taught the doctrine so productive of good in the political and social, as well as in the spritual order, that all men are brothers, whether civilized or barbarian, whether black or white or brown or red. He taught the great truths of the spirit, which, as they have been more and more realized, have made men truly free. Henceforth patriotism has a wider vision and breathes a purer air.

The patriot, henceforth, is the man who has heard ringing in his ears the Christmas message: "Peace on earth to men of good will." He will not purchase peace at the price of shame; but neither will he be misled by an empty military glory or the gain of unjust conquest. He will strive to promote the reign of peace by working in his own land, for the triumph of truth, of justice, of charity, of temperance, of individual and social purity; confident that no movement for good can triumph anywhere, without sending its pulsations of hope through the mass of mankind. He will know that the causes whether of national greatness or decay are moral and spiritual causes; that the vital thing is to keep pure and uncontaminated the inward springs of national life, and that no influence is equal to such preservation but the Christian religion.

What the world owes to the injection of Christian principles into the political and social life of men, the history of the last two thousand years demonstrates. Christianity established and preserved inviolate from all attacks the monogamic family, thus securing the sanctity of the home, which is the nursery of all those virtues that make a nation great. By preaching the brotherhood of all men, and the worth of every human soul, it gradually destroyed the vast institution of domestic slavery,

which, at the time of Christ, covered the whole earth with horrid gloom; which had been common to every form of Pagan society, and which in the Roman empire alone held in its hopeless degradation 60,000,000 human beings.

When the Roman empire fell, and its fair lands were overrun for two hundred years by barbarian hordes, it was the Church alone that saved to mankind the remnants of civilization. By laboring from the fifth to the tenth century to convert and civilize the victorious northern races, the Church, through the constant din of arms and the general turmoil of society, saved Europe from sinking into irremediable barbarism, and made it possible for her later to be free.

Through the Middle Ages, the Church was the only advocate of the rights of the common people. She mitigated by her laws the evils of the feudal system and gradually abolished the serfdom which was one of its worse consequences. She killed feudalism itself by inaugurating the Crusades which united Europe in one grand cause, strengthened central government, and, while weakening and eliminating petty despots, raised the lower classes and laid the foundations of the Free Cities, which became the nurseries of free principles, and developed into independent republics.

The Crusades at the same time, while failing in their immediate object, saved the independence of Europe from the despotism of Mohammedanism; for they carried the war into the enemy's country, made Palestine for two centuries the battleground of the world, and gave Europe time to prepare for the final desperate encounter.

It was religion united to patriotism that, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, wrested from the hands

of the tyrant John the great Charter of English rights, which secured trial by jury, regular courts, habeas corpus, taxation only with the consent of the people; and this great Charter, which is the foundation of English and American civil institutions, was but the revival of a charter one hundred and fifty years older, granted by Edward the Confessor, and discovered in the archives of London by Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury and champion of English liberty.

It was the great theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, who in the thirteenth century, epitomizing the spirit and principles of a Church which chose its own rulers from every class of society and gave the model for deliberative assemblies in its synods and councils, provincial, national, and general, taught that to decree anything for the common benefit belonged either to the whole body of the people or to some one acting for them; and that the choice of rulers in any state is best, when one is chosen for his merit to preside over all, and under him are other rulers chosen for their merit, and the government belongs to all, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society and the choice is made by all.

Have we not here the root principle of that popular sovereignty which is the glory and the boast of our own Republic?

It was religion, guiding and inspiring patriotism, which discovered, explored, and settled a new world where the human race might have a vast, free field for untrammeled development. As religious zeal had pushed Columbus to discovery, so it was religion, more than any other influence, that sent across the wide ocean the hardy men and brave women who founded the colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. A strong religious spirit moulded Colonial devel-

opment, and when, full grown, the Colonies took the decisive step in their history and parted from England, it was with the high consciousness that they were the agents of a Divine Providence, working through them for the good of mankind.

The ringing sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, and the wise provisions of the Constitution, were the political realization of the truths promulgated by Christ of the value of the individual soul and the brotherhood of all men through their common Father, God.

It was not through hostility to religion that the framers of the Constitution took from Congress all power to make laws respecting the establishment of religion, or to prohibit the free exercise thereof. The President of the United States and all executive and judicial officers must call God to witness that they will perform their duties under the Constitution with fidelity and loyalty. The Senate and House of Representatives, as well as State legislatures, open their proceedings daily with prayer; and while Christianity is not legally established, it is, in fact, the national religion.

The men who formed the country, and the men who have been raised up to guide and save it in great crises, have been deeply religious, and it has become a tradition of American statesmanship to accept unequivocally the observation of Washington who himself united to lofty patriotism a most fervent acceptance of Christianity, that the indispensable supports of political prosperity are religion and morality, and that no man can be called a patriot who labors to subvert "these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Since individual and national life can have no true

basis but morality, and since a strong and sound morality can be founded only on pure religion, it becomes the highest patriotic duty to guard and strengthen the religious spirit. This duty becomes the more imperative as an apparently increasing percentage of our people are forgetting the lesson of history, as well as their own best traditions. The domination of greed, the dishonesty that eats like a cancer into political and commercial life, the weakening of respect for law and rightful authority, the growing disregard for the sacredness of human life, the demoralization wrought by the giant evil of divorce in so many thousands of homes, the surrender, in so many quarters, of vital religion — these are symptoms which must fill every lover of the Republic with concern. No nation which makes pleasure and gain and lawless desire its gods, can hope to endure.

Here then, in this day, is the patriot's work — to fight against greed and lust, to guard the sacredness and integrity of the home, to strengthen the institutions that devolop the life of the soul, that form character, that make men.

Soldiers! you are ready at any time to die for your country; be equally ready to do what is less spectacular, but urgently necessary, be ready to live for it. By the purity and honesty and sobriety of your lives, by your obedience to law and devotion to your families, you will work by the contagion of example, for the triumph of those moral principles which must remain generally prevalent, if the nation is to endure. And you will be pure and honest and sober, obedient and just and kind, if you remain true to your God and to His Church which teaches you your duties and gives you the aid you need to fulfill them.

Men of the Ninth, the traditions of your regiment impel you to more than ordinary service. The presence of his Excellency, the Governor of the State, must remind you that Massachusetts expects you to do your duty to herself and to the nation, as your predecessors did theirs. His attendance here to-day must recall the memorable 25th of June, 1861, when Governor Andrew reviewed the regiment before its departure for the front. Standing on the steps of the State House, the great war Governor declared that Massachusetts was proud to register the Ninth among the first six regiments of its volunteer contingent; that upon that day, to Colonel Cass and all his men, from every inhabitant of the land, began an indebtedness which would take long to discharge, and which future generations would remember. And, ending with a burst of feeling, he exclaimed: "In the utmost confidence in your patriotism and valor, we send you forth as citizens of Massachusetts, assured that her honor will never be disgraced by the countrymen of Emmet and O'Connell."

That assurance has been justified on many a bloody field. Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness have proved that the men of the blood of Emmet and the faith of O'Connell will never let fall in the dust the starry flag of their country or the white banner of Massachusetts. The memory of Cass and Guiney and McNamara, of Bogan and Grady and O'Connor, are to you all a sacred treasure, for all of them were loyal and true to Faith and fatherland. Remember them all to-day in your prayers and think of them as gallant Christian soldiers, ready at all times to shed their blood for their altars and their fires.

You who are the heirs of the inspiring traditions of heroic days, prove yourselves worthy of your inheritance. Be still "the fighting Ninth"! Put ye on the armor of God: take unto yourselves the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of truth, the sword of justice; and fight the deadly moral evils that, as truly as armed rebellion, threaten the nation's life. Fight with the courage and endurance that your fathers showed, and give a new and shining proof that American patriotism can find no deeper, more generous, or more abiding source than in the union of the Irish blood and the Catholic Faith.

BLESSED JOAN OF ARC

THE SAINT OF PATRIOTISM [1]

PATRIOTISM, the love of one's native land, has ever been considered by all humanity among the most hallowed, the highest, and the noblest of human sentiments. What the love of life and of personal honor is to the individual, patriotism is to the nation. Its roots may be traced to the most sacred principles of our nature.

Every human being born into this world has a place and a duty allotted to him, definite and limited; he is to work out his human destiny in certain surroundings, in certain relationships with his fellow-men. The place where his eyes first opened to the light of day is ever to him a sacred spot. The roof under which he was born, the playgrounds of his early childhood, the school where first he learned to read, the village church where as child and youth and man he held sacred intercourse with God; these to each of us are among the most sacred things of life.

The home, the family fireside, the tender maternal care, the watchful father's guidance, the playmates, the friends, all these are the golden treasures of life. The great ones of the earth amid all their glory, pomp, and state have always cherished them as a most sacred memory. Be they all ever so lowly, they are still the sweetest things in all life, and all this elevated, enlarged, and consecrated is what men call Patriotism.

[1] Delivered before the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Cathedral, February 10, 1910.

Patriotism has given birth to the most sublime heroism and the most noble devotion of which the human heart is capable. It is a passion which grows with age. The exile sighs for the green hills of his own land and pines for the soft flowing river where he dreamed his youth away.

Strong men, little moved by other things, have grown heart-sick at the thought of their distant home, and, in the midst of all that strange lands could offer them, have often wept as, at the recurrence of some time-honored festival, memory carried them back over years and continents and seas to the cot of their youth and "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn."

It is all so intimately a part of human life, this great passion for home and native land, that men, again and again, with joy lay down their lives for it.

A free people can never endure the tyranny of a stranger enforced by the domination of might and numbers. Neither they, nor their children, nor their children's children, can ever rest until the tyranny is broken and the slavery ended. And when a hero arises to rescue the peace and the freedom of his native land, the whole nation chants his praises, raises monuments to his memory, and hands down his name to posterity as a sacred treasure.

But if men everywhere feel this undying attachment to home and native land, woman, by her very nature, possesses it more keenly and more tenaciously. More affectionate than man, her patriotism is ever stronger than his; more imaginative and sensitive than he, she idealizes and ennobles with a more inspiring touch whatever she loves.

The cradle of her infant, the grave where her children

lie, the altar, the statues which adorn it, the flowers which she lays upon it, the lights, which she kindles before it, all these are for woman the very light of her eyes and the very blood of her heart. And out of the passionate love for all these things which are the life of her life, patriotism in her thus idealized begets an enthusiasm and an exaltation, of which woman alone is capable. When her country is threatened, she herself with firm hands, even though her lips tremble, buckles the armor on her husband and son and sends them out to die in performing their noblest earthly duty.

Amid the new and strange doctrines which a false socialism has begotten in our own times, none is falser, none more inhuman, none more vicious and dangerous in its effects and conclusions than that foolish and degrading theory by which the sentiment of patriotism is flouted and denied. By its endeavors to tear out from the human heart all its inborn sentiment of reverence for rulers and for law, it seeks to kill in humanity its natural love for home and all that is expressed by that sacred word. To the unchristian socialist nothing is sacred; neither God, nor His altars, nor His ministers, nor home, nor native land, nor wife, nor family. For socialism, according to its accredited teachings, would wipe out forever from human life all the sweet consolations, as well as all the noble duties which these human relations have ever inspired in the normal man.

No fatherland, no banner, no fireside, no altar, no law, no ruler, no God — thus are summed up all the damnable negations of this satanic doctrine, which overturns with one fell blow all the holiest principles of human life. No wonder that where the voice of these prophets of evil is listened to and obeyed the disorder of hell reigns.

Behold France with its desecrated shrines and its homes defiled and childless. Behold Barcelona filled with regicides and traitors. The pulpits where once sounded the truths which built up a nation's strength are being pulled down; the schools wherein were taught those principles which consecrated home and fatherland have been closed and in their place the little children of a nation are being initiated into the horrors of infidelity and anarchy which always go hand in hand.

No wonder the spirit of national honor is departing, and in a few years when the children of the present have grown to manhood and the new doctrines have full play, what will there be left to guard as a nation's inheritance?

When men have lost the love of home and native land, and patriotism has died in the nation's heart, that land is doomed. No foreign enemy is needed to inflict its death blow; it has killed itself, it has died by its own hand. National suicide is the logical result of modern socialism, which has been well styled the cowardly creed of black despair.

Out of the darkness which to-day broods over France as it lies a helpless victim of these blasphemous doctrines, the Church, drawing back the veil of centuries, reveals a brilliant luminary in the heavens. It is the enchanting figure of a youthful maid clad in armor, sword in hand, and raising aloft the standard upon which is engraved on the one side the sacred name of God and on the other the lily of France; she stands enthroned amid the clouds, while the brilliancy of Faith and Patriotism shines all about her.

After five hundred years, since as a messenger of God she rescued France from the domination of a foreign

power, she comes again to rescue the same beloved land of her birth from a tyrant ten thousand times more merciless, ten thousand times more heartless, — the tyranny of faithless minds and hearts making war against God's altars and God's ministers, and holding the whole people under the heel of its pitiless infidelity; quenching at the same time the lamps before the sanctuary and the consecrated fires of home and fatherland.

The maid of Orléans, raised to the honor of the altar, speaks not to France only, but to all the world. In all the great history of national heroes none is more pathetic, more fascinating, more inspiring, more thrilling than the life, the deeds, and the death of Blessed Joan of Arc.

Over the wonderful story of her life, philosophers, theologians, and historians have wrangled for centuries. So unique was this figure of a gentle maid clad in armor routing armies, riding unhurt through awful dangers, passing unscathed between fighting soldiery, simple, sweet, maidenly, heroic, divine, that ever since the fatal day when at Rouen she perished amid the flames, she has been the theme of conflicting emotions.

She has been described by turns as fanciful, fantastic, as a saint or a sorceress. The painter, the poet, the sculptor, the historian, and the romancer has each in turn found in her the inspiration of his genius. She has been the centre of a conflicting host in all the realms of literature. Her life and deeds have been idealized and distorted. Legend and story have woven about her myths and proverbs, but now finally God Himself in our own day, by the testimony of His Church, has unraveled the whole skein of fiction and history intertwined, and in the process of her beatification, after the faithful and patient work of centuries of study, has revealed in all its truth-

ful magnificence the wondrous, but perfectly real drama, of which Joan of Arc, the little maid of Orléans, was the central figure and chief actor.

As we read it, it seems more like one of those wonderful chapters of the Old Testament than like a page from the modern world's history. Let me tell you it briefly, rather as a succession of glorious tableaux, as historically true as they are marvelous, than as a critical and profound analysis of her life.

In the year 1409 the great kingdom of France had entered into a condition which can only be described as complete dissolution. Rent from end to end by internal divisions and factions, threatened by complete conquest by the English whose king already ruled in the capital, she stood on the verge of losing forever her independence as a nation.

The people had grown little by little to look with apathy, if not with antipathy, upon their rulers. The king, Charles VI, was but a poor, weak, irresolute man who finally became a complete imbecile. The queen, Isabella of Bavaria, was a thoroughly vicious and unscrupulous woman, without either conscience or honor. The heir to their tottering throne, the Dauphin, had little hope of ever succeeding to this great inheritance. The nobles of the kingdom were neither loyal to him nor their country, and he wandered from town to town an exile in his own land, looking in vain for shelter and protection. France, in all her varied history, has never presented a spectacle so pitiable: the king of France an imbecile, the queen a faithless renegade, the king of England over-running the whole country with his armies, pillaging the town and burning the villages. In the same country there were two kings, two courts, two governments, and two armies.

Peace had forsaken the land, the horrors of war were visible on all sides; it seemed indeed as if the end of the French nation had come. League by league the enemies' soldiers marched against city after city. The people headed by a few valiant leaders made but a weak resistance.

At last the English encamped before the great city of Orléans. Around about the beleaguered city they built their fortifications and set their camps and settled down to wait until starvation and disease would make resistance impossible. Within the walls of Orléans the faithful French, filled with despair at their condition, but loyal even in their weakness, gazed at one another in mute helplessness. All human help had failed them. One alone could come to their rescue.

Prostrate upon the floor of their great Cathedral, the tears streaming down their faces, they begged the God of Hosts to hear their prayer and save their beloved Orléans. Weeks passed and still no help came. Drearily, sadly, the days passed, and month succeeded month; still the heavens seemed as brass to their supplication. The food was almost gone.

Gentle ladies and delicate children were dying of fear and famine. Round about the beleaguered city marched the soldiers of the enemy. Again and again the English attacked the city from without, and as often, but each time with diminishing force and courage, the French repelled the attack. It seemed as if all were over. They little knew that in their direst need God was preparing for them and their city and nation a glorious triumph. They little dreamed that far away in the village of Domrémy a little maid of the people listened to the messenger of God and prepared her soul for the great and

heroic deeds by which Orléans and all France would conquer their powerful enemy and regain under the hand of God their national life and national honor — and here begins that wonderful story of the little maid of Orléans.

On the wooded slopes of the Vosges Mountain sits the village of Domrémy, then one of the countless little hamlets scattered all over the fertile fields of France, but destined to become world-famous as the birthplace of our Blessed Heroine. The houses, simple stone cottages, were surrounded by neat little gardens, such as the peasants of France have always loved.

In the midst of them the village church raised its picturesque turret. Hidden away from all the glamour and warfare of the world, it was the abode of peace, of simplicity and serene faith. The householders were quiet peasants, whose daily routine consisted of their Mass at sunrise, and the rest of the day digging and planting and gathering in the fields.

As the sun went down behind the hills the Angelus rang out its sweet and far-reaching notes, and the peasant in the field and the shepherd in the plain turned their faces homeward. The Complin was sung in the village church, and after that the little families gathered around the frugal board for rest and refreshment.

For an hour afterwards they sat at the open door in summer or around the glowing fireside in the long winter nights and they talked in low voices of the sad condition of France, and of the poor Dauphin, their Prince, under his heavy burden of sorrow; and with a prayer on their lips that the good God might send France a deliverer, they stretched their weary limbs out upon their humble cots, and slept the sleep of honest peasants, faithful souls very dear to God.

In one of these little houses dwelt a man named Jacques d'Arc, with his wife Isabelle and their four little children — two boys and two girls, the elder of whom was named Joan. The father and his two sons worked all day in the fields; the mother and her little daughter Joan did the household duties, and supplied the wants of the little family. Isabelle taught her daughter to spin and to knit and to sew. She taught her also to love the good God, to do His will in all things, and to live virtuously; but as she knew neither to read nor to write, neither of these could she teach her little daughter Joan.

As time went on Joan grew tall and strong for her age, so that when she was thirteen she was a fair child to look upon, and goodness and virtue beamed from every feature of her lovely face. In general she was like the other children with whom she played. She was pious, but there was nothing of the mystic about her. She frequently stole away from their little games and went quietly to pray before the shrine of our Blessed Lady in the village church. But all in all she was just the sweet, strong, normal peasant girl, the very last in all the world even to dream of the heroic and wonderful career for which God had destined her. The first incident which began the revelation of the miraculous and the supernatural in her life, happened to her when least she would be normally thinking about such things.

One day at noon, while busy in the little garden next her father's house, and alone, she heard her name called distinctly by a male voice. "Joan! Joan!" it said to her very clearly and very sweetly. Her garden was next to the little churchyard, and turning her head she saw over against the high wall of the church, a brilliant light.

Upon hearing the voice and seeing the light, she was filled with fear; and out of the light came the vision of St. Michael, the Archangel, surrounded by heavenly spirits. He counseled her to have no fear, and told her that God had sent him to her; that she must pray and be very virtuous, and that God would send to her St. Catherine and St. Margaret to guide her. Then and there she vowed her virginity to God and dedicated to Him her whole life. Later the visions came to her again and the voices also. "Rise!" they finally said to her one day — "Rise! and go to the help of France." Thus to this poor peasant maid, who knew nothing of kings or courts, nothing of armies and battles, who knew only to spin and sew and feed the fishes, who loved the sound of the Angelus and the hymns which the children sang before our Lady's shrine, was given the tremendous mission of rescuing France in the hour of its dissolution; of raising the terrible siege which had been sustained for months against the city of Orléans, and of leading the young King to Rheims to be solemnly crowned. What instrument more weak, less fitted, could God have chosen for a task so seemingly impossible of fulfillment.

A mere child, a little peasant girl, was, under God's inspiration and help, to achieve what troops and generals, hardened to the fray, accustomed to warfare and perfectly versed in martial arts, had utterly and completely failed in. Thus has God again and again proved His omnipotence; thus has He again and again raised up the lowly and ignorant to confound the wise, and the weak to confound the strong.

From that day this child was no longer Joan of Arc, but the instrument of God's almighty power in carrying out His inscrutable designs for a country and a people

which, with all its defects, has ever occupied a distinct and honored place in the affairs of His kingdom on earth. From that day, when the angel voices summoned her to the great mission, Joan knew no rest. "What can I," she said, "a poor ignorant peasant girl, do for France! Leave me to the peace of my little cottage home, to my spinning wheel and my flocks. What do I know of warfare or of arms, I who can scarcely lift a sword, and have never mounted a horse?"

In secret she wept and pleaded to be left alone in Domrémy and the sweet simple life of its villagers. But for those to whom God has intrusted a great work to perform, there is no longer the sweet peace of home with all its gentle attractions. God's designs must be fulfilled, and those to whom He commits them must cheerfully give up home and all its sweet associations and go out into the strange new world to battle, to conquer, and, if need be, to die. Self must be entirely renounced for only one thought and one desire, — the accomplishment of God's will in the task which He has appointed them to do.

It means good-by to home, to the sacred peace of the little family circle, to heart's ease and contentment among cherished friends and well-known surroundings. It means farewell to beloved scenes and sweet familiar places, and it calls to strange environments, unknown faces, and difficult and hazardous undertakings. It means the cold and suspicious glance of enemies; it means a whole world unknown, untried, and hostile. But when the voice of God calls clearly and persistently to forsake all and follow Him, there is no peace except in obedience to that call.

In a thousand different ways since the dawn of Christianity broke over Bethlehem, thousands upon thousands

of gentle youth and delicate maidens have passed through this same garden of Gethsemane. The young Levite knows well the trial of the soul, which that voice once heard begets; and the novice listening to its call realizes the full meaning of the great sacrifice which it demands. So long as flesh is flesh and blood is blood, so long as the human heart clings passionately to human ties, just so long will this struggle go on between God's great purposes and the puny, uncourageous human will. But the day comes at the last when the final choice must be made between God and self, to go forward content that God is leading, God alone knows whither, or to stay and forever after know the bitterness of remorse and the utter disappointment which is sure ever to follow upon the path of him who prefers his own way to God's.

Who can ever know the struggle that went on in Joan's mind and heart during those months, when her visions and her voices summoned her out from all that her girlish heart loved and clung to, into the great world of war and strife, the jealousy of courts and the suspicion of statesmen and finally the implacable hatred of her enemies, whose anger would be assuaged only by her death at the stake.

"Rise and go!" finally came the stern command. Joan obeyed.

In a peasant dress of red homespun she left Domrémy in tears. She had no heart to say good-by to her parents, her two brothers, and her little sister. She looked up at the village church, for the last time, for she knew that never again would her eyes behold it. She looked sadly at the children playing in the fields, and the tears came faster down her cheeks. She knew that for her youth had passed; that never again would she hear their merry

voices, or grasp their friendly hands. As all the great ones in life have ever done, little Joan went forth lonely and alone.

Once more her voices bade her cease weeping and be gone. "Fear not, for I am with you," came the words which every apostle of Christ has heard in his own heart. Casting one long and loving glance over her native town, she dried her eyes, and lifting them to Heaven, murmured with courage that came to her from Heaven: "Behold, O God, I come. Thy will, not mine, be done." She had passed her Gethsemane. There remains for Joan the triumphal march of palms and the final holocaust.

Her first quest is to find the King, to make known to him her mission and his own duty. After weeks of delay, during which she suffered the agonies of suspicion and derision, she finally made her way to Chinon, where the court was temporarily stationed. Before admitting her to his presence the King called a council of Doctors of Law and Theology and Statesmen. To many Joan was a visionary suffering from her hallucinations, to others she was nothing short of one obsessed, to others still she was a clever imposter playing upon the superstitions of the people. Certainly no king in his senses could confide the cause of France to such a mere child without proof from Heaven of her sincerity and sanity.

She passed the rigid ordeal of a most severe examination: her faith, her purity, her high devotion, her simplicity in the end were clear to all, and finally the king consented to receive her; yet, still demanding further proof of the reality of her mission, he disguised himself in ordinary attire and replacing one of his courtiers arrayed in the habiliments of the King near the throne, he invited Joan to enter the room of state. She came in,

simply and unhesitatingly, though for the first time in her life in noble company. She walked modestly through the groups of lords and ladies past the throne and the mock king, straight up to the King himself, whom never before she had seen, and kneeling before him she saluted him as King of France. "I am not the King," he said to her, seeking to confuse her; but Joan, raising her eyes to his face said, without doubt or disturbance, "In God's name, Sire, you are the King and no other," and then with a solemn voice she continued, "Most noble Lord Dauphin, the King of Heaven has sent me to have you crowned at Rheims as his lieutenant in the Kingdom of France."

Not yet fully persuaded, he demanded another sign. Moving apart from the crowd he beckoned Joan to him, and asked her to tell him if she knew the great secret which was troubling his mind and which only he and God could know. She told him then and there. "Fear not," she said, "for God has revealed to me that you are the true King, the rightful and legitimate heir to the throne of France." The joy which manifested itself on the face of the King showed that all doubt had passed.

The King acknowledged her as an instrument of divine help sent to him and his bleeding country, and began forthwith to prepare to send her at the head of an army to rescue Orléans.

And now, behold this wonderful child, clothed in a suit of mail from head to foot, mounted upon a noble charger, which before her no man could ride; the sword of St. Catherine in her right hand, and in her left her standard with the names of Jesus and Mary, gold-embroidered upon it. Around her are the princes and dukes of the Royal Family and grave old men of arms, who

had spent their lives in warfare; and behind this noble band, at whose head was this messenger of Heaven, was an army of three thousand men, made up from all the different walks of life.

A more disciplined army never entered battle. With her confessor and other holy monks she went continually hither and thither among them. She reproved their misconduct, denounced immorality, and declared that not one of them should fight under her banner, who had not first renounced dissipation and vice and made his peace with God in the Sacrament of Penance.

Thus Joan and her band of warriors appeared before the walls of Orélans, prepared to raise the siege. For seven long months this siege had lasted, which in a few days under Joan's leadership was summarily ended. The morning after the victory she summoned her men to a solemn Te Deum in the Cathedral at Orléans, and she herself assisted at this Mass of Solemn Thanksgiving.

All France now hailed the Maid as a heaven-sent Deliverer. To the King at her first meeting she said, "In God's name I must first deliver Orléans and after that I must lead you to Rheims to be crowned King of France." These were the two culminating points of her mission delivered to her by her voices, the first of which, in the liberation of Orléans, had now been achieved. There remained the coronation of the King.

Through miles and miles of hostile country, occupied by the English soldiery and the rebellious princes, the triumphal march was begun.

Town after town was attacked and surrendered. Whole days, this delicate girl, weighed down with a heavy coat of mail, spent in the saddle. She astonished the oldest of the generals by her consummate knowledge of warfare,

of tactics, and manœuvres. When she saw discouragement among the troops, she rode like a vision among the ranks, her face beaming with a holy enthusiasm, and by voice and courage of action roused them again to new valor and daring feats.

At last, in fulfillment of her prophecy, she stood with the King before the altar of the Cathedral of Rheims. The Archbishop and the prelates, the princes of the realm and the loyal lords of the nation stand upon the steps of the Altar. Kneeling at the Archbishop's feet with Joan clad in her armor, her standard in her hand, the King bows his head as the sacred oil is poured upon it which consecrates him King of France. Orléans has been delivered, the King of France has been anointed the sovereign lord of all his people. The double prophecy has been fulfilled. The joyful notes of the solemn Te Deum echo through the glorious temple. It is the triumphal day of the Maid of Orléans.

It is the glorious Palm Sunday of Joan's life; and now she must face her Calvary.

"O gentle King," she said, as in the Cathedral after his coronation she fell before him and embraced his knees, "O gentle King, now is the will of the good God fulfilled, who ordered me to lead you to Rheims for your coronation." And when turning she saw the great joy of the people at the restoration of their monarch, she cried aloud, "Would to God that now I might die."

What was it that in the hour of triumph filled Joan with this great desire to leave the world forever? Was it that her visions and voices had foreshadowed already the bitter descent which from that day she must begin to make from Tabor to Golgotha?

Was it merely the keen, human insight that a pure

and holy soul has gained of the great mystery of human life, which at the very apex of great achievements warns it of the dissolution of all human glory, when, standing in the very zenith of success towards which by sacrifice and pain it has struggled, it now looks over the brink of supreme prosperity down into the valleys and the abyss where all human glory must end?

From the beginning of history the greatest heroes have faced this anti-climax of the world's applause; and those who by their genius have mounted to the loftiest pinnacle of human greatness have invariably come to learn that the world is at best but an ungrateful and fickle master, who remembers only for a few days even its greatest indebtedness to those who have given their lives in its service. Joan needed no visions or voices to warn her that success has its penalties as well as its consolations. Besides the ears of her soul which heard the heavenly messages, and the spiritual eyes of faith, to which her saints were visible, she had human ears and eyes as well, in the midst of her triumphs. Underneath the popular applause she heard the deceitful murmurings of those jealous of her influence with the King, who ill-brooked the presence of even a heaven-sent messenger in the councils of the Kingdom, and the influence at court to which they aspired.

Even in the Cathedral of Rheims, amid all inspiration of the glorious scene of the King's coronation, out from behind the enthusiasm written upon the faces of the people, she saw the lowering glances of only half-concealed hatred, which gleamed from the eyes of jealous rivals. No wonder she began already to feel that when heroism and genius and virtue have achieved the first part of every great human enterprise, there still remains

the painful descent to disillusionment, and the martyrdom of human hopes.

"Would to God," she cried, in the agony of that realization, "Would to God that now I might die." The Archbishop of Rheims standing near her and hearing this plaintive cry of Joan's agonizing soul, stepped towards her and said, "And where do you believe you will die?" The holy child solemnly replied, "My Lord, of that I know nothing; but it will be wherever God pleases. I have done that which the Lord has charged me to do, and now, would that it pleased Him, too, to send me back to feed my sheep in the fields; back to my childhood's home; back once more to my peaceful life at Domrémy, with my mother and sister."

Poor Joan! At the summit of achievements which are among the most wonderful of all history, in the Cathedral of Rheims, she sees again the tender vision of her native village, the turret of the village church of Notre Dame, the peaceful flock grazing in the fields. Above the thunderous echoes of the Te Deum, she hears, pealing from afar, the Angelus of her village church, calling her back to the Complin of rest and domestic peace; to the humble occupations of her infancy, and to the obscurity of her early years. But God had decreed otherwise. He had sent her like St. Michael her patron, as an angel of battles. The warrior of God will die with her armor on.

Not for her again to taste the peace and obscurity which she had left behind forever in that quiet of early evening when she said good-by to Domrémy, and went forward to seek the King and to rescue France. The King indeed had been crowned, but her beloved France was still groaning under the domination of a foreign power,

and though she had begun to taste the bitterness of the dregs which always lie just underneath the exhilarating wine of success, the cup which had been held to her lips she had the courage to drain to the last drop.

In the midst of his triumph, which was due least of all to himself, the King was beginning already to appropriate to himself all that Joan by divine aid had accomplished for him. France, once assured of the King's coronation, was returning to vain self-glory and self-satisfaction. France in peril rang with enthusiastic cheers for the little maid who came to save her; but when once saved, France had no longer need of her Heaven-sent Deliverer.

The King began to turn from the severities of a long campaign to the insidious pleasures of a gay court, and France took on again her holiday air and her everchanging life. The jealous ministers of state soon saw their advantage, and treachery, as always, followed in the footsteps of jealousy and envy. Leaving the court to its own amusements, Joan, surrounded still by a remnant of loyal patriots, went back to the fray. She could not rest until the soil of France was entirely free. The standard of Joan soon appeared before the walls of Paris where the English were still entrenched. She could fight and conquer in God's name the enemies of her nation, but not even she could fight the deceit and treachery which now began to surround her. In the siege of Paris, an arrow fired from the ramparts pierced her body, and she fell fainting upon a little heap of dead and dying.

This was the first index of all the pain and defeat which henceforth she must face. She was borne by the soldiers apart from the raging battle and they gently extracted the dart which had pierced her. She wept at

the sight of her blood, for in the midst of all her wonderful feats of arms she was still a woman. She found her way to a neighboring vineyard and there alone upon her knees once more offered herself to God and sought His aid. She returned again to the siege, but some secret and subtle force was at work among her followers disheartening them and robbing her of their confidence. Judas with his thirty pieces of silver was once more at his treacherous business.

A truce was declared and the siege for a moment was raised. The vision of her downfall drew nearer and nearer to her. She saw the work that treason was doing which not even the forces of Heaven could undo.

She had around her and with her still all those superhuman powers which had won for her and for France so many victories. Doubtless, had the King and the court and the princes and generals of France remained true to the ideals with which she had inspired them, and had her army retained the sacred discipline of religion which had fitted them so well for conquest, in a short time the enemies of France would have fled from her soil. But ambition and ingratitude were doing their deadly work and their price was the life of her who had saved both France and her King. She had been too successful to be spared.

The enthusiasm of the people for her was becoming a menace in the eyes of the weak King and his flattering courtiers. Again, as in the Cathedral of Rheims, her heart was filled with the sadness of disappointment. Once more Domrémy beckoned to her to return to its peace and tranquillity.

She humiliated herself before God and the King, and renouncing the warfare which now gathered about herself, she went to the tomb of St. Denis, and there hung

up her white armor and her faithful sword, which had never shed the blood of an enemy. For the second time her heart turned towards the home of her youth; but again her wonderful destiny pointed in another direction. Her cross awaited her at Rouen, and she must go forth to find it.

The whole nation implored her not to desert them now, and the King sent her messengers assuring her of his loyalty and confidence. France still called her to her aid, and though her spirit hesitated and her heart was filled with discouragement, this inspired prophet of Patriotism hearkened to her country's call, and she donned again her armor and went forth to her doom. Once more behold her at the head of her army, advancing towards the enemy. She achieved prodigies against all odds.

At the siege of St. Pierre she battled with a little handful of men against overwhelming numbers. At one moment almost abandoned by her own she fought almost single-handed and with a prowess which terrified those who saw her. Her faithful shield-bearer, seeing her at such disadvantage, cried out to her, "Joan, what are you doing here! Do you not see that you are abandoned? do you not see that you are fighting alone?" "Alone!" she cried back to him, "I am not alone"; and waving her sword in space toward Heaven she cried, "here are fifty thousand soldiers fighting with me." Hearing her voice and beholding her heavenly enthusiasm, her soldiers returned to her side.

At Compiègne, into which she had thrown herself in the renewal of the war in 1430, she was captured in a sortie by the soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy, the ally of the English, and was sold by them to the latter for 10,000 francs.

The English knew Joan only as the leader of their bitter foes. They had not seen near at hand the truths of her prophecy and the splendor of her virtues. They hated her with a frank and open hatred of soldiers who had suffered constant defeat at her hands. The French, the King, his nobles and his army had seen again and again the proofs of her divine mission.

Let the blame of Joan's capture, her bitter and long imprisonment, and her awful, if glorious death, be placed where it belongs; not in the open field of honest warfare, but in the treachery of her own people. Again and again Joan had been asked, "Do you never fear defeat?" "No," she sadly answered always, "I fear no defeat, I fear treason." And to treason her life was offered as a victim.

On the eve of her defeat she gathered her men about her and weeping said to them: "Alas! good friends, I am betrayed and soon I shall be delivered to death. Pray God for me, for soon I can no longer serve my King and my country." Her sad prophecy was fulfilled on the morrow. The hand that raised that drawbridge was the hand that betrayed her to her enemies.

She was dragged from her horse amid the jeers of a brutal soldiery who followed her with threats and menaces to the prison into which she was thrust. Why was she not ransomed by the French? No, there was no ransom offered for her who had saved all France; or if one was offered, it was but a mere fiction of the same treason that had betrayed her. From prison to prison she was dragged until finally she arrived in chains at Rouen, and there for months she was derided as a sorceress and mocked as a false prophetess.

Once in their hands, the English, though anxious to be

rid of her, feared to be guilty of her death without some show of trial. Week after week dragged on its weary length, and Joan suffered all the horrors of solitude and imprisonment. Her trial was a sham from start to finish. To every question asked her she answered clearly, frankly, and honestly, and the whole process of the trial only serves to bring out into doubly clear light the angelic character of her great soul.

Again and again, under the severe test of mocking and unworthy judges, she vindicated clearly the absolute purity of her Catholic faith and the perfect stainlessness of her beautiful Christian life. That life was a life of prayer, devotion, and sacrifice to God. The names of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother Mary, which had been emblazoned on her banner, were constantly on her lips. As she had been by the power of Heaven above the arts of the enemies' attack in battle, so now by that same power she was superior to all the deceits and artifices of the unworthy judges who attempted to entangle her in her testimony. All that she had said of her visions and her voices as a little peasant in Domrémy, she repeated with the same solemn and perfect confidence before the tribunal of Rouen. "I saw them as I see you now, with these eyes; and I heard them as I hear now your voices, with these ears," was her only answer to their mockery and derision.

Overcome with anguish, foreseeing the dread doom which awaited her, she knelt upon the bare pavements of her dungeon cell with the tears streaming down her beautiful face, still beautiful through the lines of awful suffering of body and soul which for months she had endured, and she poured out to God this touching prayer: "Most sweet God," she said, "I beg Thee by Thy sacred passion if Thou still lovest me, to reveal to me

what I ought to answer to my judges. As to my life, I know what I am to do, but for the rest I hear not the voices of my guides."

The torture of her soul threw her into a terrible fever and she begged that prayers be said for her recovery. Pressed again and again to turn false witness against herself, she cried out, knowing the deceit and falsity of her judges: "Take me before the Pope! Let him be my judge." "The Pope is too far away," said one of the judges, for whose shame we blush. Then the crowd cried — "To the flames with Joan; let her be burned."

From this awful death she recoiled with all the horror of a delicate girl; and to her confessor who was sent to announce her approaching doom she cried, lifting her arms as high as the chains with which she was bound would permit her, "Alas, Alas! why must I be treated so horribly and so cruelly, and why must my body which has never been stained with any sin or corruption be consumed by cruel flames? If I must die, let them behead me. I appeal to God the great judge of all these injustices and these tortures."

Who can describe the desolation of this young woman's soul and heart in her last moments on earth. She understood at last that she might expect no mercy. She was to pass through the awful agony of that complete desolation which wrung from the lips of Christ on the cross those awful words of final abandonment, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

She made her final confession and received the Holy Viaticum. Amidst all the horrors of war her heart had burned with a tenderest love for Christ in His Blessed Sacrament. Even in the midst of the most difficult campaigns she knelt almost daily before the altar at the holy

sacrifice of the Mass. Even fatigued by long military journeys, she stopped along the route, dismounted before the churches which she passed, and humbly entered to prostrate herself before the Tabernacle. During the short periods between battles, she gathered the little children about her in the churches, and taught them to love the Sacrament of the Altar. And now kneeling upon the floor of her cell, just before mounting the funeral pyre which had been prepared for her by treason, she received her Blessed Lord, Who from the first moment of her infancy she had fervently and faithfully served.

The end is fast approaching, and fortified by Him she had received for the last time on earth, she rose up and went forth to die for Him and for Truth. Mounted upon the pile of wood, soon to be kindled about her, she joined her hands, bent her head, and with an accent so simple and tender as to make even her enemies weep, she begged their prayers and the assistance of her divine protectors. Even her judges were at last moved to compassion. Many of them in their endeavor to conceal the tears which streamed down their cheeks turned and fled from the sight.

She then confessed in a loud voice all the defects, conscious and unconscious, of which she had been guilty. Then arising to her feet she begged the favor of embracing, before she died, the great sign of redemption. For a moment even this was denied her. Finally one of the English soldiers, binding together two branches of a tree in the form of a cross, offered it to her. She thanked him as she took it from his hands. She kissed it again and again, and then she clasped it to her breast as if to penetrate her heart with all the strength of the sacred symbol.

A monk ran to a neighboring church and seizing the cross from one of the altars came with it to Joan. Already the flames had been kindled and little by little they leaped towards her feet. "Jesu," she cried; and then turning to the monk she said, "When the flames begin to envelop me, lift high the cross before my eyes, that I may see it dying, and repeat to me, until the end, the Holy Names."

The flames mounted higher and higher, and Joan, still looking through them at the group gathered around the pyre all in tears, said in a sweet voice, "Oh Rouen, I fear you will never expiate my death." Then she prayed in a low voice.

The crowd was silent, as if it waited to hear her last sigh. The flames at last caught her clothing and her hair, and soon she was completely enveloped by them. Her agony was soon over. Dropping her head forward on her breast she murmured her last word on earth "Jesu." Joan had passed to the true Judge whom she feared not.

All that was left on earth of France's great heroine and the Church's great witness, was a little heap of ashes. These her enemies gathered up and threw them into the Seine. There was nothing left even of her mortal body on the soil of France. She who had rescued France in the hour of its peril and its dissolution had disappeared in the flames which her English enemies and her French traitors had kindled for her.

She had recovered for her nation its independence and its honor, and she had restored to the throne of France its rightful heir. But she had done more than all this; she had glorified the holy sentiment of Patriotism before all the world. She had proven for all mankind and for all time to come, that the greatest prop and safeguard of

national honor and national defense is the Catholic Church. In every inspiration that she received, in every miracle of valor that she performed, in the voices which she heard and the visions which she saw, it was the Catholic Faith which spoke to her mind and fortified her heart.

The great God of armies has no need of warriors who know only the power of material arms, nor of generals whose sole knowledge is that of military tactics and manœuvres. All these together, without the soul of true Patriotism, are a poor defense for any nation. It is the inspiration of Faith alone which consecrates a nation's life and preserves its vitality, and safeguards its honor. God has again and again raised up little children and tender maids to rout whole armies led by great warriors.

Take from the national life the breath of Faith which inspires and enlivens it, and you have only puppets with neither soul nor courage to stand in its defense. Joan of Arc saved not France alone, but every Christian nation till the end of time. She had her visions and her voices; but every Christian soul beholding the Saints of God and hearing the mandates of His Church has messages and guides as divine as any which Joan beheld and heard near the village church at Domrémy.

Now after five centuries Joan comes again, her white armor clothing her pure body, and her standard still in her hand. This time, it is she herself who is the vision and the voice. Above the great altar of St. Peter's in Rome, the Vicar of Christ raises her image, and calls upon all the world to study her life and to hear her message.

Who of that vast multitude that filled the greatest temple of Christendom on the 20th of May, 1909, can

ever forget the scene. The princes and nobles of the world, the sons of France and every Christian nation, the flower of Christian womanhood from the world over were there; and in the midst of all that wonderful assembly, the Vicar of Christ Himself, kneeling beneath the great dome, in the name of Christ's Church, proclaimed that the Maid of Orléans, the messenger of Heaven to France, was now enthroned among the blessed servants of God, whose eternal victories are the victories of Faith.

She had lived and died, she had battled and suffered, not for France alone, but for God and His Church. She had known on earth the ingratitude of kings and nobles, and the forgetfulness of the people for whom she had undergone so much. Kings and nations and peoples forget, but the Church never forgets; and blessed Joan of Arc to-day belongs to every child of the great Church in whose faith she died.

May the nations never forget the lessons which the Church has always taught and which her Blessed Joan so nobly and so wonderfully exemplified — that lasting Patriotism, the holiest of human sentiments, must be born and nourished in us by Christian Faith and Catholic principles; and may they in their hour of need say with all the children of the Church, "Blessed Joan of Arc, pray for us!"

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIAL EDUCATION CONGRESS, COLONIAL THEATRE, BOSTON

To address this Social Education Congress is a pleasure which I sincerely appreciate. It is an opportunity which I am happy to have, to aid in some way the achievement of the noble ends of this Congress.

You have assembled here during the several days just passed to discuss the status of society and the social order of to-day in their divers aspects. During the sessions already closed one side of man's life has received consideration. All that pertains to the earthly life and the material well-being of man has been considered in a most worthy and efficient manner. Every aspect of man's intellectual and material advancement has been studied. But were all that has been said during the last few days to constitute the work of this Congress, its achievements would be but partial, for there is another life which man must live; there is another well-being which must be cared for.

Man's existence on earth is but for a time. The day must come for each mortal being when he will lay down this temporal life. Then begins the life for which our earthly sojourn is but a period of preparation. Then eternity begins. Far more important, therefore, is the consideration of the needs of the immortal soul than of the perishable body, and of a life that must cease at the grave. Hence, that the work of this Congress be complete, I deem it a most befitting and pleasant task to consider with you that education which develops the whole man, and,

while teaching him to live well the life of preparation, has for its principal object the fitting him for the life that never ends.

Any movement in the direction of improving existing conditions is a hopeful sign. To arouse in the great general public an active interest in this betterment of social conditions is a holy work. In such action the counsel of the experienced is of inestimable value. Certainly what is most needed is not a new theory, but the results of serious and tried endeavor. Humanity is not so different now from what it always has been. It has the same passions, the same aspirations as it had in the beginning. The conditions of life have changed, but man is always man and always will be. To frame new theories which tomorrow will be old is a futile task. Life is too short for that, and the present needs are clamoring for results.

I stand here with no new theory. But I bring to you the wisdom of twenty centuries of a world-wide experience, from a teacher who knows humanity in all its phases and ages, and has besides that, as an unerring guide, the wisdom of Him who created man and the universe in which he dwells. In that name I speak. No true student of humanity can ignore such experience. No sincere worker in this cause can afford to close his ears to that voice. And this is her message — Man was made by God for God. In that short sentence is summed up the whole philosophy of life. Upon that simple sentence must be reared the whole system of true education, whether it be social or commercial or political or industrial. That is the keystone of the arch of human life. Remove it and the whole structure falls. To keep it ever in its place, to hold it strong against storm and tempest, must be the effort of every worker in humanity's behalf.

Any system, therefore, which ignores this very first principle of all life in man is *a priori* false. It is not only false, it is absolutely unscientific. All the blunders and mistakes which have crept into educational methods throughout the centuries can be infallibly traced to that omission of the first vital principle of human life.

The Church of Christ has taught that axiom with unswerving fidelity. She has seen the pendulum swing to great lengths from this central truth. But she has also had the satisfaction of seeing it forced back again to her standpoint by the merciless havoc of the conclusions drawn from other premises.

Separate God from human life and what is there left? I need not answer, for you know history. Man is made by God; therefore He is our Father and our Lord. Man is made for God; therefore He is our final end, our eternal reward. Between birth by which we come from Him and death by which we return to Him there is a very short space — a few years — a little time — a day of preparation, and then life really begins and never ends.

That little intervening space is therefore insignificant in itself; it is the relation which it bears to eternity which makes it of any value. In that relation every single second is priceless. We are born, we grow, we decay, we die. All our relations with God for all eternity depend upon what we ourselves make them during that time of transition. In that light how we grow, what we learn, and what we do are of a value beyond words, for they make our eternity.

God made us, mind and heart; therefore the impress of God is upon both. There is the intellectual order — all that is knowable. Toward that by its very nature the intellect tends, never satisfied, never content until the

knowable is known; but all the knowable, the sum total of all truth, is God Himself. There is a moral order; right which is good, and wrong which is evil. The heart of man yearns with an insatiable longing for all good; and the sum total of all that is good is God. God then is what the intellect is forever seeking. God, too, is what the human heart is eternally craving. In its search for God the mind learns the truths of nature. In its yearning for God the heart clings to whatever good it finds. In the search for the good and the true, man needs a guide, for the human mind is fallible and the human heart fragile. God has given it that guide in the voice of conscience — the law of God in our hearts. To hear and follow that voice is man's awful duty. His eternity depends upon it.

To know that an action is good is not enough; we must do it. To know that an act is evil is not enough; we must avoid it. Just here is manifest the sophistry of those who proclaim intellectual training the panacea of all ills, as if to know were the same as to do. What a paradise then would academies and colleges and schools become! But who is there who does not know that they are not? To know is but a part of life. To do is the chief part. Knowledge is but the preparation for action. And it is the will, not the intellect, which governs action. The mind is the light; the will is the force, and moreover a free force. That is the great privilege of humanity — freedom. To know the law is good. To know it and disobey it, that is the result of liberty of action.

God has revealed His law not only in our hearts, but by His Divine Son, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He came and taught and sealed His teaching by His death. God sealed it by His Resurrection. After Him

He left His Church, to whom He gave the eternal commission — "Go, teach all nations." She shall teach men until time is no more. She, therefore, is the teacher by Right Divine.

The seat of conscience is in the intellect. It dictates what is to be done and what is to be avoided. But just what is the voice of conscience, or the voice of passion, or the voice of self-interest, man cannot always easily discern. He needs an added light from without, one which can never be dimmed, one which is ever shining, one which is ever sure. That is the light of God's revelation declared to the intelligence by the living voice of a divine authority. By its light the law is clear. No subjective cause by which man is influenced can affect the definiteness of its teaching. Conscience is not impeded by it, or overshadowed by it, but is illumined by it, in moments when conscience itself is dimmed, or blurred, or even extinguished. Were man's intellect absolutely free from ignorance, error, and doubt; were his heart uninfluenced by all baser motives; in a word, if man were in that happy state of unfallen nature, in which the will of God and God's law were absolutely and limpidly clear in his mind, and his heart set only and entirely upon the performance of God's will, then the voice of conscience would be always perfectly clear. Man would know what was truly good at the very sight of it, and his heart would instantly impel the performance of it. But that is not the present condition of humanity.

Yet it is the error which many persist in making. They deal with man in his present weakened condition as if he were an angelic spirit, whose intellect is always clear for the perception of truth, and whose heart is always strong for the good. Divine revelation corrects

this misapprehension of man's present state. He has lost his original state of innocence, and since the loss of it has entailed weakness of mind and heart, the intellect is not always clear to perceive truth, nor is the will constant in the apprehension of the really good. To supply this lacking clearness and strength of mind and heart is the function of religion through Faith and Grace. Faith supplies the lack of clearness in the intellect; Grace gives strength to the will. In the possession of both, man recognizes the right and performs it.

To speak of the perfect execution of the moral order without religion is to ignore man's true present nature. It is the supreme error of those who think that human motives and human aids alone are sufficient for the fulfillment of the whole moral law. Neither the consideration of health, nor honor, nor the welfare of others, nor the elevation of self, will ever be found sufficient at all times and in all men for right moral action. Neither one nor all of them can be urged, therefore, as universal motives. They will work at times, they will produce momentary effects. Upon a certain high character of humanity they may be effective for long intervals. Many of them will not reach at all that class of humanity which most needs elevation. At best, therefore, they are partial, temporary, and insecure.

There is one great universal power which never fails; the thought of God. To feel that in the bright daylight and in the darkest night He is near us; nay, in us; that He sees every act we do, whether in public or in private; to know that each act is recorded either for good or for evil; that one day we must answer for it; that it brings with it a corresponding reward or punishment; that alone is the great, universal, sublime motive which

reaches to all, to the highest and the lowest, to the learned and the ignorant, to the King upon his throne, to the ruler in his high office, to the merchant at his desk, to the pedlar in the street, to the lowest and the least of men. To make that thought of the presence of God a constant, abiding principle of life is the only adequate means of clarifying and strengthening the voice of conscience. To accustom the mind from infancy to the thought of God; to incline the will to a natural and habitual subordination to the supreme law of the eternal Lawgiver; that is the only method which can ensure lasting results. Side by side, therefore, with all other training must be this essential modifying and controlling influence of religion. Any divorce of the intellectual and the moral is bound to end in disaster to the individual and to society.

Hence it appears that no education which reckons not with the soul of man is worthy of the name. The training which passes over the guiding spirit of conscience and teaches man to live the merely physical and social life of the world is not education at all. Such education ignores the higher responsibilities of man and the only true principles of life. Such a formation prepares man for the primary period of his existence only and leaves him wholly unprepared for the life he must live in the eternal hereafter. It is of prime importance, it is absolutely necessary that the whole man be developed for his whole life.

How is this complete education to be obtained? The Church has solved the problem. On the one hand the Institution appointed by God to teach all men has ever recognized the fact that man's mortal life must be provided for, that his material welfare must be looked after.

She has always known that man must be given every opportunity for educational refinement and intellectual advancement. This requirement the Church has always recognized and met. She it was that established the great universities. She it was that wrote the names of Salamanca, Bologna, Padua, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge, in high honor on the pages of history. The noblest intellectual achievements have been the product of her training. But while she provides for the development of man's mental faculties and his temporal well-being, she on the other hand equips him with the means of acting aright on the thought and suggestions of the intellect, and thus fits him for the life eternal. To the natural beacon of conscience, which is often dimmed by ignorance and passion, she adds the supernatural light of Faith, that man may the better discern the line of duty that lies before him. To the weak human heart she brings the vigor of divine grace to avoid the pitfalls and to perform that which conscience illumined by Faith marks out to us to be done.

All this cannot be accomplished on one day in a week, for as the growth of the tree must be guided when the tree is yet young, so also must man's complete development, moral, intellectual, and social, be directed from infancy. From its earliest days the child should grow up with the thought of God constantly before its mind in an inseparable companionship.

Unless the moral nature of man is to be completely ignored, or at least not accorded its due proportion in human life, then side by side with physical and intellectual training, simultaneous and commensurate with it, must be the moral and spiritual training. To concede that to the individual and to society at large the moral

life is by all comparison infinitely more important than the merely intellectual life, and then to devote six days in the week to the one of minor importance and a few hours of a single day to the one most important, is manifestly illogical and unscientific. That is the last accusation to which a true educator should submit.

For a long period education meant the training of the mind alone. The falseness of this definition is now manifest to all. This Congress is a proof of that. And in returning to the true meaning of the word, the development of all the faculties of man, modern educators are but vindicating the position which the Church has steadfastly maintained.

It remains now briefly to indicate the Church's method of moral training, and I recommend it to the careful consideration of this Congress and of the public at large. If there is any body of men who ought to be able to look impartially at a given subject, it should be precisely this body — an Educational Congress. In the examination of this system I respectfully beg that impartiality of consideration.

In brief this is the system.

At the very dawn of reason, in the earliest years of infancy, the child is taught by symbols and signs which appeal to infant fancy the presence of God. As soon as the little lips can frame a sentence they are taught to lisp the first great article of divine Faith: "I believe in God." And then as the little mind develops, the mother familiarizes it with the thought of the presence of God, and soon the moral consciousness is aroused and the invisible and omnipotent Father of all humanity is as much an actuality as the child's own father. The child soon begins by reading to develop reason, and then commence the long

years of school-life. From hour to hour of that period a short prayer recalls the thought of God's presence. The school-room is filled with the signs of His love and solicitude. He is ever present and His presence brings light and love.

Childhood passes and the age of maturity begins. Then to a more mature intellect are presented higher and stronger principles of relationship which accustom the youth to the idea of moral responsibility. These are based upon the eternal relations between God and all His creatures. That constitutes the divine law; not a barren system of natural ethics, but the vivifying truths of divine revelation. God as Creator and Master speaks to man with a supreme authority which must be heeded. The Commandments of God are the basic principles of that law, and the life and teachings of Christ represent to him its perfect exemplification. Silently and gradually the lesson sinks into his soul.

He stands now at the threshold of active life. He is confronted with duties and responsibilities. His mind is clear as to what duty really means in its full significance. He has learned that lesson by a method of progression which he can never forget. He may disobey the law, but he cannot ignore it. He may turn a deaf ear to duty, but he cannot silence its voice in his soul. It will take years and years of intentional disregard of its dictates before he can escape the remorse of conscience after an evil action. He has grown into manhood step by step, and the inner voice of the law of God has grown stronger with his growth. He must meet temptation, and his fragile will may succumb to it, but the system to which he has become accustomed from infancy meets him in his need and in his weakness. By his fall he has been taught

and he knows that he has lost the friendship of his God. And until he has lost completely his moral sense by habitual sin he cannot sleep until he has regained that friendship. For that he must bow himself in self-accusation in the Sacrament of Reconciliation, and that is the very strongest and most potent force to reawaken conscience, to quicken vigilance against temptation, and to strengthen the heart against relapse. Meanwhile the great Sacrament of Christ's Real Presence keeps his soul awake to the eternal presence of God, his Judge. The voice of God's ministers, Sunday after Sunday, repeats unceasingly the principles of the law of justice, of honesty, of fidelity, of sobriety, of duty. Every relationship in which he stands with regard to himself, to his occupation or business, to those with whom he deals, to his family life, to the state, and to society is kept bright and clear in his mind, not in any vague or indefinite way, but in a manner which comes home to him with unerring force, and with an authority which he cannot question — the infallible authority of God himself. Throughout the week that voice must sound in his ears and tell in a thousand ways upon every moral action which he places. Each day when he rises he sinks for a moment upon his knees and asks God to be with him during the day, to protect him against temptation, and to give him strength to do what is right and avoid what is wrong, and to make him know, moreover, just what is right and just what is wrong. Each night he kneels once more and in that sacred presence he asks pardon for his weakness and thanks God for His assistance.

Throughout the busy years of manhood the doors of the Church are open wide. The light which reveals Christ's presence all about him is burning constantly

before the altars. Through the thickly crowded streets and avenues of trade, if he but lift his eyes, he sees the pinnacles above him which point to God and the sacred cross upon which the Son of God paid the penalty of sin. From the cradle to the grave he is never left without a guide and a friend — a guide to direct him in the way of right action in all the intricate relations of human life — and a friend who in moments of weakness lends him courage and strength, not by fanciful theory or by vague speculation, but by positive, active, and definite teaching, counsel, and assistance. In the main that is the Church's system in the education of conscience and in the training of the moral faculties of man. Its effects, when faithfully followed and scrupulously adhered to, are absolutely certain.

Not all to whom they are offered profit by them. That is their fault, not the fault of the system. But there are to-day in this very busy city, filled with every manner of temptation, with every allurement known to human life on every side of them, thousands of men and women to whom this system is an every-day reality of life, and to whom it brings daily the clear light of God's countenance and the smile of His loving approval.

To such as these the law of life is as clear as the noonday sun. An occasional cloud may obscure the fullness of its splendor, but can never really eclipse it. Conscience to them is a part of their very being, and its voice is ever clear and true in their hearts. Men are mortal ever and therefore subject to human weakness; but when the main line of action is straight towards God, the line of life will have few great deflections. It is the lack of religion which stifles conscience. It is indefiniteness and mere speculation in religion which beget weakness of the moral sight and

obliquity of the moral vision. The Church is neither indefinite nor speculative. She speaks with the perfect certainty of truth. Her principles and doctrines are clear, concise, and authoritative. They are the same for all with this difference alone, that intellectual development only makes them all the clearer. That is what the great Pasteur meant when he said, "I have acquired just enough science to have the faith of a Breton peasant; could I live to acquire more, I should hope to have the faith of the Breton peasant's wife."

ST. GREGORY'S INFLUENCE ON MUSIC[1]

Among the numerous great and holy men who have occupied the Chair of Peter and have by their piety and wisdom guided the Church safely and securely through a difficult and dangerous crisis of the Church's history no one, I venture to say, proved himself a greater instrument in God's hands for his place and his time than Gregory the Great, whose feast we celebrate to-morrow.

As an organization consisting of human beings, even though its end and purpose is divine, the Catholic Church has passed, and must again pass, through trying sufferings and sore vicissitudes. It is of the very nature and character of the Church militant that in its outward body it should bear the marks of trial and temptation and even weakness, which even the Son of God humiliated Himself to undergo for our sake in all except sin. The glory of perfect peace and freedom from blemish without as well as within is reserved to the victorious cohorts of the Church triumphant. They who have conquered the world by Faith have proved their God-given claim to a share in the eternal reign of unmolested happiness. But the Church militant, like the body of her Divine Founder, at various times bears something of the resemblance of Him who was an outcast among men. At different periods of her wonderful history she has seemed even to feel the utter dejection which filled the soul of Christ when on the cross He lifted His weary eyes to heaven and moaned out His patient complaint to His Heavenly Father, "My God, why hast Thou abandoned Me."

[1] Sermon on Eve of his Feast, March 11, 1910.

As the Church is Christ in men, with the same mission as Christ, the same methods towards its divine end as Christ, it must not be surprising that the world with its maxims, its principles, and its purposes should confront it on every side, oppose it, menace it, and persecute it. That was all foreseen; Christ Himself foretold it, and that His prophecy has been fulfilled has been amply realized. But when the passion of Christ's mystical body is bitterest, when the Church's burden is heaviest, when it seems at last ready to sink under the weight of the world's reviling and even the treachery of her own children, God has never failed to send His Paraclete to comfort her, to console her, to strengthen her, and to lift her up again from the desolation into which for a moment she had fallen.

The beginning of the sixth century found the Church in a condition so weakened, so disheartened, so discouraged that to human eyes it might well seem to be the omen of its doom and downfall. Arianism was rampant throughout the empire; the Goth, the Frank, the Lombard, each one after the other, turned his forces upon the capital of the Christian world. The head of the Church at that time, Pope Vigilius, looked around him and saw the holy places deserted; schism was rife, and divisions rent the army of Christ.

The whole of Italy was filled with dismal foreboding, society was disrupted, the people were in despair. Up and down the fertile land the horrors of war had become a familiar sight. Pitched battles and sieges, the indiscriminate slaughter of barbarous hordes, wanton destruction, unrestrained plunder and depopulation were daily events in that awful period. For forty days Rome was abandoned; not a living soul was left within its walls.

From the seat of empire it had become a deserted village. The Tombs of the Apostles were abandoned, the basilicas desolated, the Shrines deserted.

External ruin was the forerunner of moral decline. Familiarity with cruelty, the taint of plunder, the lawlessness of life had their effects upon the character of the people. Piety had fled, law was despised, and might usurped the place of right. The Church lived, but she was like a body paralyzed. Her power and influence, hitherto paramount, were but a shadow. Sees were without bishops, flocks without shepherds. Her priests were slaughtered, her altars overturned, her revenues appropriated. Reduced to the utmost poverty, she could not promote education, or provide for the decent and becoming celebration of her sacred ritual, which has always been the precious vessel in which she treasured the sacred mysteries. Laxity, disorder, carelessness, followed upon poverty and weakness, and by the middle of the sixth century her lamp was burning so low that the world was scarcely conscious of her existence. The shadows gathered round her, and the darkness of what seemed death had begun to settle down upon her. Again and again must she pass through the scene of desolation, when the shout of her enemies, proclaiming her dissolution and utter downfall, would fain proclaim the triumph of the gates of hell. But never in her weakest hour has her faith faltered. The promises of Christ are engraven in her soul, "Non prevalebunt" — They shall not prevail.

"When the tale of bricks is heaviest, Moses comes." When the heavens are clothed in darkest gloom, the light appears. Already a little child born upon the Celian Hill, in the palace of the Roman senator Gordianus, had begun to toddle about the palace grounds, and gazing

beyond the palace inclosure, looked across the valley to the Palatine Hill, where the palaces of the Cæsars reared their marble arcades, reminding the Romans of a glorious past. The child was he who later would do for the Church more than even the Cæsars had done for Rome.

Gordianus was that type of Christian hero who, though surrounded by worldly honors and public civic duties, kept his heart pure and his Christian honor untainted. He was of the highest civil rank, but his religion was his true title of nobility. His wife Sylvia was a holy woman, whose home was the shrine of virtue. Their conversation was of the things of God. The Church was to them a mother, and they were her docile and devoted children.

Two of Gregory's aunts, the sisters of his father Gordianus, are numbered among the saints — Tharsella and Emiliana. In such a home Gregory passed his boyhood. Around him as he grew were the rumors of war, the disorder, the lawlessness of the times. Within the sacred precincts of his Christian home there was naught but Christian devotion, harmony, and the order of a religious family. In such a home where the influence of God's grace works silently but surely have always grown into fruitful promise the fair flowers of the Church's garden. In every age the sacred precincts of a truly religious home have been the nursery of saints. The atmosphere which envelops us in that inmost circle of parents and brothers and sisters cannot fail to leave most lasting impressions upon the soul, moulding it unconsciously in those faculties and impulses which later in life, as occasion offers, combine to frame character and produce fruits a thousand-fold either of good or of evil.

As a youth Gregory received the mental training and

education due to his position. Even as a youth his mind was more mature than his years. Early in life he was inclined to enter the Church's service, but his father, while not opposing his wish, still induced him rather to fit himself for a public career. Even this was under Providence a part of the wide training and preparation which afterwards would have its goodly share in the work for which God destined him. At the age of thirty-four he was the governor of Rome. This carried with it not only the highest dignity, but also the chief judicial authority. The office was one of grave care and responsibility. But in the midst of it all he kept his heart pure and his mind intent upon an inner spiritual life, which was far more real and important to him than the pomp and honors with which he was constantly surrounded. The time left free to him from the cares and duties of his high office he devoted to prayer and study. His special protectress was Mary, the Mother of God, and a quaint picture of our Lady is still preserved in his house on the Celian Hill, before which he was accustomed to pour out his soul in supplication.

On the death of his father he gave up the world entirely and expended his great wealth upon the founding of religious houses. His own ancestral palace he converted into a monastery and entered the community as a simple monk, becoming a servant in his own house. Thus having put aside the highest position, honors, and wealth, he hid himself in the quiet of the cloister and clothed himself with the coarse garb of a monk. It was while thus clothed that one day passing the market place where the slaves were exposed for sale he drew near and glanced at the fair hair and blue eyes of a little group waiting like the rest for a purchaser. "Who are these?"

he asked of the keeper. "They are Angles." "Angels, rather," he replied. And then and there came to him from God the zeal to ransom from a slavery far more horrible than that into which these prisoners were being sold the whole nation from which they came. And it was he afterwards as Pope Gregory who sent Augustine with other saintly monks to evangelize Britain and bring it out of the darkness of pagan night into the clear day of Christ's truth and law. England of to-day owes whatever she has of civilization, of education, of law and letters to Gregory, Augustine, and their successors in the Sees of Rome and Canterbury.

Gregory's love for the poor, his piety and wonderful zeal for the souls ransomed by the blood of Christ, brought him every day out from the quiet of the cloister into the world of suffering, sinful humanity. This man, who as the governor of Rome rode among them almost as a god, now walked among the down-trodden, the neglected, the forsaken, in appearance as poor as the poorest, humblest of the humble. The people of Rome who once feared him as a Prætor now kissed the hem of his coarse garment as in missions of charity and peace he passed among them.

A pestilence broke out in the city, and thousands lay dying and dead in the streets. Gregory, thoughtful only of the people's welfare, marched at the head of a procession through the Roman streets, chanting hymns, praying that God might turn away from his beloved city the fate which bore so hard upon the people. Above the Mole of Adrian an angel appeared, sheathing his sword. On the top of Castel Sant' Angelo to-day the bronze figure of St. Michael commemorates the event.

The Pope, Pelagius, had been stricken by the disease and died, and with one accord the whole Roman world ac-

claimed Gregory his successor. Thus the senator who had left the glamour of public life for the peace of the cloister was led forth from his cell to sit upon the highest of all earthly thrones — the chair of the fisherman, the seat of the Vicar of Christ.

All the learning and skill, all the devotion and zeal, by which his whole life had been marked, had now the whole Christian world for its field. Abuses of every kind had crept into society, civil and religious, and it was Gregory's high duty to face the disorder of the times, and out of it to bring harmony and order and the dignity of Christian life and Christian worship. His labor was untiring, his work endless. With natural ability, acquired gifts, and a profound mind, he combined an energy and a force of character truly Roman. He was patient and charitable to the last limit, but before abuses and opposition he was stern and unbending. He was not the kind of man to seek his own personal peace when there was a battle to wage for God. He openly condemned bishops who secluded themselves from the world when their place was in the midst of the fighting. He upbraided one of them with thinking that in his position prayer and study and reserve and silence were sufficient, when he was needed out in the open where work of voice and pen was urgent.

He considered nothing small which concerned the dignity of God's worship. He regulated the public acts of worship, the liturgy, the vestments, the decoration of the sanctuary, the proper music for the house of God, for all these things had suffered by the general condition of abuse and disorder. One by one he turned his energy towards their reformation and reconstruction. He himself directed the school of chanters which sang during

the sacred mysteries. He taught them with his own voice and beat the time with his own hand.

There was nothing too small for him, the greatest of earthly sovereigns, the Bishop of bishops, when the glory of God's house was concerned. He it was who first as Pope signed himself servus servorum Dei — the servant of the servants of God, and he carried into the smallest duties the same fidelity which marked his administration of the greatest and most glorious deeds of his pontificate.

No wonder then that in a few years the Church felt the impulse of his masterful example. Bishop after bishop came under the spell of his zeal, and soon beauty and harmony and order reigned where before all had been on the point of decay and disruption. Even in our day, nearly fourteen hundred years from his time, that same influence is felt. His letters to the bishops, to the clergy, to the people are to-day models of all that Church inspires. They can be applied verbatim to many features of our own century and our own conditions.

In the matter of Church music the present Holy Father renews them, written as they were by a predecessor of fourteen centuries ago, and applies the spirit of them now as Gregory did in his day. The choir is intrusted with a part of the sacred liturgy dedicated to God's story, inspired by the Saints who lived ages ago, consecrated by use and tradition of centuries and adopted by the universal Church. It must be true to its task. The frivolity, the light-mindedness of the profane world has no place in God's house. Everything there has its consecrated form and place, and no vulgar trick of a cheap and passing fashion masquerading as art must dare violate the sacredness of the place, the sublimity of the worship, the sanctity of the sentiments.

To Gregory the Church looked for new life in the sixth century. The new life is only a resurrection of Christ in the Church. To Pius the Church of our day looks for this same renewal of vigor and vitality. Gregory lives again in Pius, and Christ, through both, still lives in His holy Church.

His years, like his strength, were consumed in the duties of his high life. His great cares and his arduous duties, added to the severe austerities which he practiced upon his own body, little by little weakened his frame. Again and again he rose from his bed of sickness to participate in the sacred functions of his ministry. Even during long illness his labors went on. When he was unable to be about his daily routine of duties, he occupied his time in writing letters filled with the spirit and the love of God which consumed him. There is scarcely a phase of ecclesiastical and religious life concerning which he did not write with the ripest erudition and scholarship, and so rich are they in learning and piety that even to-day they serve as models of wisdom and devotion.

His end and his glorious reward came on March 12, 604, in the 65th year of his age and the 14th of his pontificate. His body now rests under the altar of St. Andrew in the great basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

Such was the life of the great Roman Pontiff Gregory — well named the Great. To-day, when the Church is threatened with so many widespread evils, the children of the Church may well join with her in exclaiming: "St. Gregory, pray for us."

THE MIRACLES OF THE BIBLE [1]

"THE Miracles of the Bible." This is the topic that is to engage our attention for a short hour to-day. Such is the topic that, perennially and in a circle far wider than ours, engages the attention not only of those who avow belief in the Bible as the word of God but, as well, of those who deny to it this supernatural character; for friend and foe of revealed religion and an inspired Scripture find alike in the Biblical Miracles the warrant for their convictions. The champion of traditional Christianity sees in the many miraculous events recorded in the Scriptures a confirmation of the divine authorship of the message contained in the Book revered by him as sacred; while his opponent reads in the very same events the reason for totally rejecting the credentials of Revelation. The miracles of the Bible indeed may be considered as one of the many battle-fields on which is being waged the war between Religion and Irreligion, between Revelation and its foe whose banners pretentiously flaunt the slogan "Reason."

On this battle-field and in this warfare, however, the contending forces are not composed entirely of extremists; though of these the number is considerable, and between them the conclusive issue must eventually be fought. But meantime unworthy armistice often marks the progress of the contest. Compromise and concession seem to shift the strength of the rival legions. Conserva-

[1] A paper read before the Bible Club of Boston, Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Monday, April 18, 1910.

tives of yesterday who felt that without the recorded miracles there could be no Bible, no revelation, no religion worthy of the name, to-day proclaim that Christianity itself in all its essentials can yet subsist where miracles have ceased to be regarded as true; that shorn of them the Bible can still be regarded as the inspired word of God. Others, while not utterly sacrificing the miraculous element in Scripture, cling only to appearances. For them the miracle stories have indeed some foundation in fact; but the fact is attributed to purely natural causes and is thus robbed of its supernatural character. Others still, while neither repudiating all miracle narratives as a series of fictions nor denying to the facts a supernatural character, seek, as they say, to put a twentieth-century construction on the primitive records by arbitrarily accepting only such descriptions of miraculous events as are consonant with present-day prejudices, scientific or critical. These are but a few phases of the strangely inconsistent attitude toward the question of Biblical miracles taken by scholars who pretend to champion the cause of Christianity. I doubt not that you are familiar with these views, and with many more in that scale of audacity which finds its climax in an alleged apology for the Christian religion whose author concludes with regard to miracles that some, forsooth, are literally true, but in accord with the laws of nature, while the others are either metaphorical and poetical traditions erroneously interpreted as literal truths or visions erroneously taken as facts.

I may venture, then, the suspicion that as you scan the shifting forces of Religion and Irreligion arrayed against each other on this particular battle-field you are bewildered and distressed. Believers in God and in your

Bible, you recognize as your foes those who raise the banners of irreligion. Yet you see those who bear the Christian standard conceding to the enemy virtually every position that conservatism once so conscientiously held.

Were this the only battle-field and these the only contestants the cause of Religion might seem to you to be hopeless. Seriously to contemplate such a prospect were truly cause for your bewilderment and distress, unless indeed it could be true, as has been alleged, that the fortune of religion is not to be identified with the fortune of miracle. Perhaps it was in such a disturbed and bewildered frame of mind that you wished to know the attitude of Catholic scholarship toward this momentous problem, or desired assurance that in the Catholic Church there was a scholarly conservatism that spurned concession and compromise, that in reason's name could yield nothing to what appears to be the fashionable attitude of the day toward the miraculous element in Scripture.

Be this as it may, I have approached the task with which you have honored me to-day with the conviction that nothing could be more timely, nothing, perhaps, more welcome, than a succinct setting forth of the position of the Catholic theologian, scientist, critic, with regard to Biblical miracles. The question is a vast one, and complex. But, keeping in mind the regrettable and, as I deem it, suicidal attitude of the self-styled Christian apologists to whom I have alluded, I shall confine myself to a consideration of the subject from the standpoint of the Christian defender and impugner. I shall not discuss the difficulties raised by deists, much less those of the atheist. With such as these the question of miracles is not the one to begin with. My treatment of the subject will be brief, even though this many-sided question

merits long and careful consideration. No one understands this better than myself. But I must risk rather the shortcomings of suggestive brevity than to weary you by exhaustive detail. I shall first call your attention to an element in the definition of miracle that deserves a very special emphasis in view of the intellectual looseness of many who regard the miracle as a species of wizardry. This will lead to a second saving step, the emphasizing of the part the miracle really plays in the economy of revealed religion. These considerations will make clear, I trust, to what extent miracles may be deemed not only possible but, of greater import, probable and even necessary. Finally I shall set forth the reasons for my conviction that miracles cannot be dissociated from Christianity; that without them there can be no Bible, no revelation, no religion, unless indeed you would grace by that name the recognition of a Supreme Being as He reveals himself to the unaided intelligence in nature; and that would not be Christianity.

It is of the greatest importance that we have at the outset a clear notion of what a miracle really is. By this I do not mean that we are to have merely a definition of a miracle. One could be suggested which we could all agree to accept; yet I venture to say that, for many, a vital distinction would be lost sight of, — a distinction essential to the proper understanding of the nature of miracles and of their place in the divine economy. It is the distinction between the mere material aspect of the miracle, its striking and stupendous character, and the formal element, its revelation of a message from God. In other words, we must distinguish between the miracle as a manifestation of God's power, and as a manifestation of His wisdom or goodness. Both it certainly is; but it is

primarily the latter. Its essence consists in this that it is a sensible sign by which God speaks to man. It is revelation by fact as distinct from revelation by words or ideas. That this sensible sign be distinguished by a something entirely extraordinary is but a necessary characteristic of the miracle. Its substantial element is its revealing function, its evidence that God has intervened otherwise than by natural means in the affairs of His creation, that He has spoken to man otherwise than by the voice that tells through the wonders of nature of His being, His power, His conserving providence.

However, since the appeal to the senses is the strongest that can be made to the average man, it is not surprising that the more spectacular element in the miraculous has come to be considered its principal quality. I would here call your attention to the fact that it is by no means the fault of the Scriptures that this misconception has arisen. The language of the Bible clearly distinguishes between the miracle as a sign and as a wonder. If I open my concordance of the Latin Vulgate, the edition of the Scriptures accepted by the Catholic Church for the past fifteen centuries, and turn to the word "miraculum" from which our English word "miracle," with its suggestion of the wonderful, is derived, I find that it is used but nine times in the entire Bible, in no case in the New Testament, and in only four verses in the sense of a specific interference by God in the regular order of nature. But the word "signum," the Latin equivalent for "sign," fills over a folio column. Turning to Young's "Concordance" of the King James version of the Scriptures, I find that, though the word "miracle" occurs frequently, the word "sign" is used in the same sense over twice as often; but, what is more to the point, the

word "miracle" is, in the greater number of cases, a translation of the very same Greek word σημεῖον which is ordinarily rendered as "sign." Thus the terminology of the Scriptures throws into relief this distinction which I deem of so vital importance to an understanding of the part that miracles must play in the economy of revelation. They are the means by which God speaks to men, or makes known to them His will in their regard. They are the signs that God gives that it is indeed He or His messenger that is speaking or acting.

It is regrettable that in the popular mind, and as a consequence in popular language, the subordinate element has received emphasis at the expense of the substantial; and more regrettable still that many who profess to deal intelligently with miracles have been led into, or have chosen, the same erroneous conception. To read some very recent literature on the topic we are considering leaves the unwary reader with the impression that the case against miracles is simply that of the consistent order of the universe against an undiscriminating record of marvelous happenings, of stupendous or spectacular phenomena occurring without plan or purpose.

Thus to regard the miraculous is to fail at the outset of understanding its function in religion. Rather is it a misunderstanding of religion itself, at least of the Christian religion, which may explain, though it never excuses, the readiness with which the self-styled apologists for Christianity dismiss the miraculous in very much the same frame of mind in which a maturing child casts aside the fancies of fairyland.

When I speak of the misunderstanding of religion I have in mind revealed religion. No man who pretends to be a Christian can have any other in mind. By re-

vealed religion I mean one which is based upon God's manifestation of Himself, of His will, His truth, His goodness, to His creatures by other than the normal forces of nature. Such was the religion of the Hebrew; such the religion established by Jesus of Nazareth. Man's unaided reason could never have conceived in their completeness and sublimity the exalted notions of God that are found in the religious literature of Israel and in the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. Man's unguided conscience could never have evolved the entire moral code therein contained. Reason and conscience needed the prompting that nature could not, and in fact did never give. The glories of creation could tell indeed of God, but never of the Heavenly Father just as Jesus made Him known to man; the yearnings of the heart for the higher and better things could help to raise men from a purely carnal plane, and give them perhaps a sense of justice and other higher virtues, but could never create the bond of brotherhood with its law of universal charity in the sense that Christ revealed it. Something more and better than the most and best that nature could give was needed; and it was given. In the acceptance or rejection of this fact the Christian is distinguished from the deist. The Christian holds that in creation the God of nature did not exhaust His powers; nor thereby set a limit to His action on behalf of those whom He created. He would speak directly to His creatures; He would inspire them with thoughts divine; He would speak to them by prophets; and would even send His only Son, the God-man, to make God known to man in terms of human comprehension. As we read in the opening verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past by the prophets,

last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the world." And all this is revelation; and revelation, as we shall see, is miraculous.

Let us at this point understand each other frankly. I believe in a personal God and in revelation. I conceive of Christianity as a revealed religion. I presume that you do, too. I should like to believe that every professed exponent of Christianity in Boston pulpits believes so. But I am forced to conclude that some do not. For so completely has Christ been divested of the supernatural by them, that naught remains but His title to be ranked with those who by their philosophies influenced the religious beliefs of mankind, — a Zoroaster, a Confucius, a Gautama, a Mohammed. With "Christians" such as these, who arbitrarily cast out of the Gospel of Christ whatever does not suit their passing fancy and then read into His character and into that of the God of whom He taught whatever accords with their present philosophical conceit, I have no word to say on miracles. I can have none. For we have no common ground to stand upon; no more than have atheists and believers. For totally to deny to God the power to act on His creation, save through laws that scientists and philosophers have framed in laboratories of physics and psychology, is just as fatal as a denial of a personality to wield the power; and even more foolish. Whatever we may think of the deistic or atheistic Frenchman, we cannot but admire the logic that carries him, in his apostasy, at only one step, from belief in revelation to extremest rationalism. There can be no lasting middle ground. Those who pretend to find it evince a pitiable want of logic as well as a pathetic esteem for the title of Christian. But if one is not

merely a deist, if one believes at all in revelation, and I know from your interest in the Bible that you are of this mind, there is no misunderstanding of at least the elemental notion of Christianity. You can readily comprehend the function therein of the miraculous.

Granted, then, that God has, at any time and in any way, revealed Himself to man other than by the merely normal laws or processes that govern mind and matter, it follows that these laws may suffer exceptions. And to admit it in one instance is in principle to admit it in a thousand. Strange to say, this is not so much contested with regard to the laws of mind as in the case of those governing matter. But if God's interference is admitted in the one instance there is no valid reason for denying it in the other. If revelation by ideas or words is admissible, so also is revelation by facts; and as I have already pointed out, miracle is but revelation by fact, the sign that God is acting or speaking, or that one is speaking for God. To serve the purpose of a sign, however, God's action must necessarily be out of the ordinary, and incontestably so. He must act in a manner different from that in which He manifests His cosmic providence; otherwise how know that it is God who is speaking? It is this that gives the miracle its unique character which compels the witness to confess that "the finger of God is here."

Since, then, the miracle is primarily and essentially a sign, an evidence of revelation, it follows the laws of revelation. It does not occur without plan or purpose. It is no mere gratuitous display of omnipotence; no passing whim of a God of law and order who, as some assume, chooses arbitrarily from time to time to change His eternal designs to meet some contingency for which

provision had not therein been made — as if indeed eternity could have a past and a present! On the contrary miracles have their economy, and though, in the very nature of the case, we cannot fully understand it, it lends itself to a very satisfactory analysis.

If we examine the Biblical miracles in detail we may divide them into three groups. There are those by virtue of which God exercised some special protecting or directive providence with regard to His chosen people; the miracles of the Old Testament are largely of this sort. Secondly, there are the signs by which He revealed His more personal intervention, as when He appeared in the burning bush or on Sinai, or confirmed the mission of His messengers by remarkable facts in their own lives independently of their influence on others; thus, for example, the Virgin birth and the resurrection of Jesus, and the conversion of St. Paul. In the third place there is the miraculous influence exercised on behalf of individuals or groups, such as the diverse miracles of healing so numerous in the New Testament.

With regard to all, but to this latter class particularly, I would call your attention to a fact which is of importance to a proper understanding of the part the miraculous plays in revelation, and the laws it regularly follows. It is that miracles are not performed to enforce belief in God; but rather that they may confirm the faith of the witness or beneficiary. Nearly all Christ's miracles are evidence of this. Where there was no faith in Him, there He performed no miracles, as was the case in His own home village. Where signs were demanded of Him He uniformly refused to satisfy mere curiosity. "Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not," He said to the Galilean ruler, whose faith, however, He presently

rewarded; and He said of the incredulous Pharisees, "a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, but no sign will be given it," etc. Before Herod, who looked for feats of jugglery, He was silent and impassive. But where there was faith in Him, there was He prodigal of His power to heal, to feed, to save, and even to recall the dead to life.

Why is this so? Why does the God of power and goodness, if He be capable of exercising this power and evincing this goodness otherwise than by the constant laws of nature, refuse to do so except in relatively isolated cases, and in behalf of those who have already at least incipient faith? Why did He not perform a miracle that would startle the world and compel belief in even the most incredulous? Or, as some would put it, why would He not dispel all doubt by performing such a miracle here in Boston?

The answer to these questions throws into yet more conspicuous relief the part played by the miraculous in the economy of revelation. Revelation itself is not a compelling force. It makes its appeal to the intellect, but it does not inexorably compel intellectual consent. Were it to do so the intellect would cease to be what God has made it. So too with the will. Revelation does not so force its action that it ceases to be free. Revelation so presents its truths that the intellect judges them worthy of acceptance because of the source whence these truths come, because of the credentials they bring with them. This intellectual judgment then induces the will, enjoying its integral freedom, to accept the truths proposed, and by exercise of an act of will they receive intellectual assent, the assent of faith. In no sense, then, does revelation force its credentials on the mind of man.

No one is perforce compelled to believe, even as no one is compelled to be saved; for faith and grace leave intellect and will in possession of their native functions and freedom.

Applying these principles to the miraculous, we can readily see that if the stupendous all-convincing miracle had been performed in such circumstances of publicity as would compel conviction in the mind of every man, the liberty to choose would be denied to men in circumstances where free will is absolutely necessary, that is, in affairs of salvation. Only a logical predestinationist could ask for such a miracle; only such a miracle could produce a logical predestinationist! There is no better evidence of the misunderstanding of the miraculous than the complaint so often made in literature on this subject that no one miracle has left undeniable evidence of its occurrence; as if indeed miracles were like the fossil fauna of the glacial epoch! Like revelation, of which it is an adjunct, the miracle is not meant to force conviction; it is merely meant to help it. The heart of Pharoah was hardened by the very facts that to Israel were a sign of divine favor; the Pharisees denounced Jesus to Herod because they saw Him heal the withered hand on the Sabbath. God will force no one, least of all the critically curious, to accept Him, His truth, or His salvation. But He is generous to one who brings a docile spirit, even if such a one in presence of stubbornly lingering doubts "kicks against the goad." For such as these the miracles narrated in the Scripture were performed. And just because they were performed for such as these they are worthy of belief; and so, even for us to-day, constitute a most potent argument in the cumulative evidences of Christianity. For the beneficiary

of miraculous intervention, not to speak of the witnesses, is rendered thereby none the less competent to testify to his experience. Alexander Bruce is wrong in saying that miracles exist only for faith, and have no place in history.

To sum up, then, the miracle is a sign of God's revelation, the unexceptionable evidence given by God Himself to the truth of His own words, or as credentials for the truth and sanctity in those who speak in His name. To serve its purpose it must necessarily be an event in derogation of the established order of created nature; whence it follows that they who would save the miraculous element in Scripture by admitting any natural explanation of the extraordinary events value appearances more highly than substance. This sign is not intended primarily to convince the curious or the incredulous; and thus it was ordinarily vouchsafed to those who already had at least the beginnings of faith in God, and this explains the fact that in the Old Testament many of the miracles recorded were more generally obvious than those in the Gospel story which deals with the comparatively few followers of Jesus.

From what has been so far said I think it cannot be denied that miracles are possible. In any case I do not intend to enter into a discussion of the question of their possibility; for I find few writers to-day who deny to God, if they admit His existence, the power to interfere with the laws of created nature which He Himself established. Indeed none of the so-called Christian apologists whom I have particularly in mind make this denial, which even a Rousseau said would be impious if it were not absurd. The metaphysical difficulties raised by a generation ago no longer have popular vogue; not because they

are considered to be less cogent but, I fear, because the present-day temper of mind finds the metaphysical too irksome. Then, too, the fashion has changed; for arguments against religion are largely a matter of fashion, a fact not without its moral.

The case against miracles to-day rests rather on their alleged improbability. The argument against them takes ordinarily two forms. The first is based on the constant uniformity of nature, by virtue of which science has been able to formulate laws which experimentation throughout the entire domain of exact knowledge has found to be absolutely invariable. The second, virtually an amplification of the first argument, is based on the laws of historical criticism. It is maintained that the paucity of witnesses for the Biblical miracles, their lack of scientific training and spirit, and their consequent credulity, divest their testimony of any worth in view of the non-corroboration of their stories and the universal counter-experience.

Let us examine these arguments by themselves as well as in the light of what has been said in the foregoing pages. First of all let us distinguish between law and law, lest the argument be given a strength that is not its due. There are indeed scientific laws expressive of a metaphysical, an absolute necessity from which God Himself cannot escape. The laws of mathematics, for example, are immutable. Nor God nor man can prevent a straight line from being the shortest distance between two points, or make two and two equal anything but four. No defender of the miraculous contends for exceptions to these laws. But there are besides these the physical laws, which are contingent. They are based upon experience and induction; that is, a series of observations has demon-

strated that in given conditions a certain phenomenon occurs always in a certain order. The laws of physical sciences are but the expression of this order. Thus we know that, in normal conditions, a man cannot walk on the surface of water; that an axe blade will not rise to the surface from the bottom. Our confidence in the invariability of the laws of gravity leads us to expect nothing different. But, and here is where the argument limps, this confidence is based upon experience of the past, and upon experience alone; and all must concede that, apart from his experience, there is absolutely no reason for concluding that the order of nature must be uniform. This experience, however, is by no means exhaustive. It has not reached, it cannot reach all past phenomena. Scientific investigation of the physical world is professedly a thing of the present age. The induction based upon its observations becomes at best an assumption, as scientists themselves admit, and one of which God alone can know the worth. No finite mind can, at this late day, secure the data necessary to give infallibility to the law.

Against this assumption of science, however, is the fact of revelation and its economy, itself miraculous and requiring the miracle in order to be effective. On the one hand, we have the denial of revelation and an assumption that the order of nature is invariable; on the other, we have belief in revelation and the assertion that there must be and there have been exceptions to the uniform order. But are the assumption and the assertion incompatible? By no means. The scientist may say, and with truth, that he has never observed a miracle; but he must likewise admit that he has not observed, he never will have observed, all observable phenomena; and hence cannot by

induction prove the impossibility of the miraculous. The believer in revelation may assert that miracle is a fact; but he must admit, as we have done, that it occurs with plan and purpose, that it has its economy, God-given as are the laws of created nature; and in consequence occurs in such relatively few numbers and in such exceptional conditions that the assumption of scientists is not shorn of one whit of its intrinsic worth, which is precisely just what the limited observations of science give it. Science has on this score no case against the miraculous. The most conservative Christian can accept every valid conclusion of science; but he will not accept its assumptions made in defiance of facts.

In this connection I have referred to the small number of miracles; and would dwell for a moment on this point in order to meet an exaggeration which gives specious cogency to the argument against the miraculous. It is often said that, were the possibility of miracle admitted, there would be an end to physical science; for lack of uniformity in nature is tantamount to chaos, and there can be no science of chaos. This might have some weight were God to act miraculously only by caprice, and that incessantly. But the fact is that, compared in numbers with the normal natural phenomena, the miraculous interferences with the natural order recorded in Scripture are exceedingly few. Compare, for example, the less than a hundred miraculous cures specifically described in the Bible with the countless healings procured by natural means during the centuries with which the Scriptures deal; or the seven cases of the dead restored to life with the millions over whom the grave closed once and forever. Add to this the fact that these instances are referable, as we have seen, to a definite plan and purpose; and tell

me, does it at all invalidate statistics of mortality, or weaken in the least the scientific dictum that all men must die? Rather than confirming the contention of pseudo-scientists, this exaggeration throws into relief the unreasonableness of their position.

The second contention against the Scriptural miracles, based upon the laws of historical criticism, is the one that seems most to influence the popular mind to-day. I believe that I do entire justice to its position if I reduce it to these terms: Scientific experimentation has discovered not one phenomenon occurring in violation of the laws of nature; scientists reasonably assume then that no such phenomena can occur; if it be alleged that such have occurred, the testimony for them must be strong enough to outweigh the conclusion based upon the known uniformity of nature; but the testimony of the witnesses to the miracles of the Bible has no such strength because these witnesses are few, their accounts uncritical and imperfect, their mental temper unscientific, for they lived in an age when it was yet unknown scientifically that the order of nature was uniform. Or, to reduce the argument to its simplest terms, the scientifically correlated experiences of these past centuries, which find no exception to the natural laws, outweighs the testimony of a few unscientific and credulous men that such exceptions really happened.

The argument is fundamentally the assumption of superior knowledge in one's self against the conviction of ignorance in one's adversary. I say assumption advisedly because I think that I have made it clear that science only assumes the absolute uniformity of nature; and that this assumption by no means warrants a denial of the possibility of the miraculous, or even, all things honestly

considered, of its probability. But granting only the possibility, the case is reduced to the conflict between an assumption which does not, which cannot, cover the exceptional miraculous events recorded in Scripture and the testimony of witnesses that these very events actually occurred. Their testimony then is in possession. Whatever it may be worth it is at least an incontrovertible fact; and no inadequate assumption can dislodge it.

It must be examined, then, on its own merits. It must stand, unless proven to be intrinsically false by laws of historical criticism uninfluenced by prejudice and preoccupations. But alas, for the inconsistency of human reason! These latter influences will prevail, and make historical criticism impossible. In face of the Gospel story (to confine ourselves for the time being to the New Testament), the assumption of science is raised to the dignity of an incontrovertible fact, and in its name the miracle narratives are branded as false. Ernest Renan said some thirty years ago, "The historical sciences suppose that a supernatural agency never interferes in the affairs of mankind. Whence follows the inflexible rule, the basis of all criticism, that an alleged miraculous happening is necessarily legendary." Note the words "suppose" in the premises, and compare it with the words "inflexible," "necessarily," in the conclusion. And Dr. George A. Gordon, in his book "Religion and Miracle," tells us on page 29 that "dogmatic denial of miracle on the ground of natural law cannot be justified by logic," while on page 32 he concludes that "to minds impressed with a profound sense of natural law . . . the miraculous is an intrusion, if not an impertinence." This is not historical criticism; it is not even intellectual honesty. Voltaire him-

self was more honest when he said, "If I were given assurance that a man had been raised from the dead at Passy I would take care not to hurry out to see him; for I should become perhaps as much a fool as the rest of them." This systematic denial of the miraculous is destructive of all the laws of historical criticism. If assumptions, however reasonable they may be, are allowed to outweigh evidence in one case, they could do so in any given case, in all cases. Historical criticism would be done away with, and the reign of absolute skepticism established. It is a sad commentary on the scientific spirit of the age that only in opposition to religious truths could it stoop to such stultifying tactics.

Let the Gospel story be valued on its own merits. It is no obscure, unfathered document. Its every word has been revered and sacredly guarded since it was written. Its authors are known. It brings with it credentials which are infinitely superior to those brought by many an isolated document from whose obscure pages are reflected the unquestioned data in our standard books of history. It is valued the world over even to-day as is no other book. The witnesses to the facts therein contained were numerous, of every age and social condition, of both sexes, of different nationalities and schools of education. To brand them all, in the name of an assumption of scientists, victims of blind credulity or hallucinations, impostors or fools, is destructive of the basic principles of historical criticism. It is a most ignoble poisoning of the wells. History, itself science, and handmaid of all sciences, suffers grossest violence if the testimony of disinterested witnesses to what they know they saw is given the lie because an experience, which can no longer weigh and measure the facts alleged, ignores them

that it may vindicate its claims to be universal; and then in the name of this universality declares them to be non-existent. If this be reason, it is reason run mad; but madness has ever marked the reason that decries religion.

But now note the strangest inconsistency of all. Though the miracle stories in the Gospel are denied credence, the Gospel story yet remains. Though the miracles attributed to Christ are declared to be fictions, the character of Christ is still revered. It is not denied that He went about doing good; nor that He spake as no man ever did; nor that He suffered a life of pathetic sacrifice, and died like a malefactor. But who saw Him going about? And who are the witnesses to His beneficences, His privations, His death? Who heard Him speak, and who cherished up His words that to-day bring comfort to our wearied souls? Who, indeed, but the very same witnesses who are branded as liars or visionaries when they tell of something that does not fit in with the confessedly limited experience of science. They are believed when they relate in detail the very words of Jesus; they are refused belief when they describe in detail what He did. All that they heard with their ears is deemed entirely worthy of credence; but what they saw with their eyes is rejected as unbelievable. Yet the truths that fell upon their ears were rarest truths such as only ears attuned to rare impressions could understand and cherish. Truly were their possessors appreciative men; and we rejoice to-day that they caught aright the sublime sayings of Jesus. But the eyes of these men were blinded, distorted, incapable of receiving correct impressions; and so they must be given the eye of modern science with its blind-spot for anything miraculous!

And this in the name of science! My very soul fires in logical resentment and indignation at such a travesty perpetrated in the name of science; at such a prostitution of reason to the monster irreligion. But I shall say no word now against those who outrage science and reason alike. Truth is eternal and time is its avenger. Science will live, and will hang her head in shame some day that her votaries could have thus disgraced her; reason will never be dethroned, but will disown and ignominiously disclose some day the shallowness of the maddened rabble that clamors in her name. In that day of disillusion the vindication will come that my weak words cannot hasten. Confident of its coming, we can with patience await its dawn.

But I have no patience whatsoever with those who in pulpit or press pose as champions of the cause of Christianity, but false to their sacred trust yield its most cherished principles. Fearing to be thought unscientific, in an age when science is the fashion, they acquiesce in the empty claims of ephemeral scientists; but because they are in truth unscientific they cannot see that the call that beckons them is false. Posing as intellectual men who would logically accept the assumption that miracles are improbable, they have not the intellect or logic to see that in principle they are accepting the overthrow of all that Christianity stands for. For, if they deny the recorded works of Christ, they must, to be consistent, reject His words as well. The very reason for rejecting them does away with revelation. God indeed is left; but, since He must now be clothed in the attributes of one's favorite philosopher, He becomes now just what each man wishes to make Him. Christ, too, remains; but He becomes only what each philosopher chooses to leave to Him of

His recorded character. If that be religion, let them whom it pleases take it. But it should never be preached in Christian pulpits. It is a travesty on Christianity, and the fruitful mother of travesties. How pitiably grotesque the attempt frequently made to picture to us the God and Christ of Christianity as they stand in relief from the miracles cleared away by progressive science! The reasoning of such writers may well be compared to that of a man who would climb into a high tree with the help of a ladder, and after kicking the ladder away, would proclaim, "Ladders never existed; there was never any need for ladders; for behold me here in the tree!" And admiring congregations, sensing in conceit their fancied scientific spirit, respond: "Yea, verily, ladders never existed; there was never any need of ladders; for behold him there in the tree."

Neither have I patience with the attitude of those who, while not casting out the miracle narratives, would compromise with adversaries by accepting the facts as related and explaining them away on purely natural grounds. Joshua's "long day," for example, is explained by atmospheric refraction; the plagues of Egypt are but natural phenomena which were clothed by a grateful people with a supernatural character because they helped them to triumph over their bond-masters; the miracles of resurrection from the dead are but tales of restored animation by physical or psychic means, or even mere ghost stories; the star of Bethlehem is the timely visit of a vagrant comet; the miracles of healing, the result of hypnotic influence. All this reveals a fundamentally wrong conception of what a miracle really is. For those who hold these theories the Bible can be but a tissue of unrealities. Sound rather than sense becomes the object of God's reve-

lation; and even the sound must be attuned to the shifting speculations of science.

I cannot contemplate this riot of reason, this show of science so utterly wanting in sense, without being appalled at the influence it wields in the spread of irreligion. Mankind is logical if men are not. Individuals may think in their inconsequential way that this or that religious truth is unessential or even superfluous. They may hold with pious tenacity to every other belief. But tenacity is a quality of will, not of mind. Other minds will see the consequences of one false step and will even choose to act upon them. I am convinced, then, that the arbitrary denial of the miraculous is but a step that will lead logically to the overthrow of religion, if not by those who make the step at least by their more logical followers. I think that I have made clear my reasons for this conviction. To sum them up, they are briefly these: the denial of the miraculous is in principle the denial of revelation, for revelation is itself miraculous; but the denial of revelation leaves man with no clearer idea of God than can be read in the book of nature; and that book speaks as many different messages as there are minds to interpret it. Theist, deist, pantheist, and atheist each reads there his creed. Creed informs religion. The creed of denial begets the religion of negation, of pessimism, of fate, of materialism. And this is not Christianity.

One word before I close. It is a corollary of all that I have said, or rather an integral element. But I have purposely refrained from mentioning it because it was not exactly within the scope of the subject assigned me. It is that the age of miracles is not over. Throughout the Christian ages God has continued actively to intervene

in the affairs of His children. What has always been is so to-day. Not to speak of miracles of grace, there are those in the physical order of whose occurrence in our own day I am as certain as I am of my presence here to-night. They occur in perfect accord with the laws I have laid down in the foregoing pages. Not by caprice do they happen, or without their plan and purpose. Asked in prayer, they confirm the confidence of the asker. Nor do they occur so often that the order of nature can in any way be deemed unstable. No one believes in the sublimely constant order of the universe any more than does a Catholic. But he knows that the physical order is not the only expression of the eternal law of God. There is another order, the order of miraculous intervention. It is the fundamental law of revealed religion. St. Paul stated its import when he said of the central miracle of the Christian dispensation, "If Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain."

ADDRESS TO THE DELEGATES AT STATE CONVENTION M. C. O. F.[1]

I REJOICE heartily in the growing strength of this excellent society. Each step it makes forward means an advance in the spiritual and temporal happiness of our Catholic community. I wish that every Catholic laborer in the state would give his name and his yearly contribution as a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters. That would be our answer to these disturbers of the peace of mind and heart of our workingmen — these violent ranters who talk Socialism and let the other man do it.

Fortunately for mankind there is a humorous side to even the solemn things of life. The reunion in Boston of a number of good men to discuss the religious problems of the age is undoubtedly a solemn and a serious spectacle. I am the first to do it reverence, though there is almost no article of their constitution with which we agree. No matter. The fact that a body of fellow citizens assembles for the purpose of working out a spiritual good is in itself a sign of earnestness in the search for ideals. But I hope I shall not be misunderstood by these apostles of free thought, if I say that perhaps quite unconsciously it had an element of humor in its proceedings.

One of its first meetings was devoted to an attack upon Catholics, and one of its first speakers, a New Yorker, I believe, declared that the Archbishop in his campaign against Socialism showed himself a worthy son

[1] Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., May 25, 1910.

of the Church by the superstitious, idolatrous, reactionary, medieval principles upon which he based his campaign.

Now I beg to say that there are a few elements of surprise and paradox in the record of this first meeting of the Unitarians in Boston as well as a very humorous side to the whole affair. For instance, it is surprising as well as amusing to find this society whose watchword is free thought and free speech vying with the rigor of the old Spanish inquisition in the virulence of its tone against free speech when we Catholics assert our right to it. So then, great dogmas must mean freedom of thought and speech for them alone.

This I repeat is surprising as well as amusing. Secondly we should have thought that Unitarians, whose intellectual superiority is so widely asserted, might be able to vary at least a little the old-time epithets, reactionary, superstitious, idolatrous, etc. Why, these are the same words we were accustomed to a full century ago. Is it possible that the Unitarians have not progressed in good English as well as politeness in all this time?

Again, Mr. Holmes of New York has evidently been reading about the work of the Archbishop of Boston. This is surprising. A New Yorker actually interested in the doings of a humble and hardworking Bostonian — and that Bostonian a Catholic Bishop. This is indeed paradoxical in the extreme. Bostonians, take courage. Here is a new evidence of our growing importance. New York is really reading about us. We are now at last famous.

But to my mind the really humorous event of the meeting was the adoption of Socialism by the Unitarians. This is the climax of the funny. Now if we Catholics become Socialists there would be nothing funny about it,

especially for Unitarians. We should be deadly in earnest and they would soon be very sorry for our conversion to Karl Marx's doctrines. For we are poor, we have nothing to lose materially and everything materially to gain by the change. We should be logical in our Socialism as we are in our religion. The Catholics are in the homes, in the mills, in the workshops, in the mines, in the banks, in the government. Suppose that by any absurdity we did suddenly become Socialists! Have the Unitarians stopped to consider the consequences? Let them be careful. We are not and never will be Socialists. But that is not because materially we should not be the gainers; and incidentally who would be the losers?

It is for other reasons, which, we suppose, being idolatrous (and the rest of the string of time-worn adjectives), are beneath the lofty consideration of these supremely enlightened men of transcendent intelligence. We repeat, however, that it is well for our Unitarian friends that our people do believe in these moral principles, and are restrained by them. Let our critical friends be careful before toying with fire. Now, if the Unitarians are sincere, if they believe in Socialism, why, it is the easiest thing in the world to give us the proof of their sincerity. How about the mills, the shops, the industries of which they are proprietors? How about the enormous wealth which they possess? Will they forthwith proceed to distribute it? And if so will they kindly name the day? Some of us will be there.

I for one am glad of all this talk against myself and my colaborers in the field of Catholic action from that special quarter, and this is the reason. After every lecture on Socialism we have been deluged with crank letters accusing us of being the "hired servants of the

trusts," the "friends of the rich," the "bought agent of corporations," etc., etc., the usual slander.

Of course, all this was absurd on the face of it. Although millions are given annually by the rich to every sort of institution, even including cat hospitals, we never receive a cent, although our work is patent to the world, and in the interests of good order in society, and for the benefit of the poor and the sick, many of whom have spent their best days in the service of these same rich, who are whole-heartedly content to let us look after them out of the poverty of our good Catholic people.

I personally have never in my whole life received a gift from a rich man, a corporation, a trust, or any one except my own good people. So that on the face of it the accusations that we were assailing Socialism because we had been bought is, of course, ridiculously absurd.

But now I have to thank my friends, the cultivated, enlightened, and superior members of the meeting in the Arlington-Street Church whose spokesman, Mr. Holmes, so eloquently liberated us publicly from this charge, attributing our attitude to the superstitious, idolatrous (etc., etc., as usual) principles of which we are the traditional victims.

Mr. Holmes, in all sincerity, I thank you. I would rather a million times be called your inferior in intelligence than be suspected of selling my vote and my voice, of neither of which I sincerely trust you are guilty.

So the meeting in Arlington Street has served one purpose, at least, which I am sure it never intended.

It has been rather hard on Protestantism, which it has called a rotten trunk never more to bear fruit, fit only for the woodpecker and the owl! But it has dealt kindly with us Catholics, inasmuch as it has not invented any

new epithets for us, and has let the Archbishop off, poor ignorant man, by simply labeling him a victim of superstition and medievalism. For all which kindness, dear friends, we give you our thanks. We hope you will come again soon, especially the gentleman from New York, and don't forget to tell us the day of general distribution when it is settled upon. The Foresters will be on hand.

This organization has a secure and safe basis. It is no idle dream, no mere utopia. It is the practical working out of a sensible plan whereby both the spiritual and material welfare of each of you is furthered and fostered. You have the Church to guide you, and honest, sensible men to lead you. Be true to your principles as Foresters and you cannot go astray.

ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA[1]

To-day Boston for the fifth time offers a hospitable welcome to the delegates of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. There is every reason to hope that this reunion will be the one most fraught with the best practical results. From the outset I offer to this Convention my heartiest support and most cordial coöperation. If there is anything which by word or deed of mine is needed to contribute to its prestige and success you have but to ask it and it will be given freely and gladly.

The cause of Temperance, to which you are to dedicate these days of counsel and deliberation, is a most sacred one. The vice of intemperance against which you wage a holy war is both in itself and its consequences at the root of most of the evils of our day.

The worker in the cause of temperance is, therefore, an apostle and a soldier. An apostle, because by preaching Christ's truth, which is a law ordaining all things towards their true end, he condemns abuse of any gift of God and of all created things as a crime against the Creator; and he is a soldier armed for his country's good because the curse of drunkenness when it lies upon a land works destruction and devastation.

The priest whose mission in life is to save souls sees in the vice of intemperance and drunkenness the very devil himself conspiring against all virtue and even religion; and the citizen whose desire is to build up a republic

[1] At the Cathedral, Boston, Aug. 10, 1910.

of strong men, healthy of body and sound of mind, realizes well the menace which drink is to soul, mind, and body. The man who loves his fellow-man, who for sheer love of his kind, if for no higher motive, deplores the utter wreck and ruin, the crime, the unhappiness which excessive drink always brings in its train, — in a word, every man of every creed or no creed at all, who knows aught of human life in all its varied relations toward church, toward country, in the family, in the workshop, in the city streets, in a word everywhere, where man meets man, must come to this certain conclusion, neither exaggerated nor distorted, that among the evil habits which bring an obvious curse upon those addicted to them the habit of drunkenness, the vice of drink, is at the very head of the list and is generally responsible for nearly every other form of crime.

It is hard, in the face of all the devilish ruin which liquor has wrought, to deal with this question calmly and dispassionately. The wife condemned to a life of drudgery without hope, to a cheerless home, to an existence bereft of everything that a devoted wife and mother lives for, not by any fault of her own but by the drunkenness which gives birth to her squalor and despair, the drunkenness of a bad husband, and worse children, can scarcely be expected to talk calmly and judicially of that which has robbed her of every hope in life. The priest who day after day and year after year is brought face to face with the awful blight which this diabolical habit has brought sometimes into the very best of the families of his flock, may well be pardoned if from the house-tops he cries the bitterness of his anger in language which, to those living apart from the ruin which he sees, seems excessive.

To those who know nothing of the sadness of heart which withers up woman's love for home and husband and children, to those who merely meet occasionally and at long range the besotted victim of drink, it is easy to talk in academic language of the vice of intemperance. Happy are those, nay, thrice blessed of God are those who have never known the danger, who neither by temperament, nor tastes, nor companionship, have been allured to dwell under its baneful influence. What can they know of the hell which imprisons the man addicted to drink? The very wantonness of its horrors begets in those who see them a wrath which, if sometimes it leaps the bounds of equanimity and patience, is, nevertheless, infinitely more justifiable and pardonable than that apathy which regards human shipwreck without emotion. Yes, they who by bitter experience have seen what drink can do and what drunkenness has done have often (let it be openly acknowledged) been driven into rage and well-nigh fanatical hatred; and indeed were it not for that sacred influence of Christ's wonderful law which the Catholic Church understands and teaches, we should find in dealing with this awful vice only two points of view, — the one denouncing as utterly and absolutely evil in itself, as a very devil of iniquity, strong drink, under whatever form it may exist, and on the other hand the mere complacency of those who consider that everything is good in life and that each man must be allowed to follow his own inclinations in the pursuit of pleasure. And indeed if we observe well we shall find that outside the influence of the Church of Christ, men divide themselves into one or other of these two camps; namely, the Manichæism, which condemns wine as an invention of the devil and therefore brands with a curse every one who

manufactures it or deals with it or touches it at all, and the Epicureanism which calls it the nectar of the gods, and which revels in its cups as if wreathed in garlands of religious joy.

These two extremely opposite views are held by those who are ignorant alike of the divine scheme of creation and its purpose, and the great moral law of Christ's Church. They are as facile as they are deceptive and utterly false; and it is no wonder therefore that neither the one nor the other of these false principles has ever wrought anything but mischief in its attempted solution of this great question of intemperance. The rigorous tenets of a Puritanism which is impracticable because false, whatever its good intentions, leads always in the end to a radical laxism which throws off all restraint as an intolerable burden.

The woman who, hatchet in hand, attacks the bar and the buffet, with the unrestrained harangues of a fury let loose, only succeeds in making herself ridiculous and in bringing the real question into disrepute.

Two wrongs in the moral order never succeeded in making a right, and never will. No crime of intemperance will ever be remedied by a violation of order and justice, and if excess in drink is met only by excess and vituperation, the result is sure to be nil.

The man who does not realize that the perversity of the human will is the root of evil may wage great battles, but will never gain a moral victory. Intemperance is a vice, and there is only one remedy for vice in all the universe, that is the knowledge of God's law and the will to observe it. And when everything else is said and done the only power on earth that can conquer evil habits and transform the drunkard, and control the use

of liquor, is the moral force of Christ's saving grace, enabling the mind to understand the gravity of its sin and strengthening the will to put aside everything that is a sinful occasion.

The Church's divine doctrine and the Church's divine sacraments are in this question, as in every other one touching human nature, the only permanent key to the cause of the evil and to its radical cure.

Men may talk eternally about the chemical detriment of alcohol to the physical system. They may draw vivid pictures of the horrors and misery caused by drink, they may vituperate and harangue against liquor and liquor dealers, they may even succeed in framing laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of wine, beer, and whiskey, but if all their efforts stop only here, they have not yet touched even the outer surface of the question. That core the influence of religion alone can reach and penetrate. It is the soul of man which in this as in every other form of vice needs to be touched and transformed; and until that has been accomplished the laws of chemistry and of economy and even of civil order will be evaded, perverted, and ignored. No one who has any experience at all of the drunkard will believe that merely showing him the horrible results of his vice will cure him. In his sober moments he weeps over them bitterly himself. The wreck of all his hopes scattered about his daily life, the love he has lost, the loathing he has provoked — all these are very clear to the victim of drink in his sane moments. He hates himself more than others hate him, and he curses the cup which drags him down and with him all those that he loves in life. And in the midst of his tears and self-reproaches he will tell you that the habit is so strong that at times it seems like a violence that seizes

him and drags him with his eyes wide open to its horrors.

It is his will which is almost gone, and that will so utterly wrecked and weakened by the liquor habit must be restored and strengthened before this poor remnant of a man can regain the full dignity of his manhood, and reject firmly and persistently the temptation which besets him. And, I repeat, the truth of Christ's Church, revealing God's eternal law, and the efficacy of Christ's Sacraments gently but potently transforming and fortifying the human will, are the only influences in the world capable of producing permanent results. This simple yet essential truth you must be careful never to lose sight of. Until you have succeeded in bringing the drunkard on his knees to the sacred tribunal of the confessional and afterwards to the altar of his God where his soul is strengthened by the Bread of Life, your work, however zealous, is as yet only begun.

Go, ask the priest whose heart is filled with the sad secrets of the weakest of men, told to him amid bitter tears in the sacred silence of the confessional. He alone of all the world knows the horrible story, as pathetic as horrible, of the drunkard's struggle against himself. He alone, could he reveal it, would tell of the long and trying battle of holy intentions against human weaknesses. He could tell you of the patience, long-suffering and sublime, which the minister of God must use towards the weakened and discouraged drunkard in his battle against awful temptation; and he would tell you of the thousands upon thousands brought back by that patience and the grace of the Sacraments from disgrace and dishonor and death to strong, manly, and holy lives.

Ah, if scoldings, and anger, and vituperation, and

blame could rid the world of drunkenness the world would have been free of it long since. If prisons and poverty could rid the world of intemperance it would be an easy question to settle. If civil laws and temperance unions were all powerful, the matter would be a simple one. But though all of them may prepare the way they can never really do the work. The work which, after all that they may have accomplished, still remains to be done, is the patient, loving, fatherly ministration of the priest of God with the law of God upon his lips and Christ's Sacraments within his consecrated hands.

All this I say again and again, first, because it is the simple truth; and secondly, because influenced by the false atmosphere about them, even Catholic laymen devoted to the cause of temperance are sometimes in danger of forgetting it. The spirit of the age is rationalistic and humanitarian. There is on all sides a concerted attempt to flout the supernatural in human life and to substitute for it merely human methods and measures. We see the results of this all about us. In the relief of the poor, in the remedies offered for social disorders, in the organized effort to deal with every form of human ill, the avowed position is that of rationalism and humanitarianism. Whatever may be the purposes and aims of good individuals, the great thesis which the leaders of these organizations are endeavoring to prove is that every man is sufficient for himself; that humanity is capable of everything by its own powers; that reason alone is omnipotent, and that, if help is needed by man at all, human aid is all that he needs. The whole history of the human race proves the utter fallaciousness of this position; and were the world, its ills and its evils, to depend merely upon the little assistance that the devotees of

these principles could bring to it, it would sink swiftly to its lowest ebb.

The Catholic knows too well the emptiness of these promises. He knows that neither the social worker nor the eloquent lecturer can ever accomplish that which religion alone can do. And you men of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, enlightened by the principles of your Holy Faith, will never be deceived into believing that your Union and its meetings, its addresses, its resolutions, and its deliberations will be of any service to the cause of temperance, unless the light of Catholic Faith illumine them and unless they are brought to a fruitful completion by the Sacraments of the Church. You have not met here to discover any new doctrine or to invent a new remedy for intemperance. You have come together only the better to learn what the Church has always taught, only to put into application the standards which the Church has erected, only to inflame your hearts with greater zeal in the cause of saving souls from one of the greatest vices, only to learn how you may better assist the priests of the Church to bring within the sacred influence of the Sacraments the poor weak shattered human beings, your own fellow creatures who have fallen within the toils and under the awful curse of the habit of drink.

What therefore is needed and what I trust will be mainly the object of your Convention is to devise and to put into execution plans for practical individual personal work among those addicted to drunkenness. For every one deputed to deliver a lecture against intemperance send one hundred patient, warm-hearted, sober-minded, self-restrained men into the districts where drunkenness most prevails, so that by word of mouth, by

kindly yet strong influence, they may lead to the parish house for counsel and help and to the Confessional for supernatural aid, these poor victims of their own self-indulgence. Keep bitter words within your own meetings, if indeed they have any place at all in a cause which more than any other requires patience and longanimity. Put forever out of your ranks the Pharisee, who by boasting of a virtue in a matter which to him has no temptation, sins flagrantly against Christian charity and Christian humility, and who while teaching temperance in drink himself is guilty of intemperance of feeling and of language. Let the priest in your societies be both the leader and the counselor. By his sacred office and his training he best knows the causes, the effects, and the remedies of this sin, and the approved methods which the Church has sanctified.

Above all if your work is to be efficacious and not mere boasting of numbers, be docile to the counsels of Holy Mother Church, follow exactly and precisely the directions of your spiritual chiefs, arrogate to yourselves no self-constituted ministry, but be as temperate in your zeal and moderate in your action as befits faithful children of Holy Church. Then and then alone will God's blessing be upon your work. Then and then alone will you assist in the salvation of souls, which in the end must be your chief purpose and aim. Teach and practice moderation always — that is a virtue necessary for all. Counsel total abstinence as much, as far, and as often as you can. Show the dangers which undoubtedly lie even in moderate drinking, and enjoin as you must upon those to whom drink is an occasion of sin, the moral necessity of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink. Aim at the most you can get, but at the same time be careful

not to place as a command and a precept what is only a Christian counsel. Denounce sin where it exists, but do not confound temptation with sin. Work as hard as you can to reclaim the drunkard, but work even harder yet to prevent drunkenness. And in this connection let me offer to your commendation and your imitation the work done among the children by one of our own good priests in the organization known as the League of the Holy Family. Of all the methods employed to inculcate the virtue of temperance among our people none has my heartier approval and blessing than this, for it will raise up a generation of men and women bound by every tie of faith and charity to love and foster in the ever-growing circle of their influence, the virtue of self-denial which is the foundation of all virtue and the hatred of that vice, intemperance and drunkenness, which is frequently the cause of nearly every other moral evil.

Patience, charity, devotion, let these be your watchwords, and may the blessing of God crown your labors in the cause of God, His Church, and your fellow man.

SERMON BEFORE THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS, MONTREAL, 1910

"Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator Dominus; escam dedit timentibus se." — PSALM CX.

WHEN, ages ago, this fair portion of the earth rose above the subsiding waters, the eternal God from the glory of His heavens smiled upon it; for He knew even then that on this day and in this place the great ones of the world would gather here around the altar of His love to offer Him, hidden beneath the Eucharistic veil, all the homage of their hearts.

Ages before the sons of men built their habitations on the banks of this mighty river the all-seeing eye of God beheld reflected from this majestic stream the gleam of Jehovah's banners and to-day's long train of triumphal procession bearing amid hymns and anthems the great Sacrament of His presence.

Centuries and centuries before the city of Mary had erected her glorious cathedrals the peans of praise which we raise here under the blue dome of God's great temple of nature had sounded their echoes aloft to the very throne of God; so that before the inhabitants of this beautiful city had framed the laws by which it is governed, or planned the spacious streets through which we have now passed, God's favor had rested upon this place and His blessings had descended over it.

When, on the sad night before Christ's passion, in the dim supper-chamber of the Pasch, the Son of God instituted the Blessed Sacrament of His love, He knew full

well that we here present to-day should bear in our loving arms in triumphal procession the mystery which then was concealed amid retirement and poverty.

To-day, then, we take our place in this majestic scene with the consciousness that we are fulfilling the plans of God and realizing the eternal designs of Jesus Christ present to His mind on the eve of His great passion. Truly, if heaven and earth are filled with God's glory, thrice sacred is this spot sanctified by His sacramental presence. Privileged indeed is this people to whom the King of Kings Himself has come to-day as a friendly visitor.

During these historic days, when the Son of God is a nation's guest, heaven itself surely is very near to this people. And this fair city which has become a sacred shrine of God's presence is teeming with His graces and benedictions. Look around you and consider well the full beauty and the fuller significance of this wonderful scene. Nature and grace, earth and heaven, are blending here all their varied splendors. For the moment this Royal Mount is become a second Tabor, and the very heavens have opened above this hallowed place where the angels of God descend in silent adoration around the throne of the Holy Eucharist.

We forget for the time all the miseries of earth and all its heavy load of sin. We think not for the moment of those who have neither faith nor love for God's holy Church. We forget in the sublimity of the moment everything else as our eyes and our hearts are lifted up to behold only the triumph of God's victory and our own unspeakable privilege of participation in it. Ah! moments like these are rare in a long lifetime and few of us will ever again behold so sublime a spectacle.

Yet, splendid as it is, thrilling as is the concourse of those who witness it, its real intensity is concealed in the momentous emotion which though unseen sways the minds and the hearts of this great assembly.

What tongue of man can voice the sentiment of Faith which at this moment fills to overflowing each Catholic soul here present, revealing the presence of the Son of God under the veil of the Eucharist? As truly as on that first Christmas night the tender Child of Mary lay within her loving arms, as truly as when in Judea He sat upon the hillsides and taught the people the wonderful truths of God, as truly as when He healed the leper and fed the multitude and gave sight to the blind, as truly as when at last He was raised a blessed Holocaust 'twixt earth and heaven, just so truly is Jesus Christ our King here with us and before us, there in the Sacrament of His love.

Oh! sublime and divine gift of faith which pierces the mystic veil and reveals the glory of Christ's divinity under the Sacramental species! This day is a feast of faith and love, a day when our hearts leap up in joyous professions of the truth of God's great mysteries.

The time is too precious and too sacred to pass in fruitless questionings. There is plenty of time for scientific inquiry and merely mental investigation of the how and the why of God's wonderful dealings with men. To-day we hear only the omnipotent words of the Son of God transforming bread and wine into His own Body and Blood. His word is Truth and His power is omnipotence. We hear only His words, and our hearts bow down before the miracle of His power. "This is my Body; this is my Blood." Either God is not God at all and the whole universe is mere fiction, or those words are true. He who doubts must take his choice. We stand with

God's eternal promises, sublimely confident and perfectly sure that what He says is true. Like the Apostles who twenty centuries ago first heard these wondrous words, we kneel before His divine Presence and adore.

The whole story of God's dealings with man is summed up in this tremendous mystery of the altar. We may say, in a manner the Blessed Sacrament is the epitome of them all, for herein is all the omnipotence of that power which created the universe and all the intensity of that love which redeemed it. Out of nothing the power of God created all things, and the same power changes bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Son of God. The Almighty Ruler of all things in heaven and on earth governs the universe by those laws which He Himself established. They are in fact after all absolutely responsive to His will. They do not and cannot regulate or diminish His control, for they, like everything else in the universe, are but His creatures. He has but to speak and they obey. Just as by His fiat all things came into being, so at His command must they follow out His decree.

The power to change substance pertains to the same power which created all substance outside Himself.

The Son of God with all the power of His Eternal Father, with all the truth of His Divinity, is equal master of the whole universe, and by Him were made all things that were made. Transubstantiation in its essence has nothing but that which is perfectly consonant with our knowledge of God's unlimited power over all things.

The Incarnation is only God's infinite love yearning for a closer union with mankind, and the wonderful plan of God's insatiable affection to bring man back to the arms of his Creator. In the sacred mystery of the Incarnation the Son of God came down upon our earth that

He might be one of us, that by giving to the human race the title of brotherhood with Himself, He might thus bring us back to our Eternal Father.

Love craves for union of hearts, and our Blessed Lord assumed our flesh that we might feel His closer union. For thirty years He lived among men ; He toiled for men ; He suffered and died for men. Surely all this is proof that there is absolutely no limit which the infinite love of God is not willing to reach for simple love of His own weak creatures.

If the Incarnation proves anything it certainly proves this — that the infinite love of God will assume any form, no matter how lowly, how humble, nay, no matter how seemingly bereft of all external dignity, if only by so doing He can prove His love for humanity and win back man's love to Himself. Creation and the Incarnation both, therefore, have only prepared the way for that acme of God's power and God's love — the presence of Jesus Christ, Body, Soul, and Divinity, under the species of bread and wine.

Our blessed Lord became man, lived His mortal life upon this earth, and finally offered Himself upon the cross of Calvary, not for a single race of men alone, nor for a single nation, nor for those only who inhabited the earth during His lifetime. Redemption had come for all men and all races and all times, through the precious Blood of a God-man, shed upon Calvary's tree. Our God was to be in very truth Emmanuel — God with us.

During His mortal life in Judea His very presence radiated salvation ; and when after His Passion and death the earth should see Him no longer in visible human form, what would the countless generations born after His time do without Him ? Were they to sink back into the

mere sadness of the memories of Bethlehem and Golgotha? Were they only to sigh vainly at the thought of what they might have been and what they might have done had they been privileged like Magdalene to kiss His sacred feet, or like Martha to minister to His human wants, or like John to lean upon His loving breast, or merely as one of the crowd to look upon His wondrous face and hear the sweet accents of His voice? Was all our Christian inheritance to be only the memories of God's presence among a people who loved Him not, while the myriads of His own children in every land should feel forever the void of His absence? Ah! no, the Son of God once descended upon earth had come down among men to remain with them till the end of time.

His visible human presence was but the beginning of that inexhaustible never-ending union with each single human soul in a manner unspeakably more intimate than was ever possible during His mortal life upon earth. Each humblest Christian in the farthest and most remote regions of the world, whithersoever the power of Christ's priesthood might penetrate, was, if he only wished, to enjoy the living companionship of the God-man in a relationship a million times more close and familiar than that experienced by any of those who lived in Judea while God walked among men. In the great Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist He gave to His beloved Spouse, the Church, the power to perpetuate His divine Presence and to bring the omnipotent influence of that Presence into every soul until time should be no more.

The mere thought of God is in itself an awful force for holiness and justice of life. The very consciousness that God sees us, beholds our actions, and here and now judges our thoughts and our deeds, keeps the soul in the

holy equilibrium of good order. How many a temptation has been routed, how many an evil thought dispelled, how many a wicked deed averted by the mere thought of God's presence. It strengthens our sense of responsibility and weakens the grip of passion.

The might of this wonderful influence was doubly felt when Jesus Christ stood in the midst of sinners. We know how even one glance from His eye melted the hardest hearts and how one sweet word stirred the depths of hitherto impenitent souls. Magdalene and Peter and the penitent thief became saints under the irresistible influence of the nearness of God's love to them in the person and presence of Jesus Christ.

The greatest testament, then, He could ever leave to His Church was the perpetuation of this same Divine Presence, equally real, equally powerful, equally irresistible, and even more communicable and partakable, under the form of food in the tremendous Sacrament of His love; where He Himself and all that He is, His divinity with all its omnipotence of power and its infinitude of love, His Body, pure and beautiful, and His precious Blood, is hidden under the appearances of bread and wine. The Blessed Sacrament brings God really nearer to us twenty centuries after His death, nearer our hearts to love Him, nearer our minds to behold Him, nearer our souls to feel Him than was ever possible before its institution.

When, therefore, our Blessed Lord said to His Apostles at the moment of their ordination: "Do this in commemoration of me," He intended by this eternal continuation of His real Presence in His Church, to live more closely united to humanity during all the ages to come than when visibly present He walked among men.

This eternal memorial, a God's Presence, was to be forever in a million places over all the earth, so many centres from which should radiate the awful power of sanctification, consolation, and holy strength which came to all those who were privileged to behold Him during His mortal life on earth.

No need then for any of us to envy the simple shepherds who knelt in adoration around the holy crib; Jesus Christ Himself is here upon the altar as truly and as really as when He lay in the manger of Bethlehem. What need have we to envy the leper and the blind and the halt, who, touched by His sacred Hand, felt the divine power of God thrilling the blood in their hearts and restoring them to health and happiness? Here in the tabernacle is the same Jesus Christ and the same infinite power to renovate and restore us. What need have we to envy those who by touching the hem of His garment were cured of their ills, since in Holy Communion He enters into the core of our very existence, with all the power of His divinity about Him, ready, if we are worthy, to perform even greater miracles than those He performed in Judea. How transcendent, above all understanding, is this sublime mystery by which our blessed Lord thus perpetuates the influence of His sacred Presence!

In the Blessed Sacrament, the Passion and the Death of Christ, the great sacrificial atonement is multiplied ten million times. What has poor fallen man left to offer in recognition of God's sovereignty over him? Nothing, nothing that is not tainted, nothing that is not mere smoke and ashes, nothing that is not the spoiled remnants of God's own gifts to man. The hands of all humanity outstretched forever with the best that men could offer would still be but the poor bits of men's pov-

erty offered up by guilty servants. Our Blessed Lord, knowing the pathos of our wretchedness, became in the Eucharist both priest and oblation, offering daily upon a thousand altars the perfect sacrifice of His own Body and Blood. Oh! thrice holy Mass of Christ's holy Church, what wealth of worship, what riches of expiation, what treasures of grace are thine! In Thee while there remains a priest on earth God will be fitly honored and the infinite fruits of redemption fitly applied.

O Catholics, let us begin to-day fully to realize the enormous treasury of grace contained in the central act of the Church's worship. Even one Holy Mass offered in one place in all the world would have in itself such value that, compared to it, all the wealth and gold of the earth would be but meanness and destitution. O Catholics, stop for a moment and think what would our lives be to-day if the priesthood of Christ were extinguished upon earth and never again till the end of time the Eucharistic Sacrifice should be offered upon our altars! How destitute would all the world seem then! What could the inventions of man ever produce to fill the aching void thus created in our hearts! The very thought makes us shudder. Thanks to God's infinite goodness this awful anathema will never come upon us.

As there is no limit to God's power, neither is there any limit to His goodness, and so the Almighty God must give and give and give until He floods the universe. To nature He gives life and being, but to man He must give His very self forever. Thus the limit of God's own generosity is reached in the Sacrifice of Holy Mass and the Sacrament of Holy Communion. "This is My Body; eat of it that you may live." "This is My Blood; drink of it that you may be saved."

All the doctrines of the Church converge in this greatest gift of God to man. All the glorious ritual of the Church centres in the Sacrament of the Altar. All the long, long story of the Church's progress through the centuries is but the story of the triumphal progress of the Holy Eucharist down the ages of Christian worship. The whole hierarchy of the Church receives its dignity, its significance, and its reality from the institution and the perpetuation of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Without it the very title of our priesthood would be in vain. The sculptured altars erected from end to end of the broad earth are but the sacrificial stones upon which this pure oblation is daily offered. The magnificent basilicas, stupendous monuments of Christian art, are but the loving shelter offered to Christ's precious Body and Blood resting within the tabernacle. In a word, the Blessed Sacrament is the Church's all-in-all. Possessed of it, all the riches of heaven are hers.

The true religion of Christ is His own Church, not merely because she holds His truth and His law, but because He Himself dwells under her roof. While she feeds the minds of her children with His doctrines and guides their actions by His precepts, she nourishes their very souls with Himself. Truly the words of the Psalmist have become verified in the life of Christ's Church: "Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator Dominus; escam dedit timentibus se."

Come, Christians, heirs of Christ's great bounty to His Church, let us kneel and adore Him in the great sacrament of His love. From out our grateful hearts let us acknowledge the endless bounty of this climax of all His generosity. In His power is our strength; in His love is our salvation; and His power and His love we humbly

adore, beholding His real Presence under the sacred Species.

And, Thou, oh Food of our souls, mystic manna of eternal life, be with us all the day long and every day of our pilgrimage here on earth, consoling us by Thy divine Presence, strengthening us by Thy nourishment, healing us by Thy perpetual atonement; and when our eyes are closing at last in death, come to our souls in that supreme moment as our Viaticum so that in Thy company who made us and redeemed us we may enter into Thy eternal kingdom where no longer under the veil of sacramental mystery but face to face forever, we shall see our God.

DISCORSO ALL' OCCASIONE DEL PRANZO DATO IN ONORE DEL CARDINAL VANNUTELLI, HOTEL SOMERSET, 8 OTTOBRE, 1910

EMINENZA REVERENDISSIMA: Quantunque Boston sia quasi l' ultima città in America ad offrire all' Eminenza Vostra il ben venuto, pur tuttavia l' ardire e la cordialità del nostro ricevimento sono certo non minori di quelli delle città di cui l' Eminenza Vostra fu ospite illustre.

L' Eminenza Vostra viaggiando attraverso il nostro paese ha acquistato senza dubbio qualche idea della sua immensa estensione, delle sue resorse enormi, dell 'Ospitalitá sincera del suo popolo, della liberta perfetta, dello splendido sentimento che regna fra le autorità civili ed ecclesiastiche, e sopra tutto, del profondo e sincero spirito di fede che domina i figli della Chiesa in America.

È vero che noi siamo tuttavia un popolo giovane, e felici di imparare ancora molte cose dalla vecchia Europa, ma è pur vero che vi sono altre cose che alcune parti della stessa Europa potrebbero apprendere da noi, e fra esse specialmente il fatto che il nostro governo francamente rispetta i diritti della Chiesa; e colore che dirigono i destini della nazione candidamente riconoscono la forza magnifica che l' obbedienza ai principii della nostra fede da alla stabilita della nazione stessa. Questo l' Eminenza Vostra ha visto in America, ovunque è andata; e questo stesso spirito, siamo ben felici asserirlo, regna nello Stato di Massachusetts e nella Città di Boston, che

hanno l' onore di avere Vostra Eminenza quale loro ospite carissimo.

Eminenza Reverendissima, Boston non riconosce nel nuovo mondo alcuna altra città a se superiore nella sua manifestazione di attiva, energica, zelante Cattolicità. Noi abbiamo in questa Diocesi più di un milione di cattolici ed essi sono profondamente e fortemente cattolici; cattolici nella loro devozione ai principii della loro fede, nella loro inviolata fedeltà al capo della Archidiocesi, nella splendida attività dei loro sacerdoti, il cui zelo e divozione sono riconosciuti sopra tutta l' America. E Boston si vanta di ciò di cui nessuna altra città che Vostra Eminenza ha visitata può gloriarsi, cioè che i cittadini cattolici formano la grande maggioranza della sua popolazione. E questo splendido corpo di cattolici spicca principalmente e sopratutto, Eminenza, per loro perfetto attaccamento e divozione a Roma, alla Santa Sede, ed al Vicario di Cristo. E ciò non è un vanto vago. Il sacrifizio è la prova della sincerità. Domandi, se lo vuole, Eminenza, alla Società per la Propagazione della Fede che cosa Boston manda annualmente per il sopporto dei missionari in terre straniere. Rimiri anche, se ha il tempo, gli splendidi istituti di carità che la generosità dei fedeli ha eretti e sopporta. Richieda, se lo brama, il Santo Padre qual posto Boston ha guadagnato nel suo cuore per le manifestazioni di devozione figliale aiutando la Santa Sede con pratico e generoso soccorso a continuare la grande missione che Cristo gli ha affidato per il bene del mondo intiero.

Eminenza Reverendissima, è con un sentimento di nobile orgoglio, che l' Arcivescovo di Boston può questa sera dichiarare all' Eminenza Vostra che in tutte le sapradette cose Boston sta nel primissimo posto di tutte le

diocesi di America. Ed il menimo fra il milione dei suoi figli sentirà profondamente il complimento squisito che l' Eminenza Vostra offre alla Diocesi, col qui venire, alla fine di un sì lungo e faticoso viaggio, per portare a tutti noi, la benedizione di quel Santo Padre che è così caro al cuore di ciascuno di noi; e che dal primo giorno del suo Pontificato fino ad oggi si è dimostrato davvero un Padre al loro Arcivescovo.

E qui mi permetta di aggiungere, Eminenza, che fin dal suo arrivo in America il popolo di Boston ha atteso con ansia ardente questa occasione per mostrare all' Eminenza Vostra la loro immensa stima per il Suo carattere personale, il quale, e coi Suoi discorsi pubblici e colla Sua disposizione amabile e cortesia di modo, ha fatto l' Eminenza Vostra ben conosciuta e ben amata dappertutto, e in questo paese e in Canada.

Per me personalmente questa occasione e la più felice, poichè essa mi accorda il privilegio di ospitare sotto il mio tetto un Principe della Chiesa, al quale, durante il mio soggiorno in Roma come rettore del Collegio Americano del Nord, divenni devotamente affezionato. La gentilezza di cuore di Vostra Eminenza che America addesso ben conosce, fu a me rivelata lungo tempo fa, quando quindici anni orsono, assunsi i doveri del mio ufficio nella Città Eterna. Non una, ma molte volte, sono stato debitore della squisita considerazione e cortesia dell' Eminenza Vostra; e mi creda, Eminenza, la Sua presenza qui nella mia città nativa e fra il mio popolo è una sorgente di soddisfazione e di gioia.

Accetti dunque, Eminenza Reverendissima, per se personalmente come anche per il Suo ufficio esaltato, i nostra più cordiali ed affettuosi saluti. Porti, Eminenza, al di là del Oceano, al nostro amato Padre in Vaticano,

il figliale amore e la venerazione e l' omaggio della Chiesa di Boston. E quando negli anni a venire — e possano essi essere lunghi e felici — l' Eminenza Vostra guarda indietro con piacevole memoria sopra gli eventi del Suo soggiorno in America, noi siamo certi che queste brevi parole tra le ultime che qualunque città americana offrirà all' Eminenza Vostra, ritorneranno nel loro pieno significato a ricordare l' Eminenza Vostra della fede e dell' amore di Boston.

(TRANSLATION)

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL VANNUTELLI, HOTEL SOMERSET, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1910

Though Boston is almost the last city in America to offer Your Eminence a welcome, nevertheless the warmth and heartiness of our welcome are quite equal to those of the cities through which you have passed.

Your Eminence has now acquired by traveling through our country some idea of its immense extent, its enormous resources, the hospitality of its people, the splendid liberty and good feeling which reign between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and, most of all, the profound and sincere spirit of faith which dominates the children of the Church in America.

We are yet a young people happy to learn still many things from old Europe, but certainly there are some things which certain parts of old Europe may learn from us, and among them is the fact that our government frankly respects the Church's rights, and those who are

ruling the nation's destiny candidly acknowledge the magnificent strength which obedience to the principles of our faith gives to the stability of the nation. This Your Eminence has seen wherever you have gone in America, and this same spirit, we are happy to say, reigns in the State of Massachusetts and the City of Boston, which now have the honor of holding Your Eminence as their guest.

Your Eminence, Boston acknowledges no superior in its manifestation of active, energetic, zealous Catholicity in the new world. We have over a million of Catholics in this Diocese, and, Your Eminence, they are Catholic through and through; Catholics in their devotion to the principles of their faith, in their unbroken loyalty to the head of the Diocese, in the splendid activity of their priests, whose zeal and devotion are recognized all over America. Boston boasts what none of the other cities which Your Eminence has visited can vaunt, and that is that her Catholic citizens form the great majority of her population. This splendid body of Catholics stands forth first and above all, Your Eminence, in their perfect attachment and devotion to Rome, the Holy See, and the Vicar of Christ. And this is no idle boast. Ask if you will, Your Eminence, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith what Boston sends annually for the support of missionaries in foreign lands. Behold, if you have time, also the splendid institutions of charity which the generosity of the faithful has erected and supports. Ask if you will the Holy Father the place that Boston has gained in his heart by her manifestations of filial devotion in helping the Holy See with practical and generous aid to carry on the great mission which Christ has assigned to him for the benefit of the whole world.

Your Eminence, it is with a feeling of pardonable pride that the Archbishop of Boston can say to Your Eminence to-night that in all these things Boston stands in the first rank. And the humblest of her million of children will feel profoundly the compliment which Your Eminence pays the Diocese by coming out of your way at the end of a long, fatiguing journey to bring to all of us the blessing of that Holy Father who is so dear to the heart of every one of us, who from the first days of his Pontificate until to-day has proved himself a father, indeed, to their Archbishop. And let me add, Your Eminence, since your coming to America the people of Boston have longed for this occasion to show to Your Eminence their appreciation of your own personal traits of character, which by your public utterances and amiability of disposition and courtesy of manner have made Your Eminence well known and well beloved throughout this country as well as in Canada.

For me personally this occasion is a most happy one, which allows me the privilege of welcoming under my own roof a Prince of the Church, to whom during my sojourn in Rome as Rector of the North American College I became devotedly attached. The kindness of heart of Your Eminence which America now knows was long since revealed to me when I first took up my duties fifteen years ago in the Eternal City. Not once, but many times have I been the debtor of Your Eminence's exquisite consideration and courtesy, and, believe me, Your Eminence, your presence here in my home city among my own people is a source of unspeakable joy and satisfaction.

Accept, then, Your Eminence, not less for your own person than for your exalted office our most cordial and affectionate salutations. Carry over the seas to our be-

loved Father in the Vatican the filial love and veneration and homage of the Church of Boston. And when in future years — and may they be long and happy — Your Eminence looks back with pleasant memory over the events of your sojourn in America, we are certain that these words, the last which any American city will offer to Your Eminence, will return in their full significance to remind you of Boston's faith and love.

DISCORSO ALLA CATTEDRALE, DOMENICA, OTTOBRE 9, 1910

EMINENZA: — Ieri i cittadini di Boston offrirono all' Eminenza Vostra il ben venuto, e La ringraziarono dell' alto onore conferito loro colla visita di Vostra Eminenza in questa città. Oggi mi permetta di ringraziar La per la presenza dell' Eminenza Vostra in questa Cattedrale, sede della nostra giurisdizione.

Mi mancono, Eminenza Reverendissima, parole adequate per dimostrare il mio grand' apprezzamento per la squisita cortesia che l' Eminenza Vostra ci ha fatta col qui venire da cosi lontano e col soggiornare, benchè brevamente. Ma i cattolici di Boston ricorderanno sempre con immensa piacere questo favore concesso loro ed a me. La dimora di Vostra Eminenza in America, benchè breve, sarà sorgente inesausta di molte benedizioni.

Per giorni e settimane con una energia che ha stupefatta tutta l' America l' Eminenza Vostra ha sollevato colla parola ardente e coll' azione energica un nuovo entusiasmo fra il clero e il popolo per la dignità della Santa Sede, per l' onore del nostro Santo Padre, che l' Eminenza Vostra così splendidamente rappresentò al Congresso Eucharistico.

Il nostro popolo ama Roma, perchè esso è sinceremente cattolico e conosce molto bene la storia di tutte le benedizioni che per più di venti secoli fluirono dal centro del Cristianesimo fino ai paesi più remoti. Il nostro popolo ama la Santa Sede come il luogo sacro dove Pietro governò la primitiva Chiesa, e che rimase sempre come il

centro del vigore della vita della Chiesa. Il nostro popolo ama il Santo Padre perchè in lui riconosce il Vicario di Cristo in terra.

Ed ora, Eminenza, Ella che viene da Roma a noi, quale rappresentante della Santa Sede e del Santo Padre, si degni accordare al mio popolo ed a me il prezioso messaggio di Roma, l' Apostolica Benedizione che umilmente imploriamo.

TRANSLATION

YOUR EMINENCE: — Yesterday the citizens of Boston bade Your Excellency welcome and thanked you for the honor of your visit to their city. To-day let me thank Your Excellency for your presence in this Cathedral the seat of our jurisdiction. I appreciate beyond words the great kindness you do us by coming out of your way to make this short sojourn with us.

The Catholics of Boston will remember always this favor granted to them and to me. Your stay in America will be the fruitful source of many blessings. Day after day with an energy which has amazed all America you have spent yourself, and by word and deed have aroused a new enthusiasm among the clergy and people for the dignity of the Holy See, for the honor of Rome, and for the love of our Holy Father, whom you so splendidly represented at the Eucharistic Congress.

Our people love Rome, for they are truly Catholic, and they know well the story of all the blessings which for now twenty centuries have flowed from the centre of Christianity to even the most distant lands. Our people love the Holy See, for to them it is that sacred spot where Peter ruled the primitive Church and has remained ever

since the centre of the Church's vigor and life. Our people love the Holy Father, for in him they recognize the Vicar of Christ on earth. And now, your Eminence, who comes to us from Rome, who represents our Holy Father, grant to my people Rome's precious message, the Apostolic Benediction.

SERMON FOR COLUMBUS DAY[1]

THE long-deferred honor has come at last. A whole people takes a holiday to commemorate the priceless services of the peerless discoverer who first tore away the veil that hid the new world from the old. Church and State unite to do him honor, for the dominion of each upon these shores traces its beginning to his exploit. The land which he discovered bears not his name, but a grateful people hails him as the New World's first and greatest benefactor, and proclaims the glory of his genius, while the Church lauds his name and virtues as those of a docile and devoted son who found his inspiration and strength to suffer, to persevere, and to do, in the religion which she teaches.

Mankind loves and honors its heroes. And it has reason to do so. The progress of the race is marked by their achievements, and the upward march of humanity is forwarded quite as much, if not more, by the heroes of peace as by those of war. And when the dauntless pioneer of a new era in the world's history has, over and above a natural intrepidity of soul, a deep religious faith which was the inspiration of and the sustaining power behind his great achievement, there is an added interest in his personality; then his life and its lessons overleap the boundaries of the merely natural and enter the domain of the spiritual, and Church and State harmoniously unite in paying him a tribute of homage.

Men pore over his life to find the elements out of which was built his great character which enabled him to see

[1] October 12, 1910.

further and reach out beyond the vision of other men in the prosecution of his marvelous work. The day which marks his wonderful exploits recalls his life work, and sets minds active to discover the forces which prompted him first to conceive and then to carry out to successful issue his giant achievement.

After the event, one who reads the life of Columbus discovers in it the unmistakable signs of a special Providence. He was born about the middle of the fifteenth century near Genoa, one of the maritime powers of Europe at that time. It was an age of movement and progress. Intellectual forces had been set loose which brought on a great revival of learning with all its attendant advantages and evils. The spirit of discovery in many branches of human research was in the very air. It affected the bold navigators of the sea who, under the leadership of Prince Henry of Portugal, were pushing their explorations into unknown waters.

Their efforts were stimulated by the keen desire to reach the shores of Far Cathay, the golden Orient, the descriptions of whose boundless wealth as proclaimed by Marco Polo in his famous book of travels had set Europe ablaze.

How to reach it was the problem that stared men in the face. Entrance by the East overland was shut off by the fierce Mussulmans who, despite the heroic victories and sacrifices of the Crusaders, still held the gateway to the East.

The hardy explorers of the sea began to sail south along the shores of Africa in the hope of finding a way to cross over to the fabulously wealthy shores of the Orient, but without success. They traversed the unknown seas southward farther than men had ever gone before, but

the haunting perils were too great for their human endurance.

No one seemed to think of the feasibility of sailing westward from the shores of Europe, a route involving the truth of the theory that the earth was round, until the genius of Columbus conceived the idea, and his courage and confidence in the help of God enabled him to carry it out, and to discover the Western continent which has become the new home of Christian civilization.

But he had to be prepared for his task in the hard school of experience. With a bare elementary education obtained in the schools, Columbus began to follow the sea when he was fourteen years old. He navigated up and down the Mediterranean and out into the open ocean, making one voyage as far as Iceland. The years spent in this way gave him the practical knowledge of navigation which served as the groundwork for his future labors.

But while he went through the common round of duties which fell to the mariners of his day, his mind did not rest in them. His vision had a wider sweep, and although we cannot place the exact date when was born in his soul the great idea which gave birth to the discovery of America, we may be certain that his fertile and resourceful mind was occupied during these years of his preliminary preparation with the greater problems which the spirit of discovery was bringing to light. The trend of his thoughts and the direction of his ideals may be gathered from the fact that he went to Portugal in 1471 and immediately sought to interest the King in the westward passage to the East. Portugal was in those days the prime nation for navigators. Under Prince Henry and his successors a wonderful impetus was given to the spirit of

exploration, and hardy navigators from other countries sought Lisbon where their bold projects might receive favorable consideration.

But advanced as was the spirit of discovery in that country, the idea of Columbus was too bold and novel to win favor, and he utterly failed to convince the King of Portugal and his counselors of the feasibility of his plan; and the penniless genius with the secret of a New World's conquest burning in his brain was forced to withdraw to his ordinary labors.

Marrying some time afterwards the daughter of a fellow Italian navigator who had for some years made his home in Portugal, Columbus spent the first months of his married life on one of the small islands that lie some three hundred miles off the southwestern coast of Portugal, while the great thought of the westward voyage germinated in his soul.

Day by day he looked westward across the vast expanse of waters, and day by day he became more and more convinced that to the west lay the secret for which men were searching. He fully believed that the earth was round, and that by sailing long enough westward, land could be reached on the other side.

His whole soul became possessed of the idea, and with the indomitable perseverance of genius he clung to it as to a part of himself. On his return to the mainland he again attempted to interest the King and nobles of Portugal in his plan, but without avail. And now comes the struggle of almost twenty long years, — genius going about from place to place striving to convince men of the truth and to enlist their help to furnish the necessary means for the enterprise.

From Portugal to Spain and back to Portugal again;

to Italy, to France, and to England, and finally to Spain, either he himself or his messengers were continually going, pleading for encouragement to widen the limits of men's knowledge, and to open up other lands for the blessings of Christian civilization.

It was during these years of hardship and trial that the great qualities of his character shone forth. Such indomitable courage has been rarely seen. Alone against the world he held his ground with the serene confidence of genius in the truth and justice of his claim. Flouted by the learned circles of the day, rebuffed by royal patrons, scorned by the children of the street, who, we are told, pointed out in mockery this solitary man, deep in thought, as he passed along, what sustained him during these trying years?

A sublime courage rooted in the consciousness that he was an instrument of Divine Providence, and an unshakable confidence in God for whose glory he wished to open up unknown lands, enabled him to persevere in the face of all opposition; and to win the confidence of those in authority in his ability to accomplish his design.

His two greatest friends in the council which surrounded King Ferdinand of Spain, were ecclesiastics, and the man who finally espoused his cause and won recognition for his claim and help for his project was a Dominican prior.

He was true to his name — Christopher, the Christbearer. He always professed as one of the prime objects of his quest for the distant Orient by way of the western ocean, the desire to bring the blessings of Christianity to these unknown peoples, and the wealth of Far Cathay was sought not for itself but to redeem the Holy Sepulchre of Christ.

It was these two traits of courage and confidence in God, both intimately intertwined, and the one deriving sustenance and strength from the other, that sustained him during the long years of disappointment, vexation, reproach, and privation. Reduced to beggary for devotion to his ideal, he still traveled from place to place, pleading his cause with simple eloquence, and trusting always with a childlike confidence in God that his cause would at last triumph.

That triumph came unexpectedly. Reduced to the last extremity by his fruitless wandering in search of help for his project from the rich and powerful of the world, he knocked one night early in the year 1492 at the gate of the Dominican convent La Rabida, begging for food and lodging. The prior Father, Juan de Perez, happened to overhear his conversation with the porter, and struck by the noble mien of the stranger, and sympathizing with his distress, invited him in and listened to his story.

He became convinced of the truth of Columbus's demonstration and immediately became his warm advocate. Father Juan de Perez was confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, and brought the project to the attention of the Queen, strongly espousing the cause of Columbus. And what men refused to grant, the noble heart of a woman, touched by sympathy, and open to generous impulses, decided to accord without delay. The intuitions of a noble woman saw the greatness of the project, and her heart followed whither her mind had sped.

She has become for all time the type of the truly magnanimous and great women who must be placed upon the records of the world's history as the great benefactors of humanity. Her act has become an inspiration for women of all future ages to espouse noble causes, and to forward

the interests of the kingdom of God upon earth, and to advance humanity's progress.

The power of woman has not diminished since the days of Isabella, and the same nobility of heart and generous instincts of the women of to-day can powerfully advance the cause of truth and justice and charity. Opportunities without number are open to them, and the high and holy influence of good women is the leaven which the world needs most to-day to purify and regenerate it, and direct it along the ways of uprightness and truth. When the spirit of frivolousness has obscured from woman her true mission in life, and sapped from out her heart the sympathy for heroic and generous action, the world has been made poorer to a degree that is beyond human computation.

Yes, it was a woman who placed at the disposal of Columbus the means which enabled him to carry out his vast project, the accomplishment of which has changed the whole course of human history.

The story of this is well known to all. There is no need to dwell on the details of that memorable journey across the trackless western seas, resulting in the discovery of a new continent. The name of Columbus has become immortal as the discoverer of America. No small critic can detract from the glory of his achievement.

It matters not that Columbus himself did not realize for the moment the magnitude of his discovery. Granted that he still thought that he had reached the eastern shores of Asia, the fact remains that he was the first to conceive the daring design of sailing westward, and went forth with sublime confidence in God into the unknown perils of the deep, and opened up to the astonished gaze of men another hemisphere.

Italian by birth and Spanish by adoption, he rendered to the world a service which it can never repay, and to the Church an opportunity for enlarging her dominion over human souls. Italy and Spain participate in the glory of his achievement. It is well to recall this fact to-day when other counsels prevail for the time in those countries. It is well to mark the illustrious annals of the past when both countries, in complete submission to the voice of the Holy See, and wedded to the ideals of Catholicity, produced a race of men whose contributions to civilization have never been surpassed, and whose greatest friends and advocates and helpers in the prosecution of their great designs were the ecclesiastics of the day.

Shortsighted statesmen of the present time ignore the history of the past, and seek to create a prejudice in those countries against ecclesiastics and all that they represent. They forget the past and they fail to remember, too, that history repeats itself. If in the providence of God, Italy and Spain had their golden age and gave birth to achievements which by their magnitude and magnificence dazzled the world, precisely at that time when ecclesiastics stood in place and power, and when Catholicity held primacy over minds and hearts, how fatuous it is in these days to try to deceive the people by representing the Church as the enemy of civilization and progress. May it not be rather said that when religion once more in these countries shall obtain its glorious sway over human souls, and lead a united people onward after its glorious ideals, both Italy and Spain shall have another brilliant era, and the Latin mind and genius shall again bewilder the world with the wealth of its conceptions and accomplishments.

Meanwhile the discovery of Columbus has become the

opening of a new epoch. The continent which he discovered has waxed strong and mighty, and has assumed among the nations of the earth a character of its own. It belongs to no one race.

It is the home of many diverse peoples, who here under different conditions from what prevail in other lands are working out their destiny. The strain of many bloods enters into the make-up of its teeming population. What power in the world is there that shall unite into one united people the diverse elements of the great American Commonwealth? To one who reads the history of the past, the one institution that is fitted by the doctrines and ideals which she holds forth, and by the conserving principle which she imposes to do this grand work, is the Catholic Church.

Nor is this any new task for her. She has accomplished it before. The barbarians of Europe became civilized nations under her inspiration and guidance. She welded together into one Christian commonwealth the diverse peoples whom she civilized and Christianized. She first taught them the lesson of discipline and order, and paved the way for their progress in orderly and stable government. She is the one power in America to-day that is equipped by past experience to cope with the fundamental problems that confront us in the organization into one harmonious union of the diverse peoples who have come here to make their home.

Her benign sway will soften down the differences of temperament, her authority will curb extravagances, her immovable hold upon true principles will correct dangerous tendencies to false standards, her oneness of worship will pave the way towards union in other directions. The ideals which she gave to Columbus, and which gave

him courage and confidence to prosecute his great endeavor, — the salvation of souls, and the glory of Christ, — are still potent and can overcome all obstacles.

With these same principles enshrined in your hearts and expressed in your outward conduct, Knights of Columbus and Catholic laymen, you will powerfully contribute to the well being of your country, and carry out the ideals of its first discoverer. You will find, as he found, that your most faithful friends and steadfast advocates and strongest helpers in your onward road to progress, in the attainment of your noblest ends, will be the ecclesiastics of that Church which inspired and supported Columbus in his discouragement to conceive and to dare the dazzling exploit which has given to us a country and a home.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE COMMUNITY TO PROMOTE FAMILY UNITY[1]

THE responsibility of the community to find and enforce a just solution of the problems which confront society has been vastly increased in these modern days by the marvelous growth in power and influence of a new force which holds within its grasp the shaping of our destiny as a people. Public opinion is the modern giant whose commanding presence in the political, social, and economic world dwarfs all other competitors. Nowhere has it a freer and wider field for the exercise of its strength than in our American commonwealth. It makes and unmakes at will legislatures and congresses; it holds the mastery over political parties putting one in and the other out at its pleasure; it is the real power behind all successful movements for civic, social, and economic betterments; it is the final court of appeal, before whose tribunal is decided every question affecting our political and social welfare.

In view of this condition under which we live it may be fairly said that our laws are what we make them and our standards are what we wish them to be. Neither will be as a rule higher or more purposeful than the prevailing moral tone of the community. To get the community to see and appreciate the responsibility which ultimately rests upon it for the laws which govern us and for the standards which have been set up to guide our political and social action, must be the endeavor of those who are seeking for a betterment of conditions.

[1] Paper read before Associated Charities, Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1910.

There are many problems facing us upon the just solution of which depends the future character of American life and thought. Chief among them is the problem of family life. How to conserve it according to the noblest traditions and highest ideals is a work that may well enlist the best efforts of all who have at heart the welfare of the nation. It seems to me we have gone too far in the assertion of individual legal right. Individuality is good and its development within proper bounds a necessity for our national greatness. But pushed to an exaggerated degree it may jeopardize the common good and become, instead of a support of our national strength, a very real menace to it.

The strength of the nation depends in its ultimate analysis upon the integrity of the family. In it are best inculcated in the impressionable years of childhood and adolescence the virtues which form the groundwork of true manhood and womanhood. It is the natural training school, the far-reaching effects of whose work are simply beyond computation. In the building of character the home influence plays a most important part. Good homes are the natural sources of a nation's strength and greatness. To safeguard the unity of family life, to hold up before it the high ideal which is the scope of its existence, becomes from the very nature of the conditions which confront us a duty of prime importance.

The foundation of family life is the marriage bond, and the security of that sacred tie is one of the best guarantees for the permanence and unity of family life. One of the most fruitful sources of family disruption among us are the numerous lax divorce laws which have been put upon the statute books, allowing easy evasion of the obligations springing from the most sacred earthly relation which may bind man and woman together.

The increase in the number of divorces in the United States during the past few years is appalling, and the direct deadly consequence of this legal license to sever the marriage bond for inadequate causes has been the gradual tendency among large bodies of the population to regard lightly and frivolously the most sacred of earthly relations and the genuine and natural foundation of family life. Thinking men and women throughout the country are beginning to see the dire effects of this ill-advised marriage legislation and the moral havoc which it has produced. They are beginning to appreciate, too, the wisdom of the Catholic Church in standing by the sacramental character of marriage, in defending against every attack the indissolubility of the marital contract, and in sternly setting her face against human indulgence in this matter.

The number of families disrupted by divorce alone during the past thirty years in the United States makes one of the lamentable records in our history as a people. It is time to call a halt. There is a crying need of arousing the public conscience upon this issue so vital to our moral well-being. The blight of divorce is attacking the moral fibre of the people, is undermining the foundation of family life, is weakening the moral resources of the nation.

The community has the power to lessen this evil. Laws making divorce easy can never remain upon the statute books against the will of the people. More stringent divorce laws would speedily diminish the number of family disruptions, for when men and women realize that the marriage contract cannot be easily broken, they are more inclined to compose their differences and to bear each other's burdens. The sooner a crusade in favor of family unity based upon the enduring character of the

marriage bond is started the better safeguarded will be the family and the moral strength of the nation. The work of alleviating human suffering will be lessened, and the whole force of charity may be turned into its legitimate channels.

Divorce, though a chief cause of the disrupting of family life, is not the only cause. The community is called upon to help the abandoned and distressed who are suffering because of the vices and neglect of their natural protectors.

The laws upon the statute books relating to abandoned children are many, but there is a singular absence of adequate legislation compelling parents to perform the natural duties which they owe to their children. The general tendency of modern legislation among us has been to relieve parents of their responsibilities, and in the long run this works harm to family life. The function of the state or the community ought to recognize and enforce the duties which parents have from the very law of nature, and not to assume too easily parental burdens. There should be special legislation upon this important matter. A special house of labor for delinquent and neglectful parents, the profits to go for the support of the family, might prove to be a step in the right direction to bring many parents to a sense of their lawful obligations.

The charity workers among these classes must ever bear in mind that mere material assistance will avail little in curing the evils of divided families unless it is accompanied with personal sympathy and moral encouragement. But the attempt to effect moral reformation must be wholly disinterested. All work in this direction by the community must be based upon the frank acknowledgment of the religious differences which divide us. No-

thing is to be gained by minimizing these differences of religious beliefs, and the frank recognition of them is perfectly compatible with respect for the good faith and sincerity of those who differ from us and with good will in working upon a common ground of action. The suspicion that charity is used as a means to proselytize must ever, in a great mixed community such as ours is, paralyze a work which might otherwise prove of the utmost benefit to the general public.

A general movement which would be free from this taint would certainly enlist the sympathy and support of a large element in this place which is inclined to look askance at any attempt to ameliorate upon a large scale conditions which we all deplore, that does not disavow by profession and practice any infringement of the religious birthright of those whom it seeks to aid.

There is a large field of action in which all may work unanimously by respecting each other's rights and beliefs. And the community will never perform its best work until it stands upon the platform of sincerity and frankness, and labors, each section, in disinterested rivalry for the common good.

ADDRESS AT ANNUAL CONVENTION OF ARCHDIOCESAN FEDERATION, 1910

FEDERATION'S AIM

THE progress which the spirit of Catholic federation is making all around us is most encouraging. Within two years it has gathered around itself a force for good which is a proof of its usefulness. It is an educational movement which within a few years will bear such fruit as now we scarcely can realize. It will bring men into the open arena of public civic life who hitherto have been refused a hearing. It will put a true value upon fidelity to conscience and adhesion to high principles which have been heretofore underrated in some quarters. It will put in his proper place the time-server and the oily panderer to prejudice. It will enable the whole public to see where the Catholic body stands in civic affairs. It will eliminate forever from public office the man who preaches one doctrine before election and another after the voters he has cajoled have honored him with a post he never deserved. It will teach our people that not every man who says "Lord, Lord," shall enter the kingdom of heaven, nor that every man who cries race and religion is really sincere when he is up for election. It will make the general public understand that in public affairs we want no favors, but only equal justice to all. It will make them also realize that we prefer a good, just, honest, square-dealing public official who is not of our race or creed to any one, no matter how Irish his name or how Catholic his lineage, who by his acts of weak com-

promising with purely political chicanery proves himself unworthy of confidence.

We want no one in the Federation who is not ready and willing to follow these maxims and subscribe to these principles. We detest bigotry and pettiness wherever it is found. And we are so fully confident that for the best and most honorable citizenship we can do infinitely more real, substantial, good work than any other organization in this whole commonwealth, that we face the future and the results of our continuous labors with complete confidence that in a very few years, certainly before it is time to elect another mayor of Boston, all our fellow-citizens will bless our efforts, begun with the blessing of God, carried on by the inspiration of the highest and broadest religious and civic ideals, and destined as such to be greeted as public benefactions to this state and its various municipalities.

We want no machine tactics. We must stand out in the open. We are no party — we never will be a party. We have no antagonism to party. But he who has the commendation of federation must be a true man, faithful to Christian ideals and principles and an honest, high-minded citizen. There is not a single loyal citizen of this state who will not rejoice that an organization has at last arisen which will hold men to their promises. We have no favors to ask; we shall not go either to city hall or Beacon hill with cringing petitions. Both the Governor and the Mayor are public servants; and they have no more right to use their position to foist their individual preferences and favoritisms upon the public than a private citizen has to make laws. The government of both state and city must, if it is to command our respect and indorsement, look impartially to the highest welfare,

moral as well as material, without hindrance or impediment of individual liberty and the rights of the family and the supremacy of conscience.

In these days when money and all it can purchase is struggling for complete mastery over every phase of human life, stand forth in your honest poverty and meet the mammon face to face with fearless courage. Let no false claims of wealth or an assumed aristocracy based chiefly on mere pretense, affect your determination to value every man by his own worth. Wealth is the biggest coward in all the world when met by such standards. Only a few days ago a great merchant announced that most of it was acquired by open robbery. We all knew that before — but it is interesting to hear it from the lips of one who admits that he has been guilty himself. We have no quarrel with the rich who are worthy of their endowments — who remember that they are only stewards of God's goodness, who live useful lives and who help those in need. We honor all such. Wealth in such hands is a blessing to any nation.

We are Catholics — not communists. But we are bound to warn our own, whose growth began like ours in a poverty noble and heroic because it was the price of our fidelity, and who within a few years have become rich, that their money will be a curse to them if it means only luxury, idleness, and all the glamour of the false standards about them. If dress and the shoddy ideals of new wealth are to corrupt the faith and morals of our people, if a foolish pride and a silly vanity are to sap the foundations laid deep and broad by a race which, through centuries of splendid history, met every privation with joy rather than take the loaf which meant disloyalty, then we must make it our solemn duty to cry

from the housetops that with all their external and fancied progress they have only deteriorated; that their gain is really loss, and that far from standing forth as representing us in their gaudy raiment we prefer infinitely the man in the ditch and the girl at the loom.

Progress — yes, progress, that is our aim and endeavor. But it is the progress, not of an enlarged bank account, but of an enlarged and enlightened mental and moral life. Let federation know the poor. Let it help the laboring man. Let it stand by religious education. Let it work every day and all day for full churches, frequent confession, conscientious work, and a clean moral conscience. Then and only then will its position be rightly understood, and then and only then will its fruits be visible to all good men.

LOYALTY WORK OF FEDERATION[1]

THE great work of federation in this diocese is to promote among Catholics a spirit of sincere, hearty loyalty to the Church. The faith is strong among us — in fact it may well be called the very flower of faith. We have only to look about us for striking evidences of this. What is needed, is absolute adherence to principles of Catholicity. We are sure of our position and there should be no wavering. When once the way has been pointed out by their divinely appointed leaders, Catholics should follow promptly and joyfully. Every movement involving Catholic interests should have their whole-souled support.

In the past here in New England much of the misunderstanding between Protestants and Catholics was due perhaps to a lack of loyalty on the part of some Catholics. Their double-dealing, compromising attitude awakened suspicion in the minds of their neighbors, who thus came naturally to distrust and antagonize all Catholics. There should be no temporizing of principles among Catholics, for we are sure of them, we know what they are. They are unchangeable, well-tried, logical positions founded on infallible truth. They are not affected by every new theory and fad. Moreover, our neighbors will respect us the more if we are steadfast to principles. For Americans, and especially Bostonians, admire unflinching loyalty whether to Church or state, for they love honesty, and loyalty is after all but honesty of intention and will.

[1] Address at Lowell, Mass., May 7, 1910.

And now let me give you two examples — the one of perfect loyalty in the face of great difficulties and the other of utter disloyalty. And I shall draw both of them from the now world-famous incident of Mr. Roosevelt at Rome. We shall look at the matter squarely in the face and we shall consider the duties which confronted each of the persons who took part in it on one side and the other, and we shall be able clearly to see that the Vatican — by that, in this instance, I mean the Cardinal Secretary of State — stood loyally, firmly, and courageously to principle.

In brief, the story of the whole incident is this: The Papacy is, without doubt, the greatest moral power in all the world. The Pope is the universal father of all the faithful. His spiritual kingdom reaches to the ends of the world, and its members number now more than three hundred millions. He is the spiritual head of the greatest institution the world has ever known. The Papacy can never be ignored even by the greatest sovereigns. It is too tremendously obvious to pass by. The position of the Vicar of Christ, Pius X, is naturally one of august dignity which must be safeguarded from insult and insolence alike. The greatest personages of the world passing through Rome feel themselves honored in being permitted to come into the presence of him who stands in so lofty a position, and they willingly offer homage, if not of faith, certainly of reverence to him who sits upon the throne of Peter; for that throne during all the centuries of Christianity has been the source of myriads of blessings to every nation.

One obvious condition naturally self-imposed upon all who request an audience of the Pope is that at least they approach him respectfully. No one, whatever his position

may be or may have been, can expect the Holy Father to receive him under his own roof unless it is clearly understood that he does not reserve the right to insult him. Even the humblest householder maintains such conditions for the conservation of his self-respect in his own home. Certainly these principles are clear enough for all to understand, and no one in justice can refuse to accept them without at the same time wishing to do violence to common human rights. In a word no one who asks hospitality or friendly intercourse with another can refuse absolutely to accept any conditions whatsoever. These are principles; now for the facts.

Mr. Roosevelt requested an audience with the Holy Father. The Vatican replied that the Holy Father would be very happy to see Mr. Roosevelt on account of the good will which the Holy Father had always manifested towards him, and on account of the great nation of which he had been president. In communicating this very cordial answer this note was added — we trust that in view of the great desire which both the Holy Father and Mr. Roosevelt have of meeting each other, no unhappy occurrence may prevent that interview, such as for instance, the lamentable incident which prevented the audience of Mr. Fairbanks.

Certainly there could be no more polite, no more favored way of making this communication which indicated the respect in which Mr. Roosevelt was held, and at the same time privately put him on his guard against certain attempts which, even at the time the audience was requested, had been put on foot to make Mr. Roosevelt appear, as certainly Mr. Fairbanks had already appeared, to wish to give one hand to the Holy Father, while with the other, he embraced the most virulent enemies of the

Pope and the Church of which he is the venerable head. It was a favor shown to Mr. Roosevelt thus kindly and in a very private manner to enable him to escape the trap which those in charge of the Methodist College in Rome had certainly laid for him.

And the Methodist College in Rome. What is that? It is no question now what Methodists in America are, or what Methodism is. It is a case of the Methodist College in Rome, that — as any who wishes may learn for himself — has been for many years a centre from which has issued the most flagrant and violent abuse of everything that the Holy Father holds dearest and everything which all Catholics hold as most sacred. It is a proselytizing institution in the very heart of Rome, at the very centre of Catholicity, at the very doors of the Vatican itself. I am sure that not only Catholics but thousands and thousands of Protestants and even Methodists abhor the tactics and manœuvres which this institution has used in the name of religion.

Mr. Roosevelt could not have been unaware of the Fairbanks incident. He should have known, if he did not, the perfect justice of the suggestion made to him. He must have realized that no one in the Vatican could permit him to compromise the dignity of the Holy See.

And yet what happened? For all answer to this kind and favored communication, he replied, "I refuse to accept any conditions, and there can be no audience."

How can this action be characterized other than as insulting to the Holy Father? Mr. Roosevelt may say what he will about his intentions. The action which speaks louder than words was certainly insulting, and there is no other word by which it can be called. But he does more than this. Try as he will to justify his re-

fusal of an audience which was granted at his request, how can he possibly explain his violation of common decency in publishing to the whole world what really was a matter of private correspondence?

Mr. Roosevelt has spoken so much of the square deal and of his love for it, that it is wonderful to see with what flippancy he throws over these very principles when it happens to suit him. If he really wanted to stand for the right in this incident, he would at least have waited until he learned the true character of the Methodist institution and that he could have done without the least difficulty, and, having learned it, as a fair-minded man he would have said, I cannot and will not even appear to stand for such tactics. He would not only gladly have accepted the invitation of the Vatican hospitality extended to him, but he would have been glad of the opportunity to show the world that he had the courage to stand on the side of honor against such insolent hostility of an outside institution working discord and dissension in the very heart of Catholicity.

Mr. Roosevelt has expressed himself at various times as having a friendly feeling for Catholics, and yet he turns down what Catholics consider to be one of the very greatest privileges, an invitation of the supreme head of their Church, and virtually says to them: "Unless I can retain the freedom of joining with your enemies if I wish, I care nothing for what you consider to be most sacred."

I have placed the affair in the most simple possible light, and it matters not to me how many pretexts or pretenses or voluble explanations are made to cover up the blame, which rests wholly upon Mr. Roosevelt. This is the clear explanation of what really happened. Those

of course who bear no love either to us, to our Church, or to the Vicar of Christ will naturally not feel as we do, but they cannot escape the clear and logical conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt has violated the most sacred sentiment of Catholics.

The Vatican was absolutely loyal. No one knew better than the Cardinal Secretary of State the mountains of misrepresentation, the torrents of abuse, which his perfectly straight-forward and high-principled action towards one who was so prominently before the world's notice as Mr. Roosevelt, would certainly be let loose upon him. He did his obvious duty in the face of it all. He stood for principle with sincerity and frankness, and that is perfect loyalty.

Let me give you out of this same incident also another example, and this time it is one of disloyalty, and I say it in shame — the disloyalty of one who calls himself a Catholic. That person is Mr. John Callan O'Loughlin, — to my mind one of the chief causes of Mr. Roosevelt's unhappy blunder. In one breath he heralds himself to the world as an American Catholic — whatever that may mean in his mind — and at the same time he virtually traduces the honor of the Holy See and pours forth the most nauseating flattery of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. O'Loughlin has proven himself neither a good Catholic nor a good friend of Mr. Roosevelt. If he had been either the one or the other, he might have spared Mr. Roosevelt his most serious mistake. It is not by cheap compromise and still cheaper flattery that fidelity either to faith or friendship is proven. It is such men as he whom Catholics fear, and honest Protestants despise. We regret the mistake of Mr. Roosevelt. He has lost a great opportunity.

Here in one incident, therefore, is an example on the one side of perfect loyalty, facing blame and abuse, yet standing firm under both, and of disloyalty which seeks in unworthy compromise and ignoble flattery to cover up its unfaithfulness to highest principles. This lesson, sad as it certainly is in its many aspects, will only serve, however, in the end to elevate still higher the dignity of the Holy See and to make known to all the world that, come what may, it will never traduce its own dignity.

ADDRESS TO ALUMNI SODALITY OF BOSTON COLLEGE AT ANNUAL RETREAT. 1910

No doubt, in the main, the general trend of Sodality men is towards the right, but there are myriads of influences surrounding every busy man's life which tend to make him swerve, even if ever so little, from the supernatural norm which Christ has set up for His followers. And this ever so little variance at the start, if uncorrected from time to time, acts as a false compass, and, if followed, inevitably leads ultimately to shipwreck. The Retreat helps to correct this variance. It clears up false pretexts, which the merely human life is constantly alleging as excuses, and puts the truth of our relations with the world flatly before our eyes. The bad example of others, especially of men not openly vicious, unconsciously lowers our standard of right and justice and duty. The Retreat readjusts our whole bearing to life by proving the falsity of worldly weights and measures.

The question is not really "What do men say that I am?" but "What am I?" The Retreat has revealed the true answer if it has done anything at all. That answer you must carry with you into the world, that you may give the world the lie in your own hearts. After all, the world is easily satisfied, but the honest man is rarely satisfied with himself, and this feeling of self-dissatisfaction is the first step upwards.

Doubtless you found yourself in earnest about trifles, and fatally trivial about the most serious things in life.

Needless to say, this is poor philosophy and still poorer religion. It is certainly a wonderful paradox to see intelligent, educated men, who thoroughly believe in a future life the happiness of which depends upon the present one, so absorbed in the foibles of the day that the question of where their souls will be a year from now has small share in their consideration. It is strange, to say the least, to witness an educated Catholic who not only believes, but who can give cogent reasons for the Faith that is in him, bowing to idols which he knows to be false. It is a curious anomaly to find an intelligent Catholic, who knows that the voice of his Church is the infallible voice of God Himself, so influenced by the neopaganism about him that his actions bespeak a species of diffidence in the actual guidance of the ecclesiastical authority of this Church, and attempting a sort of cowardly compromise between what he knows to be the truth and what he knows to be false. It is this unreasoning and unreasonable attitude which weak Catholics attempt to assume in non-Catholic surroundings which puzzles even the unbeliever, and it is this miserable, cowardly attitude which gives so much scandal. There is one thing which every honest man respects — sincerity. All the world knows the true position of a Catholic; that the true Catholic stands upon the principles, or platform, of his Church as an organization. The unbeliever may disagree with this platform, but he can have no fault to find with the Catholic who stands squarely upon it, as he can have no respect or confidence in a Catholic who makes a platform of his own to stand upon, and pretends that he is still a Catholic. We know it is their lack of knowledge of the principles of the Catholic Church which prevents their correct judgment of it, but they who are sure of the

knowledge that she alone is the pillar and the ground of truth, and who would, nevertheless, erect a pillar of their own, have neither truth nor sincerity to stand upon, and in the end they forfeit even the respect of men. You know the truth. Stand by it! and the world will only admire.

You must have learned from the retreat that there is some lack in your life. You are busy: perhaps successful. Are you happy? — for that need not necessarily follow. What is this lack? or what is it that creates this lack? Happiness is a sentiment. The lack of this sentiment gives you heartache. You are yearning for something that you have not yet acquired. Have you learned what this is in the light of the Retreat, which is the true white light of God's illuminating grace? You know it is not money. You know it is not even success, though, doubtless, both for a while bring you some show of contentment. What is it then? It is the charity of Christ.

What are you doing for somebody else? I do not mean, now, for those who are doing something for you. That is trading. I mean for those who are nothing to you. No, not nothing! for every man is your brother in Christ. But I mean men who are neither your patrons nor your clients; the men from whom you get nothing and expect nothing. I mean the patient who is too poor to pay his fee; I mean the immigrant of yesterday; I mean the poor woman who is too poor to purchase. What are you doing for them? Nothing? Then that is the void; that is the lack. Do you think God will allow you to be happy while those who need you and your aid are suffering? Do not tell me that they do not come into your path. Then your path must be a narrow one in this great city, so narrow that there is only room for self. Do you never go to the houses of the

poor? Then you are missing a great deal in life. There is so much they could teach you; so much they would give you for an act of kindness. There are whole quarters in this great city which could supplement your university education. The doors of this great school are wide open to you, and the only passport needed is an act of Christian charity, which in the end would enrich you far more than those to whom you do it.

Of course you must be business-like in your life of business, but the life that is only business is no life at all. It is only a cruel machine. It is that that is drying up the kindness that is natural in every human heart. Business in the end begets pure and simple selfishness. Unless there is some part of every day into which business cannot enter, which is reserved entirely and solely for some act or deed of unselfishness, the heartsprings will surely run dry and the true joy of life will be turned into dismal ashes. This the Retreat must have shown you, and unless you go out from this Retreat less selfish, you will certainly go out more unhappy.

THE KNIGHTS' WORK[1]

A GREAT financier has said that to attain wealth requires ability and friends; to keep it requires ability and — a lawyer.

When you were striving for recognition and wealth of numbers, I was one of your friends in need. Now that your position is secure I am willing to act as senior counsel. And you have need of counsel. The greatest dangers to your organization are still before you. That I think many of you realize. But you are fortunate in having at your hand wise, experienced, and safe counselors, who look beyond the glamour of to-day's success, who, if you are true to them and loyal to their advice, will stand by you, and lead you into even greater mansions than you have inhabited.

Mr. Carnegie is credited with saying that millionaires are interesting only while they are being made. Once made they are a disappointment. That depends on the kind of millionaire. If he is the kind of a man whose better nature has not been stunted while his bank account has grown, his millions will give him the power to make life replete with interest. But if he sees in the pile he has rolled up only visions of Monte Carlo and the cafés of Paris, then his life assuredly is only too apt to be interesting to those who read the police news, and lawyers who coin new Latin titles for old vices. So with an organization: whether after attaining prosperity it makes its life full of interest or sinks into the mere frivolities of comic

[1] Speech at Knights of Columbus banquet.

opera and anniversary dinners, depends upon the kind of society the process has formed.

The prosperous man has greater responsibilities — greater things waiting to be accomplished. And you with your membership increased from one to thousands, and with the prospect of even greater powers, have scarcely begun to understand the great work that lies before you, the doing of which will bring you endless pleasures and make you a thousand times more interesting than you ever were. There are two things which, it seems to me, clamor now for your activity. They are the very ones for which you were founded. One is intellectual; the other social.

The first is to spread a greater knowledge of the Catholic Church among those here around you — at your very door. It is simply amazing how little is really known of the Catholic Church by those high in the intellectual world in America, and even by those who really mean to be fair and just to everybody, no matter what his religion. I am not talking now of those who are the victims of the malice of others, uneducated fanatics who see an enemy in every Catholic, believing that the more gentle and kindly he is, the more certain is the fatal plot he is hatching. This number is rapidly diminishing as the education of their preachers advances. But I speak of those who lay just claim to refinement and high mental endowment. It is wonderful what inherited prejudice can do to its heirs. The dawn of Protestantism was infinitely more a political than a religious movement, and the politicians and courtiers of those days little dreamed that the passions they raised then for political purposes would survive through so many generations and bear their fruit even in a land then just discovered.

The Papacy stood in the way of Kings, and the Kings, knowing they could not destroy it, defamed it. It is an old trick. The politicians of France to-day show themselves aware of it. But just what the Papacy is, what it stands for in the conservation of Christianity, what are its historic glories, and what its power to-day, and all days — these are all unknown to thousands of educated men well learned in all else. Is it not singular that such men, knowing and admitting that the Church with its 300,000,000, composed of men of all nations, is the most wonderful and powerful moral society in the whole world, pass their whole lives without even reading one volume which deals with this marvelous phenomenon, without even seriously asking those who could tell them the secret of such a moral power. To me it is one of the things I cannot understand.

Here is no question now of an empire fallen and forgotten. There never was a time when the Church's power, its solidarity, its influence were greater, and it is here a very visible part of their own nation, state, and city. And yet, I repeat, even among university men with very superior minds there is an ignorance of its true character which can only be explained in one way. They admit its vitality, its power, its influence, not only in the religious, but in the social and national life. Some even fear it, and yet they do not take the slightest pains to study it. The reason, therefore, must be that while of all other even less interesting questions they have a desire to learn the truth, of the Catholic Church alone they prefer not to inquire. Why? That is the mystery which as yet I have not solved.

Here then is a work which faces you — one all the more splendid because it will demand your best intelli-

gence and your best minds. Without delving deeper than your busy occupations will allow, there is still ample field in the current events of the times. The newspapers are often the butt of unreasonable blame. They print news as it comes to them; it is our fault if what they print misrepresents the Church. In most cases they are only thankful to be told the truth; though I know of one case where the editor seems to have preferred the opposite. It is not always easy to see behind a dispatch from London, Paris, or Rome — a dispatch apparently authentic — a well-defined irreligious, antichristian, and malicious influence at work. Yet it has been revealed so often that at least clever editors should be on guard.

During the whole late disgraceful course of affairs in France even non-Catholic editors in London warned the world that a paid antichristian press-bureau was flooding the world with lies. And here they went on for months printing and reprinting them — evidently unconscious of the real motive-power behind them. But I am glad here and now in the name of all the Catholics of Boston, and in my own name, to express my profound gratitude to every single paper in Boston — one only excepted until I am better informed — for the really noble spirit of fairness and justice displayed by them once they realized the true situation. After the great meeting in Faneuil Hall, the very first civic protest in the whole world against the unspeakable barbarity of the French clique; after that warning note, the game of the paid infidel French press-bureau was up, and their salaries must have instantly diminished; unless they received a pension from the stolen stipend of the poor starving curés, or are lodged in the houses from which the bishops were ejected. Such things have happened before, and Clemenceau must know

too well the history of the suppression of the religious houses in England to forget how courtiers expect to be rewarded.

Another trick which has grown dilapidated from use, yet still serves. Not a month passes but we are told that the Pope has received millions. Now it is from a rich Catholic; now from a Cardinal. Even Mr. Pierpont Morgan figures from time to time, as dividing his millions with the Pope. It would be laughable did one not see behind it the same malicious purpose — the deception with an end to deprive the Pope, already in bitter need, of the only source of supply for his world-wide activities, — the alms of the faithful. Scarcely a day passes that I do not see something in like vein and for a like purpose, — all done innocently enough, I repeat, by the editors, but coöperating nevertheless in some hidden aim against the honor or the influence of the Church.

In the end, of course, the intelligent world learns the falsity. But meanwhile the poison has done some work. When Mr. Taft went to the Philippines the press rang with the story that he was going to finish once for all the meddlesome friars who had ruined the people. When he returned no ardent Catholic could have said more than Mr. Taft did in praise of what the friars had done for centuries in educating, in civilizing, and really making the people of the Philippines.

A few weeks ago the country was aflame with the accounts of the atrocities of the Congo Free State. Well-meaning men ran from one end of the country to the other rousing their hearers to the realization of the awful horrors perpetrated by Catholic rule in Africa. Now we know that whatever King Leopold is or is not, and we have no brief for His Majesty, he certainly, according to

the latest accounts of disinterested Protestant eye-witnesses, has established the very best and most humane government that exists in Central Africa. And so it goes.

But when all else fails, there is always the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's. Let Spanish and French politicians answer for them. The Pope and the Catholic Church had as much to do with these and similar deplorable events as Cardinal Gibbons and American Catholics had with the lynching in New Orleans or the strike in Chicago. We are Americans. Spain and France must answer for themselves.

Are you aware that there are thousands of educated non-Catholics who really are convinced that every clever and capable priest or layman is a Jesuit? That may be, no doubt, very complimentary to the Jesuit, but to us who are rash enough to believe that we have some share of ability, it is far from flattering.

It is pleasant to note that there are many reactions from the excessive deviations caused by the first revolt against the Church. Sober minds are realizing that the zeal of the reformers carried them too far afield from traditional Christian sentiment and practice. The reaction is visible in many forms — in some ways incongruous enough. We see it strongly portrayed to us daily in the centre of our own city. In the Public Library we behold the noble exterior lines of a Roman palace, while the court is model of that of the Chancery Office of the Roman Church. On another side of Copley Square is a belfry from pinnacle to pavement modeled after the Italian campanile of the Middle Ages. Turning again, we find in Trinity Church a fair representation of the lines and architecture of some of the finest Spanish cathedrals. In

the Art Museum the greatest of its treasures are replicas of Saints and some of the most striking figures and symbols that represent Catholic sentiment. Elsewhere the Madonna gleams in the stained-glass windows of Evangelical churches. And why this strange resurrection of Catholic art and architecture in non-Catholic temples and in our public buildings? Because men are leaving behind the petty rancors of mere partisans and are thinking more of Christian sentiment in art and in worship and in the daily public life, and are going back to the foundations of all three in the traditions of the Catholic Church before the ambitions of rulers rent the robes of the Church's unity, when our ancestors, all of them, theirs and ours, knelt at the same shrines and were all truly brothers in Christ.

Will the reaction continue? Will the new learning, which is only a revival of the old traditions, bear even richer fruit than campanile or reredos, or rood-screen or confessional? Will it restore not the form only, but the substance of things long hidden, for which human hearts and not merely human heads are longing — a meeting once more in the ways of peace and unity? Who knows? Wise men shake their heads, but who knows? Anyway, one thing is sure. God expects us to do our duty, not in useless wrangling and bitter reproaches, — these are not Christ's ways, — but by spreading that truth which once prevailed, when England was Merry England, and when France was the glory of the Christian world.

Here is your mental field, Sir Knights. Face calmly the bitter falsity which injures those who say it more, much more, than you. And see to it that in some way, kindly and effectually the truth be made clear, by saying it, and repeating it, and reiterating it, until those who do

not know our true position will be only those who do not want to know it. And for such there is nothing left but to be still patient, and to study still more, that by profounder knowledge we may become more humble and more tolerant of those who differ from us; for a knight, as he must be courageous, must also be kind-hearted.

In the social order the field is larger and easier. Not every one has the gifts of the historian and the apologist. But every man living can help his fellow-man in the hard battle of life. I would sum it all up in one word: If you are well up the ladder, turn and give a hand as you rest a moment to those below you; and if you have your feet as yet only on the lower rungs, take the hand offered to you, but do not pull those above you down. For life is a ladder because God made it so; and the man who would convert it into a moving staircase, upon which men have merely to stand and the machinery will do the rest, has a degraded notion of life's possibilities and duties. God would not take from His children, as some men are striving to do, the pleasure of climbing, the earnest hopes, the healthy fatigue, the wholesome yearning to go up, which is the greatest human joy in life. I pity, honestly and sincerely pity, the man who, because everything was done for him, never knew the glorious exhilaration which comes from his own hard striving. I honestly and sincerely compassionate the man whose inherited wealth has stifled the vigor and the joy of hard labor.

To look back over years of toil which took us step by step wearily up the heights, to recall the tingling, thrilling sensations of every added step, to review once more from the top the burdens valiantly borne; this is the greatest joy that the greatest success can bring. And he

who has thus known the hardships of the ascent will find his truest pleasure in leaning down to those still struggling, and with cheery word and willing strong hand aiding them to feel what he has tasted, the joy of climbing up to rest and peace, even as a good father in his happy old age re-lives in the labors and the struggles and the success of his children.

Here is knightly sympathy, for which the world is craving. Close your ears to bitter words against your Church, and answer wisely and patiently. Look up the ladder of life to where Christian peace sits beckoning you on. At each day's close count that day lost in which you have not recorded a battle fought against selfishness and a victory won by an act of kindness to one less happy and less fortunate. So will the sword of your knighthood — Christian charity — be ever shining and clear. So shall it be worthy to be laid one day upon the altar of a Christian life — bloodless, but gleaming in the light of heaven's King — Christ.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

LENTEN PASTORAL, 1911

WILLIAM, by the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Boston, to the Reverend Clergy, and people of the Diocese. Health and Benediction.

The approach of the holy and penitential season of Lent impels us, beloved brethren of the clergy and the laity, once more by pastoral word to stir up the gift of Faith that is within you, and to draw you closer in bonds of love and devotion to Our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, present always among us in the great Sacrament of the Altar. However legitimate the pleasures and enjoyments of the world may be at other seasons, the holy time of Lent seeks to turn the minds of all true Christians away from them, and to lead the devout spirit aside for a while to retirement and meditation, so that, apart from the distractions and the frivolity of the atmosphere about us, the soul may find its supreme content in spiritual converse with God and the sacred mysteries of Faith.

So many, indeed, are the proofs of God's infinite love for us, that the time of Lent devoted to their consideration would but lead us to the threshold of the knowledge of God's infinite mercy. Nay, even though we should spend our lives in the endeavor to fathom the riches of His goodness, we should never be able fully to appreciate the wealth of God's gifts to us, or the illimitable generosity of the Giver. All that we have, and all that we are, both in the order of nature and of grace, are from His

hands. But over and above all His bounties is the stupendous thought that He has given us Himself in the great Sacrament of His Love. Since in this ineffable gift are contained all the other graces which He has bestowed upon us, let us, during the Holy Season especially, turn both our minds and our hearts to its contemplation and its adoration. The coming Lent thus spent in the constant companionship of the Holy Eucharist will be the very best preparation for all those blessings and joys which Easter-tide brings to those who have made the penitential season a fitting preparation to behold in spirit their risen Lord.

Left to the poverty of our own resources, we should find it extremely difficult to express the thoughts which come to the weak human mind when it considers the awfulness of the mystery under the veil of which the Creator of all things gives Himself as food to man. But we are not left to our own resources by the unerring magisterium of the Church. The Catholic intellect under its safe guidance has pondered for twenty centuries upon this central mystery of faith and worship, and the Church's Fathers, Doctors, and Saints have filled mighty tomes with the noblest sentiments and the sublimest thoughts touching this greatest gift of God to man. So that from out the treasury of these great minds and holy hearts the simplest man of faith may learn to express something of the glory and the truth of the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament.

That God so loved the world as to give His Only-Begotten Son for its redemption is surely proof of how precious in the sight of God are the souls of men. That God should take upon Himself the dimensions of our poor humanity is a thought filled with wonderment. That He who made the heavens should long for the companionship

of man that He might win man's love, is so touching a proof of our Heavenly Father's affection that it would seem that nothing more was left which God could do that man might understand the value of his own soul. But when God is the Giver, only Infinitude can measure the gift. Hence, to perpetuate His presence among us when, after His mission was ended, mortal eyes should no longer see Him, He drew upon the infinite resources of His wisdom, His power, and His love, to contrive a way by which He could be still nearer to us during all time than even the mystery of His Incarnation permitted.

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us only for thirty-three brief years; but Christ's presence in the Blessed Sacrament will never cease until the end of time. In the tabernacle, though hidden, He is shorn of none of the power which during His mortal life raised the dead to life, and made sinners clean. He speaks to us from the altar, but His words are to the heart and not to the ear; and in the silence of His sacramental abode, He listens to our every wish and every prayer. His hidden presence is a constant stimulus to our faith. We now neither see nor hear Him, yet by Faith, clearer than by human vision or hearing, we know Him, we adore Him, and we receive Him into our hearts.

During His mortal life on earth, His mere presence was an ever potent means of sanctification. The touch of the hem of His garment healed bodily ills; the glance of His eye brought salutary penance to the soul that had sinned; the sound of His voice chased from base minds all thought of evil. It was the potency of His divinity, before which no wrong could stand. During those thirty-three years of His life as man, He clothed the glory of His Godhead in the humanity of our flesh; and

that He might live among men as a brother, He hid from human sight the awfulness of the Godhead within Him.

Hence, too, after the time when His mortal existence had ended, the sublime plan to continue this divine presence among men was perfected in the wonderful mystery of the Holy Eucharist. Thus the greatest consolation of the Christian of to-day is precisely the same as that which filled the hearts of all His Apostles — the knowledge that God was palpably near them. The form of His presence indeed has changed; but the reality remains the same. Nay, the Christian of to-day has, in a certain sense, this advantage, that he knows precisely where to find his Lord at every single hour of the day and night. He knows that in the solemn silence of the tabernacle, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day, lives and works — lives with all the divine perfections of His eternal being; and works that ineffable work which His Father gave Him to do, the salvation of the souls of men. We kneel humbly before His throne upon the altar, and we know that we need envy neither Peter, nor Magdalene, nor John, for all their closeness of companionship with the Divine Redeemer.

But the Blessed Sacrament gives us more than His presence. In the tabernacle He lives near us and with us; but in Holy Communion He becomes the very food of our souls. Listen to His own words spoken at the time when he gave to His Church this gift above all gifts: "I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. This is that bread which cometh down from heaven, that if any man eat of it he may not die. I am the living bread which cometh down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for-

ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world."

Surely no words can be plainer than these, the sublime testament of Christ to the Church throughout all the ages. Obvious as their certain meaning is, then as now, puny human reason raised itself against it. The Jews striving among themselves said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" And for all answer Jesus repeated to them, "Amen I say to you, unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye shall not have life in you. My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, liveth in me and I in him. As I live by the Father who sent me, so he that eateth me shall live by me. This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth this bread shall live forever."

So let doubt wrangle as it will, divine Faith stands upon the words of God, and of Christ, His Son, whom He sent into the world to show us the way, to lead us to the truth, and to give us eternal life. O wonderful mystery of God's love! God's own Son has become in very truth the food and nourishment of our souls.

St. Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, writes: "This great sacrament which you receive is produced by the words of Christ. If the word of Elias was powerful enough to call down fire from heaven, how much more will the words of Christ have power to change the very elements. You have read that He spoke, and all the things of the world were made: He commanded, and they were created. Thus the word of Christ which made out of nothing that which is, is able to change those things which are into those that were not." And St. Cyril of

Jerusalem, speaking of the same mystery says, "Behold not, therefore, mere bread and wine, for it is in reality the body and blood of Christ, for thus the Lord Himself has spoken. The senses may suggest otherwise, but let your judgment be not merely of the senses."

So, then, beloved brethren, the Blessed Sacrament is truly and indeed, by the will and design of God Himself, the very source of all our spiritual life and strength and the very centre of all Christian worship. All this is, as you well know, the truth as taught and believed from the very beginning. From the night of the Passover when first Christ gave to the beloved twelve this last and greatest of all His gifts, through all the trying ages of the Church's persecution when the sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in the very caves of the earth, down to the days of the Church's triumph, when the greatest human geniuses vied with one another in planning temples and altars worthy to shelter Christ's sacramental presence, down to our own days the words of Jesus Christ have ever meant the same. God has become our very life, by the sacrament of His love.

So in these days when the faith of Christians is attacked from so many sides, the Vicar of Christ, guardian of the Church's vitality, calls on Christians to turn their minds and hearts with a stronger impetus of devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Communion. Early in his pontificate it was his endeavor to free the music, which is a part of the sacred ritual, from all base and secular influences, that the sublime mysteries might have a worthy accompaniment in the sacred harmonies of song and divine praise. The altar and all that pertains to the sanctuary, he has made the object of his special and loving care. For him there is nothing trifling, nothing small

in whatever concerns the dignity of divine worship, and the sublimity of Christ's real presence in the Holy Sacrifice.

It was this same burning faith in the power of Holy Communion which impelled him to remove every possible obstacle from the frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament by the sick and the aged. It was this same love which urged him to plead with the faithful to approach the holy banquet-table more frequently, nay, even daily if possible.

The most recent of his benign acts has been to suffer little children to come to Christ their God in Holy Communion. Surely if any one may approach with confidence the sacrament of Christ's ineffable love, it is the innocent children who, receiving into their hearts still unsullied by the world, the presence of the All-Holy God, may thus escape the blight of sin, and the foulness of evil. And in this connection, beloved brethren, we entreat you in the same spirit which animates the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff, to see to it that all that he has decreed with regard to the Holy Communion of children be scrupulously observed. Let there be neither hesitation nor unreasonable timidity, but the most perfect confidence in the direction given us by those through whom Jesus Christ Himself speaks. Let all false discipline and petty-minded pietism with their deceitful criteria disappear before the large-hearted and large-minded instructions which emanate in this regard from the See of Peter. It is the solemn obligation of every pastor of souls to make known to all Christian parents their duty in the matter of early and frequent Holy Communion for the little ones whom God has intrusted to their care. As soon as a Christian child has reached the age when he perceives the body

and blood of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, he must be led tenderly to the holy table, after such needful preparation as is prescribed by the laws of the Church.

The pastors of souls are also bound to make known both to parents and children, the duty of long-continued instruction in Christian doctrine, until such time as the whole epitomized range of knowledge of their faith and its teachings is grasped with that clearness and readiness which will make them stronger in the Faith and also fit them according to their capacity to combat the errors all about them.

We see on all sides the federation of inimical forces, whose only purpose is to tear Christians from the unity of Faith. Under the various deceits and illusions of a false science, great chiefly in its boasting, the champions of infidelity endeavor shrewdly to undermine that humility which is the foundation of the sublime knowledge of God and His everlasting truth. Under the banner of a false philanthropy which makes the merely material things of life its standard, unbelieving men are striving by might and main to empty the hearts of Christians of the only true Charity which rests on Faith. The spirit of the time is all against Christ and His Church, and unless we wake up to these insidious wiles of unbelief, the flock intrusted to our care will inevitably seek the luring mirage of fantastic pastures.

The greatest remedy against all these deceptions is the remedy which Christ Himself has provided. The Bread of Angels alone can give us that fortitude of spirit and clearness of spiritual vision by which all the schemes of the enemy will be openly revealed and our hearts be made strong in the fixedness of our faith and devotion.

Let us, therefore, beloved brethren in Christ, especially

during the Holy Season of Lent, gather nearer and nearer every day around the holy altar upon which Christ offers Himself mystically for our salvation.

Let the faithful, one and all, strive, even by sacrifice, to assist daily at the celebration of Holy Mass. Let them, in the fervent spirit of Faith, approach if possible several times a week the sacred table of Holy Communion. Let them during the day or in the evening visit with affectionate devotion the Divine Prisoner of Love in the sacred tabernacle. And in these frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, let them learn to love more and more Our Blessed Lord in this wonderful mystery. Let their prayers go out to Him for the strengthening of the bonds of faith and love among all Christians. Let them pray for the luke-warm and the cold that they, too, may be brought to realize the treasure they are neglecting. Let them pray for all those whom God has set over them, for the Vicar of Christ, their bishops and priests, that God may strengthen and guide them in their difficult duties. Once in the week, let the faithful of each parish assemble for the devotion of the Holy Hour, when enthroned upon the altar our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament is the object of the whole attention and adoration of His faithful people.

Finally, we recommend to all the Pastors to institute as soon as convenient in their parishes the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which need interfere in no wise with the parish societies already established, but which may well be the means of strengthening those now existing. The erection of this confraternity requires no formality but the permission of the bishop which is hereby granted. The chief exercises of devotion of this confraternity are adoration of the Blessed Sacra-

ment by attendance at the Holy Hour once a week, and at those services when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, together with the inculcation and practice of frequent communion. To these may be added a novena in preparation for the feast of Corpus Christi and special devotions at the time of the Forty Hours. This confraternity is enriched with many very great indulgences, and will be a powerful incentive to the faithful to increase their faith and love for our Blessed Lord in the great Sacrament of the altar.

We beseech you therefore, beloved brethren in Christ, to hearken to these words which with all the affection of a father's heart we address to you at the beginning of the holy season of Lent. We have seen again and again during the last three years, the most copious evidence of your splendid Faith and the clearest proofs of your eagerness to follow in that path of holy living and of Catholic loyalty, along which it is our constant endeavor to lead you.

Add to this, we beg of you, what will be to us the greatest of all consolations, a united effort on the part of the whole diocese to signalize the coming Holy Season by a manifest demonstration of greatly increased love and devotion for the Blessed Sacrament. If all the faithful of the diocese will but unite in these exercises of prayer, adoration, and Holy Communion, we feel certain that the most abundant fruits of heavenly grace and benediction will be manifest throughout the whole region which is committed to our pastoral care. In the family, and in individual souls alike, we shall see soon the most unmistakable results of those precious exercises of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The faith of all will be strengthened and the dying embers of charity will be reënkindled.

Gathered around the tabernacle with the same prayer upon our lips, and the same divine hope in our hearts, there will inevitably spring up between bishop, priests, and people a bond of union so firm that no power can sever it. And may the blessing of Jesus Christ so comfort and console you all, that while Lent is a season of penance and prayer, it may be to each of you a time also of the greatest spiritual joy and consolation.

✠ WILLIAM
Archbishop of Boston.

Given at Boston,
On the Feast of St. Mathias the Apostle,
February 24, 1911.

L'INFLUENZA DI ROMA

NELLA FORMAZIONE DEL CLERO AMERICANO.[1]

Sanctificabisque annum quinquagesimum . . . ipse est enim Iubilaeus. — Lev. xxv.

Secoli di gloria avvolgono, in uno splendore di grandezza e di magnificenza, la città di Roma. I suoi monumenti, rivelatori dell' ingegno umano, non sono di ieri; la loro geniale creazione ed erezione ardimentosa si perdono quasi nell' alba della civiltà.

Festeggiare quindi in Roma un cinquantesimo, sembra opera modesta assai. Che cosa sono infatti cinquant'anni di fronte a secoli di grandezza quali vanta Roma? Ma se cinquant'anni costituiscono un tempo assai breve nella storia dell' eterna Città, assurgono però alla fecondità operatrice di secoli per la sublime elevatezza del significato; e in nome e nella gloria di questa significazione si può bene festeggiare anche in Roma una breve cerchia d'anni, anche un cinquantesimo.

È con questa idea che ci siamo solennemente riuniti per celebrare la fondazione del nostro Collegio in Roma, per scrutarne e additarne la profondità e la sublimità del significato.

Quale concetto, quale idealità, quale finalità ispirò e guidò il Pontefice nella erezione di questo Collegio per il bene dell' America, per la gloria di Roma?

Possiamo subito scorgere in questo atto generoso, in questo nobile gesto del Pontefice l'istinto dell' amore ma-

[1] Discorso pronunciato nel Collegio Americano del Nord, Roma, 12 Giugno, 1909, Giubbileo della Fondazione del Collegio.

terno, che Roma — stabilita centro, cuore e vita del mondo cattolico — sente per tutte le nazioni. Quando Gesù Cristo conferì a Roma, nell' ordine soprannaturale, la supremazia sopra tutti i popoli del mondo universo, creò e sviluppò nel cuore di essa la fiamma dell' amore materno.

La madre, palpitante di ardente amore, vigila i figli fin dal primo istante che sorridono alla luce. Ella continua l' opera della maternità, dando per nutrimento al bambino il suo medesimo sangue sotto la forma di latte, comunicandogli così qualche cosa della sua sostanza. Ella guarda con occhio di amore lo svilupparsi, il crescere, il fortificarsi di ogni singola parte del piccolo corpo, e ne gode immensamente e se ne allieta. Ella avvezza il suo bambino a muovere i primi passi, a imprimere le prime orme ; lo sorregge con le sue mani perchè non cada, e lo addestra a camminare diritto ed agile. Così Roma — madre amorosissima di tutti i credenti — provvede al bene dei figli suoi non appena questi nascono alla vita della grazia ; li nutrisce provvida col latte della fede ; insegna loro a camminare nella via del bene, li sorregge e li guida ; snoda la loro lingua a linguaggio di cielo ; si allieta dei loro spirituali progressi ; mette avanti agli occhi della loro anima il divino modello, Gesù Cristo, e insegna, parola per parola, la buona novella, il celeste messaggio, lasciato come santa eredità alle nazioni, e che deve guidarle fino al raggiungimento della piena maturità delle loro forze.

Rivolgiamo uno sguardo alle nazioni civili che si chiamano e appellare si possono cristiane. A chi mai esse devono quei principî di legge, quei concetti dell' ordine, che formano il fondamento della loro costituzione e vita, che intessono e compendiano tutta la loro storica gloria?

Erano selvagge nella loro origine; nulla conoscevano dei beneficî e degli splenori della civiltà, e non sapevano che cosa fosse una società legata da vincoli comuni; non conoscevano il segreto della organizzazione.

Furono i missionari che vi fecero risplendere, in nome della fede di Roma, l'astro della civiltà; che vi fecero germogliare e fiorire i principî morali cristiani, elementi di grandezza e di forza. Furono i santi monaci che con l'istituzione della comunità religiosa insegnarono il modo di governare. Furono i vescovi e gli abati che insegnarono ai guerrieri, ai conquistatori il segreto di fondare uno stato civile.

Si può affermare, senza tema di smentita, che le nazioni, le quali menano vanto delle loro energie e delle loro possenti forze, in quanto queste forze sono il risultato di leggi etiche e di principî morali, devono la loro civiltà, la loro potenza e la loro gloria unicamente alla Chiesa, alla Roma dei Papi. Ma le nazioni non sempre hanno corrisposto con la gratitudine al bene ricevuto: bene immenso, bene inestimabile!

Così quando scoppiò e infierì nel secolo xvi l' insurrezione nel campo religioso — insurrezione che stoltamente venne appellata *Riforma* e fu una grande ferita al cuore della civiltà — alcune di queste nazioni si ribellarono contro la loro madre, Roma; contro colei che aveva infiorata la loro culla; contro colei che le aveva accolte amorosa nel suo seno e le aveva avviate verso il vivere civile, verso la luce del progresso, verso la prosperità sociale.

Roma, con immenso suo dolore, si vede strappare dal suo fianco milioni di figli, ed ecco la madre che piange! Ma Iddio sta per consolarla; Iddio asterge le sue lagrime.

Chi è mai colui che su fragile legno solca, per il primo, l'oceano giammai solcato, e in mezzo a tanti perigli esplora

nuovi lidi e ignote sponde, e va cercando ardito nuove terre e nuovi cieli? È un grande italiano, sulla cui fronte brilla il raggio della fede e della scienza: è Cristoforo Colombo, che va a scoprire e scopre un nuovo mondo. E questo nuovo mondo sarà conquistato dalla fede; e questa conquista sarà per la Chiesa un largo compenso dei figli di cui venne orbata, di tutto ciò che perdette nel vecchio mondo; anzi sarà un guadagno superiore, di gran lunga, alla perdita subita.

Nella nuova terra, sotto il nuovo cielo, numerose sono le anime che rinascono alla vita della grazia; numerosi i figli che chiamano la Chiesa cattolica col dolce nome di madre. È un fervido e rapido crescendo di amore e di fede per Roma; si traccia una via che conduce a Roma; e gli sguardi si rivolgono a Roma attraverso i secoli.

Ma nel secolo XIX la Religione cattolica si diffonde in ogni angolo dell' America; vola di vittoria in vittoria, di trionfo in trionfo; accoglie all' ombra del vittorioso stendardo della Croce eserciti di anime. Lo sviluppo del Cattolicismo in America, compiutosi nel secolo scorso, è prodigioso e segna una pagina gloriosa nella storia della Chiesa.

Chi non scorge in questo fatto l'adempimento della promessa di Gesù Cristo: *Portae inferi non praevalebunt?*

Aperto il nuovo mondo, numerosi figli delle nazioni europee attraversano l' oceano e toccano i lontani lidi di America con la speranza di trovare in terra straniera quello che non hanno trovato in seno alla patria. Sono onde di uomini che sulle onde dell' oceano corrono e si precipitano nel suolo americano. Ed è questa onda di emigrazione continua, rigurgitante, che nel corso di un secolo ha reso grande la nostra nazione, la quale oramai ha preso il posto che le compete.

Da principio i cattolici appartenevano alla schiera indi-

gente dei poveri; perchè erano le dure condizioni della miseria che li spingeva ad esulare e a tentare l' enimma della emigrazione; ma se erano poveri, erano coraggiosi, intrepidi e baldi lavoratori; perchè non sono i ricchi e i pigri che emigrano; ma soltanto i forti, gli audaci, i laboriosi, i quali per la loro arditezza e per l' amore e la resistenza alla fatica chieggono il sorriso alla fortuna. Alla formazione dei nostri Stati Uniti prestarono, per divina Provvidenza, il loro efficace concorso i cattolici. Erano, è vero, in minoranza; ma come uomini di ordine, di alta moralità, di audace intrepidezza diedero saggio di non essere inferiori a nessuno; e con il loro spirito di lealtà acquistarono e rivendicarono alla nuova nazione il diritto della libertà nobilmente concepito.

Da quel giorno brillò nella Costituzione degli Stati Uniti la libertà di culto in tutta la sua estensione e sincerità; perchè il diritto della libertà, altamente inteso, esiste e trionfa nell' anima della giovane nazione.

La Chiesa non ha bisogno che di libertà; e soltanto la malizia degli uomini e la gelosia dei governanti possono supporre che la Chiesa abusi di questo diritto; soltanto esse possono ostacolare il progresso della Chiesa; soltanto esse possono contrariare lo svolgimento della sua divina missione. E siccome fra noi la libertà verace non viene avversata, così il Cattolicismo in cento anni ha potuto progredire rapidamente e largamente; e questo progresso rifulge fra i più grandi trionfi registrati dalla storia ecclesiastica.

Nella vecchia Europa i Capi di Stato, tante volte e in diverse guise, hanno più o meno vincolato la Chiesa sotto l'apparenza di proteggerla, rendendola vittima della ipocrisia politica; ma nella giovane America nessuna catena, nessun giogo s'impone alla Chiesa.

L'autorità ecclesiastica svolge la sua azione in seno

alla più ampia libertà, trovandosi in un ambiente dove la libertà, non è una vana parola, ma realtà, e incarnazione di un' idea. Il seme è stato gettato bene; ha germogliato meravigliosamente; ha prodotto ottimi frutti.

Questa libertà, che godiamo, è un dono che la Divina Provvidenza ha fatto alla chiesa americana; per cui dobbiamo nutrire nel cuore il sentimento più vivo della riconoscenza.

Nella terra scoperta dal grande Ligure i Vescovi hanno comunicazioni dirette con Roma; e Roma cattolica può dirigere e governare la chiesa americana senza intervento delle potenze; i Vescovi sono liberi, non dipendono affatto dallo Stato, sono vere e grandi autorità. Nelle azioni e quistioni ecclesiastiche lo Stato non può intervenire, e difatti non interviene.

Lo Stato americano non inceppa nessun braccio con catene, le quali — siano pure di oro — ostacolano sempre il libero svolgimento dell' azione della Chiesa.

Sotto l' egida di questa libertà era naturale l' attesa di un ampio sviluppo nel campo della Religione Cattolica; attesa che venne splendidamente coronata da un successo consolante e lusinghiero. Quando si pensa che un secolo fa non vi era in tutti gli Stati Uniti che un solo vescovo con sede a Baltimora, e con poche migliaia di cattolici, dispersi qua e là, e accentrati a Boston, New York e Filadelfia, c'è da rimanere stupiti e commossi nel contemplare ora tanta fioritura di anime cattoliche.

Dopo la consacrazione del primo vescovo, il Cattolicismo cominciò ad emergere in uno splendor nuovo, cominciò a conquistare terreno. Vennero creati vescovi suffraganei, che spiegarono molto zelo nella diffusione del Cristianesimo. Con nostra consolazione, con nostro santo orgoglio ora possiamo constatare che fra settanta milioni

di abitanti la quarta parte è cattolica, e che vi sono molte città, una delle quali è Boston, dove il Cattolicismo impera nel cuore della maggior parte dei cittadini.

Bisogna confessare che i missionari, i quali per i primi si recarono ad evangelizzare la nuova nazione, non possedevano coltura elevata di scienza; ma questa, per allora, non era richiesta, non era necessaria, perchè, la missione doveva svolgersi tra le classi degli umili, tra i lavoratori della terra, tra minatori e ferrovieri. Ciò che veramente faceva bisogno era la virtù, era lo zelo; ed i primi missionari che ci vennero dalla cattolica e forte Irlanda, avevano la fede e lo zelo del loro S. Patrizio; e con questa fede e con questo zelo compirono prodigi di alto apostolato. Ciò che anche bisognava al missionario, primo pioniero della civiltà, era la forza fisica, perchè doveva sostenere immani fatiche, perchè doveva attraversare immense regioni e compiere difficili viaggi o sotto i raggi ardenti del sole, o sotto l' infuriare della pioggia dirotta; la sua fronte era sempre coperta di sudore, la sua veste di polvere.

Agl' irlandesi si unirono missionari francesi; e gli uni e gli altri, infondendo nei cuori l'amore per Gesù Cristo, vi infondevano ancora l'amore al suo rappresentante in terra, il Romano Pontefice.

Ma se s'innalzavano tempî al Signore, se fioriva il culto divino, non rifulgeva nelle scuole con molti splendori il culto per la scienza, la quale, non per colpa, ma per le circostanze e condizioni di quel tempo, era un po' trascurata.

Del resto i cattolici erano allora poveri e non potevano provvedere all' educazione dei figli. Più presto faceva fruttificare il pane lo strumento del mestiere, anzichè la penna; e pochi erano quelli, tra i giovani cattolici, che

potevano avviarsi all' esercizio d'una professione e intraprendere la via del Santuario, che conduce al Sacerdozio. Si pensò allora ad aprire un seminario, ma era un po' difficile trovare maestri che potessero degnamente spezzare il pane della scienza. Quelle scuole erano bensì sorgente di operosità, fonte di zelo, ma non di un grado elevato d'istruzione, quantunque, anche in tali condizioni, bastassero per la mentalità del popolo di allora.

Ma con lo sviluppo della ricchezza nazionale, coi nuovi ideali verso una mèta di grandezza intellettuale, con le nuove aspirazioni verso la gloria, in tutti sorse forte il desiderio di un'alta istruzione; e allora s'intese il bisogno di un clero colto che si elevasse, per altezza di dottrina, al di sopra di ogni classe intelligente e studiosa.

Ed ecco che alcuni giovani, aspiranti all dignità sacerdotale, favoriti dalla Provvidenza, vennero a Roma, accolti, come alunni, al Collegio di *Propaganda Fide*, sorgente di cultura ecclesiastica, le cui onde si riversano per tutta la terra. Vennero qui a godere i privilegi della istruzione elevata e profonda che Roma può dare.

Fra questa schiera di alunni emersero due che, terminato il corso degli studi, tornarono in America e diedero un vivo e nuovo impulso al movimento intellettuale, scientifico, artistico e morale. Furono essi che, quasi stelle luminose, fecero risplendere nel cielo americano lo splendore della scienza ecclesiastica; furono essi che aprirono il nuovo campo di cultura sacra. Essi allo zelo più vivo univano la scienza più profonda; zelo e scienza attinti alla fonte vergine e inesauribile, scorrente della cima dei sacri sette colli. Essi possedevano in sommo grado la cultura di Roma, e come aquile volavano al di sopra degli altri.

Queste due glorie americane, di cui vi parlo, sono Spalding, morto Arcivescovo di Baltimora, Kenrick, morto

Arcivescovo di Filadelfia. Essendo così eruditi e virtuosi, era naturale che venissero elevati alla dignità vescovile. Essi si affermarono come i più grandi genî nel campo ecclesiastico degli Stati Uniti.

Dal momento che rifulsero questi due astri, il Clero americano venne spinto allo studio fecondo, al conseguimento del possesso della scienza, che le nuove condizioni richiedevano. Ed ecco si deve a Roma il movimento intellettuale americano, a Roma che arricchiva della sua elevata cultura la mente ed il cuore dei nostri giovani, alunni di *Propaganda*.

Prima del ritorno in America di Spalding e di Kenrick, il clero protestante alzava superbo il capo, ostentando una scienza che in fondo non aveva; disprezzava il clero cattolico, lo teneva in nessun conto, lo appellava ignorante e privo di qualunque prestigio religioso e sociale. Ma i due gloriosi alunni di *Propaganda*, con la dotta ed eloquente predicazione, con la pubblicazione di dotti volumi sollevarono la dignità avvilita del clero cattolico; lo elevarono all'altezza, alla quale era chiamato; fecero rifulgere la fede e la scienze di Roma.

Dietro l'ispirazione di questi due grandi, numerosi giovani aspirarono alla gloria santa del Sacerdozio; nacquero alla vita del Santuario, come sbocciano i fiori sotto la benefica rugiada mattinale. Essi rivolsero i loro sguardi a Roma, dove tanta sapienza si conserva e tanta luce risplende; varcarono l'oceano, intrapresero la via di Roma; raccolsero, come augelli al nido, le mistiche ali all'ombra del Collegio di *Propaganda*.

Crescendo ogni anno il numero di questi pellegrini della scienza ecclesiastica, l'angelico Pio IX, nella visione d'un radioso avvenire, pensò di fare erigere un Collegio, dove si potessero riunire i giovani del nuovo mondo;

pensò a provvederli di una propria casa, dove gli alunni, conservando l'indole della loro nazione, venissero trasformati, in quanto alla fede e alla scienza, in perfetti e autentici romani.

Il giorno 8 dicembre dell'anno 1859 segna il grande avvenimento; e questa data è assai gloriosa per la Chiesa americana perchè fin d'allora fu assicurato ad essa tutto ciò che si può offrire in cultura e scienza.

Salutiamo con gioia, dopo cinquant'anni, l'alba radiosa di quello storico giorno!

Era necessaria l'erezione di questo Collegio. Quanto più è lontana dal centro, tanto più si disperde la forza centripeta. Così studiando e vivendo lungi dal centro della fede, sorge il pericolo che si possa venir meno alle sane tradizioni dell'insegnamento sacro; e questo pericolo potrebbe essere maggiore nella mente e nel cuore dei nostri giovani per quello spirito innato di libertà, che confina con l'indipendenza.

Da questo punto di vista emerge tutta l'importanza della fondazione di un Collegio americano in suolo romano; perchè questo Collegio assurge allo splendore di un'alta significazione, di una sublime idealità; esso si trasforma nel vincolo che unisce il clero d'America alla Santa Sede; i giovani, qui educati, si tengono fortemente abbracciati alla rocca del Vaticano.

Dove fiorisce il commercio e trionfa l'industria e l'uno e l'altra occupano la mente e il cuore degli uomini, non può risplendere, in tutto il suo fulgore, la scienza; perchè lo spirito di commercio è naturalmente contrario allo spirito di cultura intellettuale; e perciò nel nuovo paese, specialmente in principio, non si poteva attendere l'erezione di seminari di cultura di primissimo ordine.

Quando in Roma si apre una scuola, facilmente si pos-

sono trovare e scegliere i maestri che alla scienza eletta uniscono l'idoneità didattica, requisito necessario per l'insegnamento; ma altrove la ricerca e la scelta dei maestri si presenta un po' difficile per la deficienza di scienziati veri e sicuri, che possano onorare il glorioso titolo di professori.

Si aggiunga che qui a Roma vi è l'entusiasmo per lo studio. Sotto l'impulso di eccelsi maestri, luminari di scienza, si studia con amore, quasi con rapimento; e il giovane studente, in minor tempo a con minor fatica, giunge al possesso di tanta scienza e di tale cultura che altrove non si potrebbe acquistare dopo tanti anni di studio e di non lieve fatica.

Faccio appello agli ex-alunni qui presenti, ed ora apostoli zelanti e intelligenti di America. Non ricordate voi con quanto amore qui si svolgevano le pagine dei dotti libri? Non ricordate con quanto ardore si studiava la teologia col metodo scolastico sotto un Satolli, la filosofia sotto un Lorenzelli, la storia sotto un Galimberti? Ricordate il grande, il vivo entusiasmo che era in noi tra le pareti della scuola? La scuola era per noi gioia, era diletto. Noi pendevamo attentamente dal labbro di questi apostoli della scienza ecclesiastica, dal quale profluivano le onde del sapere, e ci alzavamo in alto, in alto, verso la luce fulgente della verità, in compagnia di essi!

Il metodo romano d'impartire la scienza e di apprenderla è degno di lode sotto ogni rapporto. Qui, a Roma, non si tratta di conseguire uno sforzo meccanico di memoria, ma di giungere al possesso dello scibile con le ali aperte della intelligenza, con gli alti intendimenti di comprendere bene quello che s'impara.

Ricordo che in noi sorgeva il desiderio di conoscere profondamente i segreti della scienza ecclesiastica, ed

impadronirci di essi. L'atmosfera scientifica che ne circondava, era da noi ammirata e gustata; e da essa emergeva il primo impulso allo studio che ci dava l'indirizzo intellettuale per tutta la vita.

Chi studia a Roma non rimane, dirò così, ai dettagli della scienza; non si contenta di leggere piccoli manuali; egli viene spinto alla contemplazione di larghe vedute, di spaziosi orizzonti scientifici.

Bisogna anche ricordare i multiformi giovani che vengono a Roma da tutte le parti della terra per ragioni di studio. Tutti costoro si offrono scambievolmente e senza saperlo un elemento non trascurabile, anzi prezioso, di uno studio speciale e di una varia erudizione. Altrove il giovane studente ha accanto a sè un altro giovane della propria regione; invece qui l'alunno romano si trova al contatto di giovani di qualunque nazione e di qualunque stirpe, venuti dall'occidente e dall'oriente, che hanno una diversa indole, che portano una nota varia e caratteristica.

Ciascuno di essi ha una dote che l'altro non ha; ma ciascuno può tesoreggiare, raccogliendo insieme tutte queste molteplici e diverse prerogative che risplendono nei multiformi compagni di studio, a somiglianza dell'ape industriosa che sugge il succo vitale di tutti i fiori per formare il miele.

Qui nella lotta generosa e geniale dello studio non si tratta di riportar vittoria sopra un compagno della medesima regione e stirpe, ma sopra individui appartenenti a tutte le nazioni, e che di queste nazioni sono gl'ingegni più eletti e più forti. E questa gara scientifica con tutti i rappresentanti delle varie parti del mondo è sorgente di efficace stimolo a fortemente studiare, acuisce la mente, affina e fortifica l'ingegno.

E qui l'alunno americano, trasformato in autentico

romano, comprende meglio la nota caratteristica della cattolicità della Religione di Cristo; intende meglio il concetto grandioso della universalità della Chiesa; e la sua nazionalità, della quale si vanta, non sta più nella sua mente come una cosa isolata e privilegiata, ma prende il suo posto che le compete in seno alla Chiesa universale. Qui viene distrutto, pian piano e insensibilmente, ciò che talvolta è motivo di gravi discordie, cioè il provincialismo, che professano coloro, i quali, educati in casa, in piccoli centri, hanno sempre dinanzi agli occhi gli orizzonti limitati del tetto domestico. Qui si comincia ad avere quel nobile sentimento di carità universale che è proprio di Roma, e che il sacerdote deve possedere per tutti, essendo tutti figli della gran madre, Roma.

A differenza degli uomini politici, che esaltano la propria nazione, e che per glorificare questa sono pronti ad umiliare le altre, il sacerdote deve amare ogni regione, ogni angolo di terra, perchè dovunque vi sono anime da condurre a Dio, perchè tutti formiamo e dobbiamo formare una medesima famiglia, di cui capo adorato è Gesù Cristo.

E se vi è una nazione, la quale abbia bisogno di questo spirito di fratellanza universale, è l'America, perchè nella plasmazione del suo popolo portarono il loro generoso contributo i figli di tutto il mondo.

Ed il figlio di America, compiuto in Roma il suo noviziato scientifico e morale tra i rappresentanti di tutto il mondo, torna alla patria sua cosmopolita di mente e di cuore, di pensiero e di sentimento; porta come in dono gentile alla sua nazione questo spirito di solidarietà universale, acquistato in Roma.

Colui che è vissuto in Roma, colui che è pervenuto all'acquisto della romanità spirituale e *di quella fede onde*

Cristo è romano, può meglio e facilmente comprendere anche gli americani, può meglio e facilmente educarli e avviarli al conseguimento di quella gloria, alla quale è chiamata la giovane nazione dai suoi destini. Inoltre il distacco dalla patria è un bene; il viverne lontani per qualche tempo è un vantaggio. Chi lascia la patria per recarsi a vivere in altre regioni per nobile scopo, diventa più uomo, più soldato disciplinato e forte.

Qui il giovane, lontano dalle cure della famiglia, dalle carezze dei genitori, è più libero di dedicare la sua mente alla scienza sacra e il suo cuore alle virtù sacerdotali. Anche nelle ore di ricreazione egli può allargare il campo della sua cultura. Nelle sue passeggiate egli visita i musei, che sono i più belli e i più ricchi del mondo; contempla i monumenti, che soltanto qui sorgono; si esalta dinanzi alle grandi opere d'arte, dinanzi ai capolavori del genio.

Impara, senza studio, le cognizioni e la storia dell'arte, impara a conoscere la genialità di un'opera artistica; coltiva il suo spirito, lo ingentilisce nella contemplazione del bello che rifulge nei musei di Roma e nelle sue belle chiese, nelle sue meravigliose basiliche, le cui alate cupole si elevano, quasi anime preganti, al cielo.

E se il poter vedere, contemplare, gustare tante cose elette e belle, tanta rivelazione di genio e tanta manifestazione di bellezza artistica costituisce per l'europeo un grande bene, molto più per l'americano, perchè in America, per la giovinezza della nazione, non possiamo avere un'antica tradizione di arte, e quindi non possiamo avere quei monumenti che sorgono in Roma.

Ma vi ha di più. Qui si contempla qualche cosa superiore alle medesime opere d'arte: qui si è circondati e devotamente affascinati dal ricordo dei Santi.

Qui, in ogni via, in ogni piazza, in ogni angolo sorge una memoria, s'innalza un santuario, si erge una colonna che richiama al pensiero gli eroi della virtù, i santi confessori, i santi martiri, i santi sacerdoti, i santi vescovi, i santi pontefici.

Qui ci possiamo prostrare dinanzi all'urna che chiude le sacre spoglie di S. Luigi Gonzaga per impetrare la candidezza del cuore; dinanzi alla tomba di S. Filippo Neri per ottenere lo zelo dell'apostolato; dinanzi alla tomba di S. Ignazio di Loiola per temprare il cuore e attingervi quella fortezza necessaria per combattere le battaglie della fede.

Inoltre il giovane, nelle sue vacanze, può muovere pellegrino ai più celebri santuari. In poche ore egli può trovarsi in Assisi, nella città mistica, e venerare la tomba del Serafico Poverello, e vedrà ivi sbocciare i fiori della umiltà e della povertà; virtù così necessarie per vincere l'orgoglio e distruggere l'attaccamento disordinato alle ricchezze, che tutti ammettono costituire come un grave pericolo per la nostra cara nazione. In poche ore può recarsi a Bologna a venerare l'avello di S. Domenico, e a pie' di quell'avello prostrato impetrerà fiamme ardenti di zelo per la conversione degli erranti. Può spingersi fino a Milano per inginocchiarsi dinanzi alla tomba gloriosa di S. Carlo Borromeo; e sulla tomba di questo grande maestro dei sacerdoti otterrà lo spirito ecclesiastico: quello spirito, che è la forza e la vita del sacerdozio. Ma più di tutto trasformerà il cuore del giovane in cuore di apostolo la sua dimora così vicina alla cattedra e alla tomba del Principe degli Apostoli.

Questa vicinanza gli desta più vivo nel cuore l'affetto per il Papa, più profonda la venerazione per lui. E l'attaccamento sincero e forte al Vicario di Cristo è assai

importante per l'America; è ciò che è la rugiada pei fiori, il sole per la natura, la bussola per la nave; è la forza animatrice, è la vita.

Il giovane levita che vive all'ombra del Vaticano, sente accendersi nel suo petto per il Vicario di Cristo tale una fiamma, che brucierà sempre più viva ed ardente, che nè tempo, nè lontananza varranno mai ad estinguere.

Gli ex-alunni di questo Collegio sono l'avanguardia dei propagatori del forte attaccamento che si deve avere per la Santa Sede. Essi partono da Roma portando la fiaccola della scienza ecclesiastica; ma portano ancora la fiamma che arde per il Papato e con questa fiamma destano l'amore nei petti per chi rappresenta Dio in questa terra.

America deve essere riconoscente al Pontefice per il dono nobile di questo Collegio. Di fronte agli innumerevoli beneficî, emersi da questo istituto, sacro alla fede e alla scienza, come da sorgente di cielo, America commossa innalza al Pontefice l' inno della gratitudine. E mentre America ringrazia, Roma sorride, e guarda con gli occhi materni noi ex-alunni, vescovi e sacerdoti, qui riuniti, e tornati appositamente per assiderci ancora al suo fianco e godere i suoi materni amplessi.

Ed ora per questa via che si è dischiusa fra America e Roma, bene tracciata, spaziosa e bella, fiancheggiata dalla fede e dalla speranza, illuminata dai raggi della carità, per questa via passeranno i figli della giovane nazione per venire a contemplare la Madre, per venire ad arricchirsi di scienza; e dopo, da Lei confortati e benedetti, con la mente piena di cognizioni elette e con il cuore pieno di zelo per questa via, ritorneranno alla dolce patria a diffondere la luce, a compiere le opere del bene nello svolgimento dell'azione sacerdotale.

Per questa via onde di uomini, sacerdoti e laici, verranno e ritorneranno; onde di pensieri e di affetti, di idee e di sentimenti dalle sponde immense dell' oceano toccheranno le sponde del Tevere; e dalle sponde del Tevere risaliranno ai lidi di America.

Tolte le barriere dalla fede e le distanze dall' amore, si ascolteranno, come fossero l' uno accanto all' altro, i battiti dei cuori di America e di Roma, che palpiteranno all' unisono, nella medesima armonia di un comune ideale: l'amore della patria, la salvezza delle anime, la gloria del Papa, il trionfo di Cristo.

Festeggiamo con gioia il cinquantesimo di questo Collegio, e dobbiamo solennizzarlo con maggiore entusiasmo pensando alle prove dolorose, che afflissero la sua giovinezza! Sì, in questi cinquant'anni questo Collegio ha attraversato momenti difficili; non sempre le rose hanno infiorato; ma sovente le spine del dolore lo hanno circondato. Sorsero minacciose sopra di esso fosche nubi, che ne oscurarono il sereno orizzonte. E noi che fummo rettori conosciamo le sue pene, i suoi dubbi, il suo grande scoraggiamento, e attraversammo ore di immenso sconforto perchè temevamo che tutte le belle speranze concepite sull' avvenire di esso venissero spezzate.

Ma oramai le nubi sono dileguate, l'orizzonte è tornato sereno. Le sue basi sono diventate così forti che la sua vita è sicura; ha preso il suo posto tanto in Roma, quanto in America. Col numero crescente dei vescovi e dei sacerdoti, ex-alunni di questo Collegio, che risplendono nel cielo di America come astri per la loro intelligenza e per il loro zelo, non c' è più da dubitare delle sorti di esso. E quest' anno, pervenuto alla data storica del suo cinquantesimo, si afferma sempre più nel raggiungimento della sua nobile meta.

Ed ora tutti quanti qui siamo riuniti, ex-alunni e giovani, leviti, vescovi e sacerdoti, principi della Chiesa, rappresentanti della più alta autorità della terra, eleviamo dal più profondo del cuore un inno di azioni di grazie a Dio per avere benedetta e fecondata la giovinezza di questo istituto e di averlo preservato dai pericoli che ne minacciavano l' esistenza.

Non dobbiamo avvolgere d' oblio la cara memoria dell' angelico Pio IX che, pieno il cuore di affetto per la nuova nazione, volle manifestarle la sua munificenza con questo dono nobile e sublime. Non dimentichiamo Leone XIII che onorò questo Collegio della sua alta protezione e gli concesse il glorioso titolo di Seminario Pontificio. E inneggiamo al Pontefice, gloriosamente regnante, Pio X, a cui stanno molto a cuore le sorti dell' America. Egli sente per questo istituto vivo affetto paterno; lo guarda con occhio d' amore, perchè vede in esso l'anello di congiunzione fra Roma e l' America; la quale, quantunque la più giovane delle nazioni, ha mostrato e mostra attaccamento e venerazione speciale al Capo della Chiesa, e gli dà prova che sarà per la Chiesa e per il Papato una grande forza.

Sì, innegiamo a Pio X che ama di ardente amore la lontana regione, e, come le fosse vicina, le prodiga tutte le dolcezze del suo cuore paterno; la benedice, e questa sua benedizione è l' augurio più bello, anzi è sorgente di certezza che la nostra giovane nazione dovrà conseguire il suo glorioso destino.

PASTORAL LETTER

ON ELEVATION TO THE CARDINALATE[1]

WILLIAM, by the grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Boston, to the reverend Clergy, and People of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

You are already aware that the Vicar of Christ, Pius the Tenth, has decided to raise to the exalted dignity of the Cardinalate of Holy Roman Church, the Archbishop of this beloved See of Boston.

To be ranked among the princes of the Church; to be exalted to the sublime Senate of the Pope; to take station among those great and holy men chosen from historic Sees and selected from among the most pious and learned in the whole Christian Commonwealth; to partake of the historic glory of those who in centuries past have kept the gates of the City of God; to be chosen an elector of the oldest and most potent throne in all the world;— That is the meaning of the overwhelming honor to which your own undeserving spiritual father of this Diocese has been raised by Him, who for us holds Christ's place on earth. The greatest and highest proof of affection from the best and most powerful of earthly sovereigns is given into these weak hands of mine to treasure and to guard and defend, if necessary, even to the pouring out of my life-blood.

In the full measure of all this glory and honor before God and the whole world you, beloved children, have more than share for share. Upon you, through your faith,

[1] Feast of All Saints, 1911.

your unflinching loyalty to Holy Church, your undying attachment to the See of Peter, your splendid generosity, even to sacrifice, upon you this sovereign dignity descends. To me it has come only through your merits and your works — yours and those, too, of our fathers in the faith and in the flesh, valiant champions of the church, holy prelates, zealous priests, and saintly parents of this Church of Boston, who in their tears and suffering and labor, reared the fold which to-day is lifted up before the whole Christian world to highest honor.

No wonder your hearts are stirred to the depths with holy joy. No wonder the echoes of your jubilee have already reached beyond the sea to the Throne of the Fisherman. Never before has this fair and powerful city received such world-wide distinction as in her enrollment among the principalities which govern three hundred millions of souls the whole world over.

Even in the smallest hamlet of the farthest East to-day Boston is known as never before, honored as never before. And every lover of our noble and historic city is a debtor to Pius the Tenth for this invaluable benefit conferred upon her name. Once more the perpetual youth of Christ's Church is demonstrated in this rejuvenation of her electors. Once again the splendid democracy of her constitution is revealed, since upon the humblest she places the crown of the princes of her people. Once again, and this time more than ever the oldest monarchy takes the young western republic into the very intimacy of her noble family and into her centuries-old halls of sacred council and government. All this and much more is the immense import of this event, which in the future much more than now will assume its truly vast significance.

But while we have all these weighty reasons for re-

joicing, let us turn our thoughts toward heaven and implore Almighty God, the Giver of all good gifts, to illumine our minds and strengthen our hearts by His Divine aid, thus to serve Him as to be not utterly unworthy of His benefits. And let us turn the love of our hearts toward our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, who, while bestowing this joy upon many cities and states, himself sits solitary amid grief and difficulties, deprived of his own rightful inheritance and left utterly dependent upon the charity of the Christian world.

Let Boston, now more than ever, since never before had she such reason, rouse herself to a full sense of her sublime Catholic duty. Let all the world know that this Diocese, so vigorous and so faithful, has taken her place among the highest and noblest Sees of the world with grateful pride and that this youngest principality knows its own regal glory in the performance of high duty to God, to Mother Church, and to Peter's Successor. I commend myself humbly to the prayers of my beloved flock — priests and people — that my voyage to Rome may be a peaceful one, and that I may return from this historic visit to the Tomb of the Apostles and from the high and holy converse with him, who for me is next to God, Himself, on earth, strengthened and consoled, ready again for more and better work for the Church and for our own beloved country.

✠ W. H. O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston

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